MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

DR. MAGINN,

EDITED BY

DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

VOL. V.

The Fraserian Papers,

WITH

A Life of Dr. Maginn,

BY THE EDITOR.

THE

FRASERIAN PAPERS

OF THE LATE

WILLIAM MAGINN, LL. D.

ANNOTATED, WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

By R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D.C.L.

EDITOR OF "NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ,"—"SHEIL'S SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR"—"LADY MORGAN'S HISTORICAL ROMANCES," ETC.

REDFIELD

34 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK

1857

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TO

EDWARD KENEALY, Esq.,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, GRAY'S INN, LONDON.

My Dear Sir:—

To you, whose companionship was the solace of his closing years; whose tenderness smoothed his pillow in the last sad hours of fleeting life; whose friendship finally devoted itself to record his career as a man of letters, this collection of the Miscellaneous Writings of the late Dr. Maginn owes much more than can be silently passed over. Without your kind assistance, I should have been unable, in several instances, to affiliate many of the articles, so pertinaciously did our brilliant countryman maintain the anonymous, and so Protean were his changes of style and subject. Nor could I have written the Life of Dr. Maginn, which occupies a large space in this volume, without considerable indebtedness to the satisfactory biography contributed by you, in 1844, to the *Dublin University Magazine*.

In acknowledgment, then, of personal favors to myself, and also on account of the zealous regard you have so steadily and warmly manifested, in private and public, for the genius and the reputation of William Maginn, I take leave to dedicate these volumes of his Writings to you.

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While thus thanking you for much information respecting Dr. MAGINN, conveyed not only in the Magazine, but in your private communications, let me avail myself of this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to others.

Place aux Dames! I regret that two townswomen of the Doctor's (one of whom knew him from his college-days, the other having remembered him ever since her own childhood), while they gave me many interesting personal details, shrink from the publicity of seeing their names in print.

I have to proffer my thanks to them, and would also express my gratitude, for information respecting Dr. MAGINN and his writings, to my friend Richard Martin, of the Middle Temple, London; to my brother, J. Campbell Mackenzie, of *Galignani's Messenger*, Paris; and also to Mr. Henry Plunkett, and Mr. Robert Walter Jones (Professor of music), both now of New York city. I might extend the list — and must not omit Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck, for the use of books from his own fine collection; and Mr. John McMullen, of the New York Society Library, whose courtesy has often enabled me to refer, while editing these volumes, to the noble army of books of which he is the intelligent commissary.

The greater part of my leisure, during the last two years, has been devoted to the editing of the series, of which the present is the fifth and concluding volume. The success which its predecessors have met with assures me that, in this vast nation of readers, writers, and thinkers, such a man as WILLIAM MAGINN is fully appreciated in his works.

Ever yours faithfully,

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

NEW YORK, *March* 2, 1857.

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MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM MAGINN, LL. D.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

It was my original intention to preface this conclusion of the late Dr. Maginn's Miscellanies, with the biographical notice which I wrote for, and prefixed to, the fifth volume of the Noctes Ambrosianæ — that remarkable and brilliant series of papers which, for many years, helped to make *Blackwood's Magazine* the leading periodical of Britain. It has been suggested, however, by those to whose opinion I have pleasure in submitting, that the additional materials which have accumulated in my hands since that sketch was written, are of sufficient interest and importance to justify the presentation of a more extended Memoir, in which I can not only make use of the labors of previous writers, but avail myself of information recently supplied to myself by several of Dr. Maginn's oldest and most familiar friends.

The groundwork of every Memoir of Dr. Maginn must necessarily be, up to the present time, that highly-interesting notice, accompanying his portrait in the *Dublin University Magazine*, for January, 1844. The author was Edmund Kenealy, now a barrister in London, a native of Cork, like Maginn himself — like him, too, a scholar and a poet — whose friendship cheered the close of his chequered life, whose humanity smoothed the pillow of the dying man of genius — whose considerate affection honored his memory in death as it had soothed his sufferings in the sorrow and sickness of closing life. That biography, evidently written with intimate knowledge of the departed, and abounding in facts gathered from his own lips, is equally creditable to the heart and head of its gifted writer. This is the place, perhaps, where I have to acknowledge additional information, respecting Maginn and his writings, voluntarily supplied to me by Mr. Kenealy, and to ex-

press my regret that the duty of making this collection of the Miscellanies was not executed by that eminently well-qualified gentleman — the demands of his profession drew too largely upon his time to permit his performing it, even if it were advisable to reproduce in England articles many of which are so personally or politically severe and sarcastic upon living men. He wrote, when supplying me with a list of the magazine articles actually avowed by Maginn, to say: "You have a glorious opportunity to edit a rare work, *where you have no fear of libel laws before your eyes.* Maginn's best things can never be republished here, until all his victims have passed from the scene."

Another biography of Dr. Maginn appeared in the *Irish Quarterly Review*, for September, 1852, written with great kindliness of feeling, considerable fulness of detail, admirable candor, and large personal knowledge, friendship, and appreciation. It was anticipated that Professor Wilson would have delighted to pay a final tribute to his old friend and collaborateur in *Blackwood*; indeed it was reported that he was engaged in such a memorial of friendly regard — however, the hope was not realized, and Christopher North permitted Sir Morgan O'Doherty to go to his long home, without any regretful mention, in a periodical which owed so much to the fecundity of his early manhood, the effervescence of his wit, the geniality of his humor, and the profundity of his learning.

The life of Dr. Maginn, though not marked by remarkable circumstances, cannot be considered as uneventful. It is doubtful whether, marked by Thought rather than Action as his course was, he had not lived as much, in that short period, as many occupying a prominent position in public, have done in twice the space of time. One of his biographers observes: "It has been said that the lives of literary men in England are, in general, devoid of incidents either interesting or exciting, and yet, in all the long catalogue of human joys and sorrows, of combats against the world, and of triumphs over difficulties almost insurmountable, of instances where the indomitable will has raised its possessor to the enjoyment of every object sought, and to the full fruition of every hope long cherished, where can such glorious examples be found as in the pages of literary biography? It is true that many a noble intellect has been shattered in the pursuit of literary fame; it is true that ghastly forms of martyred genius flit across the scene, and that, from the lowest depths of the deep hearts of Poets, the cry of gnawing hunger, and the wail of helpless, hopeless sorrow arises, with an anguish more frightful than that of Philoctetes, more awful than that of Lear. Truly, literature has had its martyrs." After referring to the misery of Nash, Churchyard, and Stowe — to the sad fate of

Chatterton — to the charities of Goldsmith, amid his own need — to the humanity of Johnson, proved in his deepest poverty — to the reckless career of Byron — the lettered musings of Wordsworth — the work and toil of Southey — he adds, "read the noble life of Scott, that record of genius, of manhood, and of goodness, and learn the interest that marks every day in the life of a literary man. It is not by reason alone of its fascinating details, that literary biography should be prized and estimated. The author, more than any other man, rises by his own merits or sinks through his own faults. Even in the days when the lot of the man of genius was, but too often —

"'Toil, envy, want, the Patron, and the jail,'

the want and the jail were frequently attributable to his own misconduct; but, in this our age, when from literature have sprung the glories of the Church, the Bench, the Senate, and the Bar, genius need no longer dress in rags, or live in poverty — its Patron is the Public — and for him who is entering on the journey of life, the best guide will be the biography of some literary man of the time. He will there discover how, by honorable conduct, and by persevering application, all the honors of the kingdom can be obtained — and how, on the other hand, the brightest gifts of genius are useless, if desecrated by idleness, or by misapplication."

With equal truth and force, does the writer add (particularly referring to Dr. Maginn): "In all the sad instances of misapplied genius amongst the literary men of the nineteenth century, the subject of this memoir is the most glaring and the most pitiable. 'When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes.' So writes Sir Thomas Brown, and as we look back through the life of William Maginn, we wish that he had borne in mind this quaint thought of the old moralist, and had felt with him, that we must all 'make provision for our names,' because, 'to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration.' Had Maginn thought thus he would have saved himself many a heart-sickening pang, many a weary hour of depression, and of penitence for days cast away, in which he had been prodigal of that which would have been to him wealth, honor, fame — his glowing, brilliant, glorious genius. True it is, that in the life of William Maginn, there was no disgrace: the Cork schoolmaster was of that class in which Johnson places Milton, men whom no employment can dishonor, no occupation degrade. But in the morning of life the gay thoughtlessness of his heart bore him, smiling, through many a day of sorrow, and

gay and thoughtless he continued to the end of his too brief existence. 'Never making provision for his name,' he is now one of those mind-wrecks who have drifted from 'this bank and shoal of time,' into the wide, dark ocean of the world's forgetfulness — his brilliant life-labors uncollected, and but in part known, scattered through the pages of periodical publications, whilst his grave is neglected, unmarked, and nameless."*

It is not as a mere literary performance, executed with the hope of affording information or entertainment, for a short time, that I now record "the short and simple annals" of William Maginn's life. There is as deep a moral in it as can be found in many a serious-thoughted homily, and my labor will not have been executed in vain, if it show to living aspirants for literary distinction that Genius itself is little worth, in that exciting struggle, unless it be accompanied and supported by solidity of character and discretion of conduct. Of Dr. Maginn it may be said, as of too many others, that he had

"Talents, like water in the desert wasted,

because he did not resolutely resist the temptations to self-indulgence which Society, ever eager for companionship with the gifted and the distinguished, threw in his path. In his case they led to broken fortunes, ruined health, and an early grave. The touching lesson which his life and death can teach will not be wholly thrown away, I hope, because it has so weak an exponent as myself.

With these remarks, perhaps not wholly uncalled for, I proceed to my task.

William Maginn, born at Cork, on November 11, 1794, was the eldest son of an eminent classical scholar, who for many years kept an academy in Marlborough street in that city. This school was held in high estimation and liberally patronized by the leading families of the county and its capital. The elder Maginn having noticed that his son, at a very early age, exhibited unusual abilities, learning everything as if by intuition, cultivated them so carefully and successfully that, before he had completed his tenth year, William Maginn was sufficiently advanced to enter Trinity College, Dublin. The entrance examination there is nearly as difficult, after four years' study, as that on which students obtain their degrees at the Scotch and many other universities. Maginn's answering was so good, on this examination, that (the rank being invariably given according to merit) he was "placed" among

* *Irish Quarterly Review*, vol. ii. pp. 593–597. Article — Dr. Maginn.

the first ten, out of more than a hundred competitors, two thirds of whom were double his own age.

The distinction which he thus obtained, at the commencement of his university career, he preserved to its close. He passed through all his classes with credit, obtained several prizes, and appeared to learn every thing without an effort. He was the reputed author of a poem, entitled "Æneas Eunuchus," which caused no little excitement, by the eccentricity of its fancy, and the boldness of its thoughts. General opinion marked him out, thus early, as a person likely to distinguish himself in after-life. He graduated before he was fourteen. No one (since the brilliant career of Cardinal Wolsey, at Oxford) better merited the appellation of "The Boy-Bachelor." His college tutor, Dr. Kyle, then a fellow and afterward Provost of the University,* was much attached to him, considering him the head of his class, and repeatedly declared in after years, that Maginn, while in his teens, had more literary and general knowledge than most men of mature age whom he had ever met. He survived his eminent pupil several years.

The erudite and eccentric Dr. Barrett (subsequently amberalized by O'Doherty in *Blackwood's Magazine*†) was Professor of Hebrew, on Erasmus Smith's foundation, in Trinity College, at the time of Maginn's matriculation there. The lad entered, as has already been related, with great distinction, and his extremely juvenile appearance excited surprise and interest. He wore a short jacket, with large linen collar and frill turned over, and a small leather cap. He was only ten years old, and even more childlike in appearance than years. The day after his entrance, as he was crossing the College-yard, in a student's gown which had received several tucks to reduce it to a wearable length, he met Dr. Barrett, who, supposing that somebody had thus dressed up a schoolboy in order to raise a laugh, angrily accosted him, in his usual and peculiar mode of interrogation, with "D'ye see me now?‡ Who

* In 1830, on the death of Dr. St. Lawrence, Dr. Samuel Kyle was made Bishop of Cork and Ross, at the head of which See he remained until his death in 1848. It was his friendship which provided Maginn's two brothers, John and Charles, with church-preferment.

† See the "Luctus on the Death of Sir Daniel Donnelly" (*Odoherty Papers*, vol. ii. p. 69) for a Hebrew Dirge on the Bruiser, by Barrett, and (the same vol. pp. 327–342) for "Letters from the Dead to the Living," for Barrettiana and Cattiana.

‡ Barrett so invariably commenced with this question, that, when examining for a Fellowship, where no language but Latin is used, he classically translated his pet phrase into "Videsneme nunc?"

are you, little boy, and where are you going in that gown?" Young Maginn, not knowing who addressed him, and somewhat elevated by his yesterday's success, confidently answered, "Maginn, of Cork; I got tenth place at entrance, yesterday; I am going now to find Dr. Barrett, that I may get the Hebrew premium." Barrett, then remembering that he had heard the lad spoken of at the Fellows' table, the evening before, kindly patted him on the head, and responded, "D'ye see me now; I am Dr. Barrett, and if I had to look for you, 't would be long ere I could find you, you are so small. Come along, and let me hear whether you know the Hebrew alphabet." Maginn could translate, as well as read Hebrew, to Barrett's surprise and satisfaction, and was actually awarded the premium. When the anecdote was mentioned, in his presence, years subsequently, Maginn disclaimed any particular merit on that occasion, remarking that Hebrew was very little read in "Old Trinity" at that time, its acquisition being optional even with advanced divinity students, and that, after all, there was small merit in his being acquainted with a language much older, and much easier, as it had fewer words, than Greek. It was under Dr. Barrett's private instructions that, in his third collegiate year, Maginn learned Sanscrit and Syriac.

Having taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts, Maginn returned to Cork, where he became classical teacher in his father's school. He continued in this capacity for several years, during which he applied himself, to the completion of his own education, not limiting his reading to the classics and the Continental living languages, but plunging deeply into English literature, ancient as well as modern. Few men had read so much as Maginn, up to his thirtieth year (when he went to reside in London), and fewer still had such a memory, with a sort of intuitive method of instantaneously bringing its hoarded treasures into use exactly when they were required. His mind became saturated, as it were, with knowledge the most varied and extensive. He could speak and write German, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and modern Greek, with as much ease as if each had been his mother-tongue, before he had reached the age of twenty-five, and he subsequently mastered Swedish, Russian, and the Basque dialect, besides having some acquaintance with the Turkish and Magyar tongues. From childhood he was familiar with the Celtic—delighting to make philological comparisons between the native Irish, the high-sounding Gælic, and the many-consonanted Welsh. In more mature life, one of his amusements was to compose *quasi*-Irish songs and narrative poems, and gravely pass them off, on some of his enthusiastic countrymen, as originals, which he had collected from the chanted recitations of old

crones in country districts. As might be expected, any pilgrims who essayed to retrace his steps and emulate his labors, seldom found the exact locality which he described, and never happed upon the aged ballad-reciters.

It was during his tutorship in his father's school, that Maginn first acquired a taste for and close familiarity with standard English literature. He had the advantage of using the Cork Library, which contained a large and well-chosen collection of books, It is not too much to say, that scarcely a volume, among the thousands on the shelves around him there, but had been looked into by him, at least. Thus, he made acquaintance with all sorts of subjects — and what he once read, however slightly, appeared to rest on his mind, until the very moment for availably reproducing it, years afterward. It may be recorded, for the satisfaction of the readers (and writers) of prose fiction, that Maginn, like O'Connell, was a determined novel-reader.

The elder Maginn was a teacher of the old school, as regards the care used in grounding his pupils well in grammar, and resembled (and anticipated) the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, in caring rather to develop the intellect than to limit it to the performance of settled and routine tasks. The famous Dr. Busby, of birching memory, who certainly did not "spare the rod" during the fifty-five years of his supremacy in Westminster School, used to say that he threw his learning among his pupils, and they scrambled for it. Neither Roger Ascham, nor John Milton, nor Samuel Johnson — an illustrious trinity of schoolmasters! — acted thus. They worked laboriously with every boy, endeavoring to make scholars of them, whether Nature had also done *her* part, for that purpose, or not. Mr. Maginn, who had spent a life-time in teaching, knew that it was well to allow the young mind to follow its own bent, very often. If he found a pupil taking kindly to mathematics, for example, and not inclined to pay attention to Horace or Homer, he would permit him to follow his bias — because the acquisition of one description of knowledge prepared and even led the mind to understand and master another. His own son (the Doctor) was an exception. If ever a schoolboy was literally *crammed* with learning, it was William Maginn, who was a fortunate exception to the general rule that precocities rarely fulfil, in manhood, the promise of their youth.

Cork was the assize-town of the largest county in Ireland, and the Munster bar included some of the best lawyers and most gifted orators of the country — Barry Yelverton, Thomas Goold, and John Philpot Curran, were among them — during the greater part of Mr. Maginn's professional residence. It was his frequent practice, during the assizes, to send his first or advanced class into one of the Courts, with instruc-

tions to present him, next day, with a report of some trial of interest. Each pupil was to draw up this report without assistance, and the premium was given not to that which (as Mr. Maginn would say) had "crawled like a snail" over the facts, but to that which had generalized them, giving breadth to the narrative, and condensing the legal points presented during the judicial inquiry. Sometimes, on the other hand, he would prefer a report, as minute as if it had been intended for newspaper publication. The aim constantly was to make the pupils *think* — to induce them to exercise the faculty of reasoning, of generalization, of memory. It was a novel plan, but its success showed it to be as practical as it was new.

The elder Maginn died in 1813 — it was believed, of a broken heart. At that time, an eminent sugar-baker, and great local politician, was a leading member of the Corporation of Cork, and a man of double-refined Respectability, inasmuch as he not only "kept a gig" but was able to afford a carriage and pair. One evening, as this magnate was riding in his aristocratic vehicle, driven by a gigantic Jehu of most imposing appearance, Mr. Maginn happened to be walking across the street, and seeing the aldermanic chariot dashing forward at headlong speed, felt no inclination to abandon his superior right, as a pedestrian, to the use of the highway.* He held up his cane, as a caution for the coachman to draw in his cattle — an intimation which was not obeyed, so that old Maginn narrowly escaped being run over and knocked down. Had the matter ended here, all would have been well. But the coachman, suddenly pulling up his team, jumped off the box, wrested the cane from the hands of the astonished schoolmaster, violently beat him with it about the head and breast, and did not desist until the object of his brutality lay on the ground, senseless. This feat accomplished, the coachman resumed the reins, and drove away. Mr. Maginn indicted the man for the assault, and summoned, to corroborate his own statement, the only other person who had witnessed the occurrence — namely, the alderman. That person, however, gave such a color to the facts, in order to save his offending servant, that the jury gave a verdict of "Not Guilty." Considering this as throwing a public discredit upon

* The rights of pedestrians, it should be known, are distinctly recognized and protected, not only by the law, but by more than one judicial decision. If a pedestrian be walking across the street, at a regular crossing, when a vehicle of any sort, drawn by one or more horses, be coming along, it is the legal duty of the driver to diminish his speed, so as to allow safe transit across the road, for the foot-passenger. This is founded on the rational principle that a man is more worthy than a brute, and should have precedence and regard accordingly.

his own veracity, Mr. Maginn's sensitive nature was so deeply wounded, that he never quitted his house after that, until some weeks after, when he was removed to his last earthly resting-place. The personal injuries he sustained were so grievous, that it is probable they, even more than chagrin, caused this tragic *dénouement*. Assuredly, as the law was administered in Ireland at that period, when packing juries was the rule, and justice the exception (in all cases where a civic dignitary was involved), Mr. Maginn was ill-advised when he sought legal redress against the servant of an alderman. As was said, in language more homely than polished, it was like bringing a suit against the black gentleman and holding the court in a certain hot place, whose name is not mentioned "to ears polite."

William Maginn was only twenty years old at his father's death. Upon him, as head of a large family, a great responsibility was then thrown. He met it manfully, cheerfully adopting and earnestly acting upon the advice of his friends that he should continue the school. So general was the public estimation of his ability that, in his hands, the school maintained the high reputation which it had obtained from his father's scholarship and tact. He continued at the head of this seminary for ten years, when he retired, to push his fortune as a man of letters in London, and was succeeded by his brother John, who retained the sceptre — *i. e.*, the ferule — until, having entered the Church, he obtained such preferment from Bishop Kyle as enabled him to dispense with the emoluments school-teaching brought in.

One of Maginn's biographers* says, "We have often felt considerable surprise at the fact, that Maginn could ever suppose himself, in any degree, meant by nature for an instructor. We have, in our time, known many men of genius, and we believe most firmly, that with the exception of the lamented Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, not one was calculated to become a teacher. But Maginn, the rollicking, laughing, wit-squandering, was the most preposterously unsuited of all. Events, however, soon proved that by following up the careful plans of his father, he could subsist comfortably upon the receipts of his school. He had kept his name upon the College books, and thinking that the grave prefix, Doctor, might add something to his reputation, he, in the year 1816, when only twenty-three years old, took the degree of LL. D. The Doctor was not at any loss for pupils, his school was well and fully attended, and certainly it was owing to great merit, rather than to the possession of any of those qualities which are usually supposed to be the distinguishing attributes of a schoolmaster. Solemn

* *Irish Quarterly Review*, vol. ii. pp. 597–'8.

and steady he never could become, and although one of the best English parodists with his pen, he was a very bad mimic in his conduct. The idea of assuming a virtue, or any thing else, which he had not, never entered his mind. He was one of those men who, if the fate of worlds depended on it, could not play the hypocrite for five minutes. He was not formed by nature to be a pedagogue, and his display of learning never needed that excuse of Sir Walter Scott for the vain old teacher, 'the man is mortal, and has been a schoolmaster.' He was more like Fuller's model, who does not 'scorn to touch the school but by the proxie of an usher — out of his school, he is no whit pedantical, in carriage or discourse.'"

It is proper to state that, taking his degree of Doctor of Laws before he had entered his twenty-fourth year, Maginn was the very youngest person who had ever received it from the University of Dublin. In point of fact, however, he might have taken it a year earlier, according to his college standing, which dated from the time he graduated as Bachelor of Arts.

Against the assumption that, as a wit-squanderer, Dr. Maginn was unsuited for the responsible profession of teaching, unfortunately rests the fact that — although not equal to his father, who was the very Prince of Pedagogues — he advanced his pupils so well, and grounded them so thoroughly that their parents had every reason for being satisfied with their progress. One of his pupils, now in New York, who had the advantage of instruction from Mr. Maginn as well as from the Doctor, informs me that the pupils obtained a greater amount of general knowledge from the latter. He appeared to care little whether they mastered any particular branch of learning, at a stated time, provided they could show that they had mastered some other. He did not carry out this, of course, to an extreme point, but a lad who displayed general intelligence — who showed that he learned, not parrot-roted, but with thorough understanding of the subject — was invariably a favorite with Maginn. At that time, as now, pupils who were reading Greek and Latin frequently availed themselves of translations (commonly called *cogs*, in the Irish schools), to save themselves the trouble of word-hunting through lexicon and dictionaries.* Maginn, who had probably had recourse to the same assistance in his youth, had no mercy on the pupil who clumsily "conveyed"

* Some of my readers may have heard of Professor Anthon's remark when one of his classes had evidently trusted to Bohn's translations more than their own industry: "I wish," said he, "there was more *muscle* and less *Bohn* in your translations to-day."

what was then called a *construing* from any of these translations. His memory was so good that, if the exact words of any of these aids was given, he would immediately name the author, page and line, whence it had been taken, and laugh at the conveyancer for being so weak as to think of deceiving *him*.

Another especial point in Maginn's mode of training young people must not be passed over. He inculcated, by all means in his power, the necessity of upholding the dignity of Truth. Other offences might be excused or forgiven — against any violation of the truth he was stern and implacable. If any charge were brought against a pupil, and by him denied, "upon his word of honor," the accusation was disposed of by that denial: wo to the lad, however, if it afterward appeared that the denial was untrue. The result was, a high tone of honorable and manly feeling pervaded the whole body of his pupils. Among themselves, even, one of the heaviest offences was a violation of the truth — it was one of the rarest also.

While Maginn resided in Cork, it obtained the name of "The Athens of Ireland," and was highly distinguished for the energy and success with which its sons applied themselves to the cultivation of literature. Among the most eminent Irishmen of the present day, at least one half belong to the city or county of Cork. An eminently social man, Maginn soon became "the life, grace, and ornament of society," in his native city. A number of young men who used frequently to meet at the Cork Library, attracted by mutual literary tastes, speedily recognised him as one of their leaders, and placed themselves very much under his guidance. All of them were members of the Cork Philosophical and Literary Society, one feature of which was its branching off into a weekly debating club, during a particular season of the year. Maginn did not appear among the speakers — from an impediment in his utterance, very slight in ordinary conversation, but sometimes apparent under the excitement of society or wine. Occasionally, he would join in the debate, earnestly and eloquently, confident in his own knowledge of the subject, and in the certainty of addressing a most friendly audience. He had a proper Irish detestation and contempt for set speeches and prepared orations, thinking *ready*, better than carefully *cut-and-dry* eloquence. But, though he made few oratorical displays, he assisted those who did, and I have heard of more than one instance where he has assisted the weak side of an argument, by rapidly pencilling down, for the use of a speaker who was replying on the general question, a variety of quotations and illustrations from various writers, known and unknown, which certainly settled the disputed points, but — having been ingeniously improvised on the moment by

the ready-witted Doctor — might be looked for in vain in any edition of the authors from whom they professed to be taken.

Mr. Kenealy says, "Of this club Maginn soon became a member, and soon distinguished himself above all others for the depth and universality of his reading. To one of his satirical turn, the opportunity for exercising his wit, which the foibles of the various members presented to him, was too tempting to be overlooked — and accordingly we find him at this early period, levelling his shafts at such of his associates as were the most prominent in absurdity, priggishness, or pretension — and flinging about him epigrams and jests, as wildly and liberally on the small people of the beautiful city,* as in after years on the Chancellors and Ministers of the British empire. But none of these trifles will bear transcription. They are as ephemeral as the boobies who provoked them."

The vehicle by which these squibs, satires, and facetiæ, were given to the public, was a remarkably small "folio of four pages," edited by a clever minniken named John Boyle, and published semi-occasionally. The subscription was a guinea a year (which was understood to exempt the subscriber from any very severe mention), and no number could be purchased separately — so secret was its issue, from fear of the libel-laws. The publication occurred at the good pleasure of Mr. Boyle, whenever he had as much racy material as sufficed to fill four pages of letter-paper. It rarely appeared even as often as once a fortnight, but supplied town's talk for a week, when it was afloat. Neither Maginn nor any other contributor received the slightest remuneration. The profit, which may have been a clear four hundred pounds a year, was wholly and solely absorbed by Mr. Boyle, who bore the brunt of whatever his friends wrote. It was difficult to fix any *legal* responsibility upon him, however, because he eschewed such a notoriety as a regular publication-office (the paper being dropped, early in the morning, at people's hall-doors and down their areas), and Boyle never descended to the mercantile vulgarity of paying the usual newspaper-stamp duties to the public exchequer. Now and then, he was "dropped upon" by some angry *pater-familias* or irritated dandy, but being almost a dwarf in size, Boyle passed through life with few personal attacks, a sort of "chartered libertine" of the press. Maginn and his friends wrote, not so much for *him* as for *themselves* — wanting a medium of

* In a comic Irish ballad is the line —

"In the beautiful city called Cork,"

and, in consequence, every Munsterman always speaks of Cork as "the beautiful city."

communication with the public. *The Freeholder*, which was liberal in its political tone, found its occupation gone about the time that Wellington and Peel granted Catholic Emancipation. By virtue of the wit effervesced in its pages, Boyle got the credit of being a satirist of the first water. He was not the last editor who has got credit and made money on the strength of what his helps have done.

Chief, for many years, among the wits and satirists of *The Freeholder* was Dr. Maginn. It was not in his nature to spare the quip and the jest, the epigram and the satire, upon his townsmen's vulnerable points. In his youth, he as freely and fearlessly hit at them, right and left, as, in riper years, at statesmen, publicists, and authors. Throughout his life he never could understand how, when the arrow had hit the mark, it was possible for it to rankle in the wound. That, after the writer had forgotten the squib, the victim whom it had ridiculed could feel annoyed, was wholly out of his calculation — almost beyond his comprehension. Never was satirist less influenced by ill-nature. There was no motive of malice in his wittiest sarcasms. The subject tempted him — he dashed off the impromptu — laughed at it, as others did — dismissed it from his mind — and saw no reason why he should not be as friendly as before with those whom he had made ridiculous.

That Dr. Maginn, with occasional leisure, his head filled with learning and miscellaneous knowledge, and teeming with wit and frolic, should take to more serious authorship than what suited Mr. Boyle's *Freeholder*, need not be wondered at. He commenced writing for London and Edinburgh publishers in the year 1819, at the age of twenty-five. Two years before, William Jerdan had commenced the *Literary Gazette*, in London, and William Blackwood had established Maga in Edinburgh. To both, fresh and brilliant talent was of great importance, and they found it, most abundantly, in the volunteer contributions of Dr. Maginn, who, for a long time, maintained, with curious pertinacity, a strict *incognito* with both.

Mr. Jerdan says, that Maginn commenced his literary career, out of Ireland, in the *Literary Gazette*. "A little before the date of his communicating with Blackwood, he first tried his anonymous experiment on me, and under the name of Crossman, No. 8 Marlborough street, Cork, surprised and delighted me more than I can express. I can well remember with what pleasure I was wont to receive his large folio sheet, covered closely all over with manuscript, and supplying me with rich and sparkling matter, to adorn and enliven, at least two or three numbers of the 'Miscellaneous Sheet.' There was always a perfect shower of varieties; poetry, feeling, or burlesque; classic paraphrases, anecdotes, illustrations of famous ancient authors (displaying a vast

acquaintance with, and fine appreciation of them), and, in short, Mr. Crossman's proper hand on the address of a letter, and the post-mark 'Cork,' were about the most welcome sight that could meet my editorial eye, and relieve my editorial anxieties. In publishing, he adopted all kinds of signatures, and never could be traced by them; and till he chose to throw off the veil of mystery, and treat you confidentially, it was as impossible to know 'where to have him,' as it was to have Mrs. Quickly! In later days he was often funning — I can find no other word to express it — in *Blackwood* and the *Gazette* at the same time, and getting up such strange equivoques as were no less puzzling than amusing. He was the master of Punch, pulled the strings as he listed, and made the puppets dance, squeak, and fight, for the sheer entertainment of the gaping crowd."

At that time, and for many years after, the *Literary Gazette* was a sort of "institution" in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It was generally impartial, and always very early, in its notices of new works, giving copious and well-selected quotations from them. It touched on art, science, music, and the drama with a fostering and graceful hand. It was essentially a literary *news*-paper, giving full and authentic information on books and book-makers. In its pages many writers who have since won a world-wide reputation first appeared in print. Mr. Jerdan, the editor, without being in any manner a remarkable man, had good taste and good nature — two most excellent things in a literary journal. He had tact, also, with considerable industry, and went a great deal into London society. He was precisely the person to conduct such a journal. Writing execrable poetry himself — his facetiæ was at once labored and dull — he yet knew what good poetry was, and so encouraged the writers of it that the *Gazette*, for years, was a nest of singing-birds. At the time (1819) when Maginn commenced writing for it, the *Literary Gazette* was the only weekly journal exclusively devoted to *belles-lettres*, and, conducted as it was with judgment and fairness, obtained extended circulation and considerable influence. In Ireland, more particularly, it supplied a great want, and was no where more esteemed than in Cork. Its great merit was that it kept its readers well acquainted with what was done, doing, and intended in the literary world. I may mention, in proof of Mr. Jerdan's taste and tact, that he commenced the republication of "The Sketch-Book, by Geoffrey Crayon," as soon as a copy reached London from New York. After about a third of the book had been reproduced, the further conveyance of it was courteously stopped, at Washington Irving's request.

After he had contributed to the *Gazette* for some time positively de-

climing to communicate his real name, and even affecting anger at an editorial hint that "P. P. Crossman" was only a *nomme de plume*, Dr. Maginn learned at last that Mr. Jerdan had been made acquainted (by Mr. Tatam, a Cork gentleman) with the secret of his real personality. He then wrote, "As he has told you who I am, I suppose he has also informed you of the nature of my avocations, in which case you will not, I think, feel much astonished at the irregular and interrupted nature of my correspondence with you. In fact, I am so completely occupied that I have scarcely time to do any thing beside my business. I shall, however, send you a trifle occasionally. I affected the mysterious, as you call it, on no other account but that I felt that what I sent was so very trivial, I was unwilling to put a grave-looking signature to my communication. As, however, you have dealt so very frankly with me, and as you desire it, I shall conclude, by assuring you, in my real name, that I am, Dear Sir, your humble servant, William Maginn."

In the *Literary Gazette*, to which he continued an occasional contributor to the last year of his life, one of Maginn's hardest hits was a notice of some amusing blunders in Debrett's Peerage, a work of considerable pretension. Here is a specimen :—

"Vol. II. p. 989. We are informed that Thomas, 27th baron Howth, married in 1750, Isabella, the Earl of Kingston's sister, who died in 1794; and that his second son, Thomas, was born in 1795. This is, I think, an important fact in midwifery. But let that pass. This son Thomas is at present Bishop of Cork and Ross; and if the above date of his birth be correct, he must have made good use of his time. A Bishop and doctor of divinity long before twenty, he may almost rival the most striking examples of precocity or nepotism; but when we find (p. 990) that he has eight children, one married in 1805, consequently when her father was only ten years of age, and another (a clergyman too) in 1816, in his father's twenty-first year, we must confess that miracles have not yet ceased. Again we are told (p. 990), that Lord Howth's eldest daughter, Isabella, was married in 1773 to Lord Sidney, who died in 1744 without issue, which last circumstance I do not much wonder at, as he did not think proper to marry until twenty-nine years after his death. Her mother, I confess, as we have seen already, had a son a year after her decease: this, however, being I imagine a rare case, ought not to be drawn into a precedent. But this family seems to have a fancy for marriage after death, as we find (p. 990) the next daughter, Elizabeth, married in 1806, to Sir P. A. Irving, although the same grave authority informs us she died in 1799. This is a very authentic history; and I can assure your readers it would not be hard to find other tales as astonishing.

"Let us turn to Lord Clarina. There we learn (p. 1267) that Nathaniel William, the 2d Lord, was born in 1796, married Penelope, daughter of M.

R. Westropp, Esq., had a daughter in 1797, and a son (the present Lord Clarina), in 1798, besides other children, and died a Lieutenant-General in 1810, aged of course fourteen years. This is rapid promotion, and beats the old story of the captain crying for his pap. Besides, he thinks fit to inform us that Penelope, Baroness Clarina, died in 1815. This I am happy to contradict; her ladyship is still in the precincts of this world, and if health, good humor, and good looks, give any reason to expect a long life, I know nobody more likely to bid fair for it."

This notice (signed "P. P. P.") drew into the field another writer (J. M.) who pointed out several palpable errors of fact and date, in the portion of Debrett appropriated to the Scottish Peerage. Both notices brought Mr. Debrett forward, to vindicate his book. He was much in the situation of the counsel whose brief was simply marked "We have nothing to say in defence, but please abuse the plaintiff's attorney." The careless, blundering, and ridiculous mistakes of his "Peerage" were as undeniable as indefensible, so, after confessing that his own efforts were only "an approach to accuracy," and fretfully remarking that whoever detected the errors might easily have rectified them with his pen, assumed that his two assailants were one person, very guilty of scandalous meanness in charging the Peerage-compiler with scandalous negligence. Maginn replied, giving a dozen more "specimens of his [Debrett's] correctness, collected in less than half an hour." Here are a couple of them :—

"P. 73. George Paulett, of Amport, twelfth Marquis of Winchester, married, in 1812, Martha Ingoldsby, who died in 1796. In spite of this droll taste of marrying a woman sixteen years after her death, he had three children; and it is not the least wonderful circumstance, that he himself died in 1800, twelve years before his marriage. I have a dim recollection of reading in Mr. Lewis's Tales of Wonder, an account of a ghost-wedding: but I did not know till now that he had such authentic warrant for the circumstance. I must further remark, that it is rather scandalous in Mr. Debrett to assert that the noble lady of Sir Joseph Yorke was married twenty-seven years before her mother was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to her father; and that the late Marchioness of Winchester had a grandchild before she had a husband. I omit mentioning that he makes her son to be married a year after his mother. This is almost *scandalum magnatum*.

"P. 231. Here is more scandal. Bennet, third Earl of Harborough, married, according to this authentic register, in 1748, having had children by his lady in 1739, 1741, 1743, and 1744. What follows is almost as bad. This Earl had a daughter Frances, married to Colonel Morgan in 1776, six years after her father's death, which occurred in 1770; and yet we are told he left no surviving issue. What is the meaning of this? Does Mr. Debrett mean

to insinuate that Lady Frances, though the Earl's daughter, was not his child?"

In the *Literary Gazette*, too, Maginn began to exercise that great mastery of classic lore which he afterward exhibited so remarkably and fully in *Blackwood* and *Fraser*. One of his earliest *Gazette* articles was, "The Second Epode of Horace done in a New Style," by which, he said, the powers of the translator and the original could be both fairly represented in one book. This, which is not so smooth as most of his subsequent performances in a similar style (his "Free and Easy Translations of Horace," for example*) is yet too good to be left out of this collection.†

The following, under the signature C. O. C[rossman]., was a very early contribution to the *Literary Gazette*. It is in rather a classico-sentimental vein, which Maginn did not usually affect:—

"TO HELEN R.

"Within the shade of yonder grove,
Fair Helen reared her woodbine bower,
And fondly hoped unscared by Love
Would flit away each tranquil hour;
Her moments flew unchased by care,
And calm she dwelt in peace and pleasure,
While still that Love could not stray there,
Was Helen's bosom's cherished treasure.

"One day the god, within the wood,
Had roved, with Nature's sweets enchanted,
To where fair Helen's bower stood,
By fancy sketched, and beauty planted.
He gazed entranced, as light the latch
He slily raised to beg admission,
Waited her dark blue glance to catch,
Then lowly proffered his petition.

"'A feeble boy, alas! am I,
No parents' tender care is mine,
I 've missed the wood-path here hard by,
I 've lost my home, and strayed to thine;
I 'm weary, too, think on my lot,
Without thine aid, alas! I 'll perish;
Then, oh! receive me in thy cot,
And a forlorn poor baby cherish.'

* Odoherty Papers, vol. ii. p. 182.
† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 301.

"She heard his prayer, she wept, she smiled,
Then kindly bade the boy good morrow;
And, oh! the urchin soon beguiled
The heart that strove to soothe his sorrow.
While, simple maid! too late she found,
Go where she may, there Love would wander;
And not a spot, though fairy ground,
Could keep her soul and his asunder."

To prevent the confusion of again referring to the *Literary Gazette*, in that part of the narrative relating to Maginn's residence in London, I may as well, a little before date, quote one of his letters to Mr. Jerdan. It has no date, but would appear to have been written not later than 1825. He writes:

"I have a request to make, which I confess at once is hardly a fair one, but throw myself on your good nature. Hood, in the *Literary Gazette*, is poaching sadly on a preserve of mine. I take it for granted it is he who wrote the very clever verses on Carving. Now it so happens that I wrote for the *N[ew] Times*, more than two years ago, some hundred and fifty lines on the same subject, and if you will take the trouble of looking over the file (which is to be sure a most unreasonable request) you will find that Hood has, unconsciously, I suppose, gone very close to what I have written. And what consequence, you will say, is this? Not much; but that, at Murray's request, I have just finished the poem. I have run it to twelve hundred lines, and he wishes to publish it as a 'nice little book.' Having in me not the slightest literary ambition, I do not care if all the critics in England say that this poem of mine is abominable, or pronounce me a base follower of Hood, but I do care about the coin of the realm, and if Hood goes on, it may be some £50 or more out of my pocket. I scarcely know him; but as all clever fellows ought to be good fellows, I hope you will prevail on him to turn his pen to some other subject for three weeks. After that time he may go on, and I am perfectly content to play second fiddle. I feel I am depriving your Gazette of a great attraction, but I have honestly told you the reason. I consider myself some dozen columns of squib-work in your debt if you accede to my request."

The lines here attributed to Hood were not written by that great humorist. Maginn's poem never saw the light.

During Maginn's residence in Cork, and after Jerdan was in the secret of his real name, he wrote, "If it be not intruding on you too much I should request you to write me word where I could find any Swedish books, or where I could get any information respecting the literature of Sweden." Wherever he may have obtained the books he wanted, it is well known that Maginn subsequently acquired a thorough knowledge of the Swedish language, and I heard it stated, in Cork, when

I was a lad — when the marvel of such a rapid acquisition would more especially strike me — that he had obtained this knowledge in a few weeks.

Undoubtedly, it was in *Blackwood's Magazine* that Maginn boldly and successfully struck into the field of literature. Every thing prior to his becoming a contributor to that periodical, may be considered as preliminary flourishes of the swordsman ere he puts forth his strength and skill with the Damascus falchion, which is to carve his way to renown and honors.

Forty years ago, when William Maginn was a schoolmaster in Cork, it was almost as a matter of course that, being a Protestant, his political opinions would be those of the Tory party. That is, they were extremely anti-Catholic. At that time, what was called Protestant Ascendency was — from a Tory point of view — the great thing to be preserved. The Roman Catholics had been put down, in the closing years of the seventeenth century, by the Prince of Orange, who obtained regal power — as William the Third, on the deposition of his father-in-law, James the Second. From that time until the year 1829, when, as an alternative preferable to Civil War, Wellington and Peel reluctantly conceded what is called Catholic Emancipation, one party in Ireland, forming the numerical minority of the population, sturdily and successfully contended for two things — to secure power, place, and patronage for themselves, and to prevent their neighbors and countrymen, the proscribed Catholics, from all that might be considered even an approximation to a share of those personal and political advantages and rights. When Maginn was commencing his career, such a being as a truly liberal Protestant was rare in Ireland. His native city more especially might be said, as regarded the claims of the Catholics, to have carried into practice the principle expressed in Wordsworth's lines —

> "—— The good old rule
> Sufficeth them, the simple plan
> That they should *take* who have the power,
> And they should *keep* who can."

The Catholics were down, crushed by penal laws as bad and harsh as Intolerance ever stretched its ingenuity to frame, and the Protestant party in Ireland succeeded in keeping them in bondage for one hundred and thirty years. Maginn was a Protestant and a Tory from childhood. His religion and politics came to him as naturally as his accent. He grew up in and with them. There seldom was a more consistent politician. He was a Church-and-State Tory from his youth to his

closing hour, and never was any thing less. If it be wondered at that a man with such a grasp of mind as he possessed should have been one of the most intolerant of human beings, the mystery cannot be cleared up. No man enjoyed the society of Catholics so much — no man was more steady all his life, in enforcing his convictions (in newspapers, magazines, and reviews) that they were unworthy of being trusted with — I will not say political power, but even with political freedom. All that can be said is that these extreme opinions, the fashion of his time and sect, were early infused into his mind, from the earliest period when he learned the meaning of words — that they "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength" — and that he held on to them, through evil report and good report, to his dying day.

Such being Maginn's principles and prejudices, it was only natural that such a publication as *Blackwood's Magazine*, which was ultra-Tory to the backbone, should have found favor in his eyes. The first number appeared in April, 1817, as a rival to the old *Scots' Magazine*, issued by Constable, a Whig publisher, to whose supremacy, Blackwood, all Tory as he was, was not inclined to submit. Very soon, Wilson, Hogg, Lockhart, Sym ("Timothy Tickler" of the NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ), Hamilton, and other Tories in the flush of youth and genius, changed *Blackwood* into a political organ of immense influence, making it, at the same time, decidedly the most striking, original, and brilliant periodical of its class ever issued. Politics and literature were curiously and inextricably mingled in this Magazine, with a strong seasoning of personalities — witty, satirical, impudent, and fearless. In a short time *Blackwood* was considered a formidable rival, if not an antidote, to the Whiggism of the *Edinburgh Review*, at that time a ruling and dreaded Power in politics and literature. Such a work as MAGA (as the wits of *Blackwood* called it), was exceedingly to Maginn's mind. Its politics were the same as his own, and the learning, wit, universality, and dashing fearlessness of its principal writers was not greater than his own. That he should aspire to literary association with such minds followed his admiration of them.

Dr. Moir, the voluminous (rather than luminous) verse-maker in ordinary to *Blackwood* for nearly five-and-thirty years, who was well acquainted with the private history of MAGA, writes that "Dr. Maginn commenced his correspondence with Mr. Blackwood, in November, 1819, and his first contributions to the Magazine — his very extraordinary translation into Latin of the ballad of Chevy Chase — appeared in the number for that month. It was sent with a fictitious signature, as were also his other contributions, to the sixth volume of that work." This is a mistake: Mrs. McWhirter's song, on the Powl-

doodies of Burran (*vide* "Christopher in the Tent"*), was certainly Maginn's. It is Irish all over, and has the Doctor's mark upon it.

The translatien of the first part of Chevy Chase into the universal language of Europe, Latin, was sent anonymously to *Blackwood*, and the writer, who simply signed "O. P.," boasted, and not without cause, that he had "retained the measure and structure of the verse most religiously." It opens thus :—

1.	1.
The Percy out of Northumberland,	Persæus ex Northumbria,
And a vow to God made he,	Vovebat, Diis iratis,
That he would hunt in the mountains	Venare inter dies tres
Of Cheviot within days three,	In montibus Cheviatis,
In the manger of doughty Douglas,	Contemtis forti Douglāso
And all that with him be.	Et omnibus cognatis.

The concluding portion did not appear until June, 1820, In it, the quaint stanza, on Withrington's gallantry is rendered in this manner :

30.	30.
For Withrington my heart is wo,	Pro Withringtono doleo
That e'er he slain should be ·	Quem fatum triste stravit ;
For when his legs were hewn in two,	Nam binis fractis cruribus
He knelt, and fought upon his knee.	In genibus pugnavit.

In a note appended to the first *fitte* of Chevy Chase was a statement that the writer had also translated the poem into Greek, of which the first verse was given as a specimen :—

Περσαὶος ἐκ Νορθθμβριας
Εὔχετο τοῖς θεοῖσι,
Θηρᾶν ἐν τρισὶν ἡμέραις
Ἐν οὔρεσι Χεβιατοίσι,
Κἂν ἀντέχησι Δάγλαρος
Σὺν πασιν ἑτάροισι.

The translator added, "I was thinking of translating old Chevy into Hebrew — for I am a Masorite ; but as Professor Leslie has declared Hebrew to be a 'rude and poor dialect,' in his book on Arithmetic, I was afraid to come under the censure of that learned gentlemaa. To be sure, he does not know (*as I can prove from his writings*), even the alphabet of the language he abuses, but still I am afraid he would freeze me if I had any thing to do with it."

At this time, Professor John Leslie had just succeeded Playfair in

* Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. i. p. 98.

the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; he had been elected to the Chair of Mathematics in 1805, and met with great opposition from the strict Presbyterian clergy, on the ground of his supposed scepticism. He was a very strong Whig partisan, also, and a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. From these causes, and probably others more personal, *Blackwood* strongly opposed Leslie, and the challenge, as to his scholarship, thrown down by Maginn, induced Mr. Blackwood to write to his new and unknown contributor, begging that he would prove Leslie's ignorance, as to Hebrew. A letter, headed "Leslie *v.* Hebrew," accordingly, appeared in *Blackwood* for February, 1820, in which the accusation was fully proved. This was followed, in November, by another letter signed O. P. (which *Blackwood* changed into "Olinthus Petre, D. D., of Trinity College, Dublin") which repeated the charge that Leslie "did not know even a *letter* of the tongue he had the impudence to pretend to criticise," ridiculed his pretensions to be considered a great mathematician, alluded to *Brewster's Journal* having accused him of "conveying" his doctrines and discoveries respecting Heat from the *Philosophical Transactions*, and glanced at his presumed disbelief of the Scriptures and Revelation. All this, boldly written, and fearlessly published, in a manner compelled Professor Leslie to vindicate his character in a court of law. He commenced a libel-suit against Blackwood, and obtained — a farthing damages!

In the interval, Maginn continued to contribute extensively to the Magazine. The quantity, variety, spirit, and value of his articles made him an excellent assistant. His private letters to Mr. Blackwood were signed "R. T. S.," but, being urgently solicited, he relaxed, so far as to subscribe himself Ralph Tuckett Scott. He had never alluded to remuneration. Blackwood, who was very liberal, entreated him, if he would not accept money, to receive such books as he might require to complete his library. When, as he thought, he had at last got his contributor's name, he sent a cheque for a large amount, payable to Ralph Tuckett Scott, or order, and Maginn (who still maintained his incognito) wrote him an amusing letter, detailing the difficulties which he encountered in getting cash for a cheque drawn in favor of and endorsed by an imaginary person.

From the appearance of the Latin version of Chevy Chase, scarcely a number of *Blackwood* appeared without one or more articles by Maginn. He soon assumed the *sobriquet* of Morgan Odoherty — a sketch of whose (pretended) life had been commenced in 1818.

That *pseudo*-biography naturally has a place in the present collec-

tion.* A portion of it certainly was *not* written by Maginn, though he as certainly wrote the concluding chapters, and, from that time, figured largely in *Blackwood*, under the *sobriquet* of Morgan Odoherty. It was the late Major Hamilton, author of the clever novel called "Cyril Thornton," and, subsequently, of "Men and Manners in America," who commenced the Memoirs of Odoherty. He had seen some military service in Ireland; he had also been in the United States during the last war; and hence was able to introduce the redoubted "Ensign and Adjutant Odoherty," as a native of the Green Isle, and a visitor in America. He spoke of Odoherty as dead, whereupon the Ensign wrote an indignant letter asserting that he was yet in the land of the living.†

Dr. Moir erroneously attributes many *Blackwood* articles to Maginn. For example, "Daniel O'Rourke, by Fogarty O'Fogarty"—a poem, in the Don Juan metre, extending to six cantos, written by William Gosnell, son of an apothecary in Cork. The prose introductions to each canto, full of hits at local circumstances and persons in Cork, were all by Maginn, but not a line of the poetry. The Latin poem, "Adventus in Hiberniam Regis vera atque perfector Historia" (a humorous account of the visit of George IV. to Ireland, translated by Maginn into English verse‡), was written by Jeremiah Daniel Murphy, of Cork, who died in January, 1824, at the age of eighteen, and was only fifteen at the time of composition. "The Rising of the North" (a ballad much in the manner of Chevy Chase), which appeared in English and Latin, in *Blackwood*, for August, 1822, and has been attributed to Maginn, was also written by Murphy, who was nearly as remarkable as his friend, having large attainments in science, and "speaking or writing the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, and Irish languages, with fluency and precision." An amusing poem called "The Third Part of Christabel," purporting to conclude Coleridge's beautiful fragment, has generally been attributed to Maginn (even by his biographer in the *Irish Quarterly*), but was written by Moir.

One of Maginn's pupils (Mr. Richard Martin, barrister-at-law, now of London), who was his pupil when "the Doctor" was most constantly contributing to *Blackwood*, has informed me that many of the articles were written in the school-room during school-hours. Maginn, when writing rhymed Latin poetry (no easy performance) was at a loss for a word, now and then, and would call out "a rhyme for luctus" (for example), when one of the pupils would respond "fruc-

* Odoherty Papers, vol. i. p. 1–91.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 91–105.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 164.

tus," and Maginn, simply saying, "Bene!" would proceed with his composition.

There is a very amusing and eccentric series of papers, called "Boxiana, or Sketches of Pugilists," which ran through several volumes of *Blackwood* (Vols. V. to XII.), the authorship of which has sometimes been attributed to Maginn — more particularly as two or three of them, at least, were published under the Odoherty signature, and referred to pugilism and pugilists in Ireland. The Sketch of Professor Wilson (by Maclise), which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1831, is accompanied by a semi-biographical, one-page notice, by Maginn, in which he speaks as "Boxiana" being Wilson's. Elsewhere, in later volumes of *Fraser*, they are attributed to Maginn himself. Uncertain as to the authorship, I have not included them in this collection.

Maginn's tendency to personal satire was encouraged, rather than restrained, by Blackwood, the publisher, who chuckled over the popularity which, by such means, the Magazine was winning. Blackwood's letters are filled with praises of Maginn's fearless wit. For the first twelve months, Maginn's articles were sent without any agreement, or expectation, as to payment. It was with difficulty that he allowed the veil to be lifted from his incognito, and, even then, he mystified the matter so much that Blackwood, after all, did not know his contributor's real name and occupation until some time later.

In May, 1820, when vacation was so near that he could leave the management of the school to his brother, who now was his assistant, Dr. Maginn visited Edinburgh. Mr. Blackwood, writing to Delta, said, "I have living with me just now, my celebrated Cork correspondent, who pummelled Professor Leslie in such a grand style. He has come over quite on purpose to see me, and, till he introduced himself to me on Monday, I did not know his name, or any thing of him, except by his letters under an assumed signature, like yourself."

His introduction to Blackwood was original and amusing. The *Irish Quarterly* tells the story thus: "In the month of May, 1820, The Doctor first introduced himself to Blackwood, and as in fancy we recall the pleasant nights passed away for ever, Maginn is once again before us; we see the bright twinkling eye, and the smiling lip, the half gray half white hair; and the rich rolling voice, with its gay Cork twang, is calling up laughter from the hearts of all who sit around The Doctor, as he tells of his first meeting with the publisher, thus: 'I had never let Blackwood have any name, but he wrote to me requesting I 'd send him my address, that he might pay me, by a check, for the papers I had sent him. Well, I had always signed the note sent with

the papers, R. T. S., so I enclosed him the address as Ralph Tuckett Scott, Cork, and he sent me the check payable to that person. I had some fun with him about it, but at last I thought I 'd run over and see him, and off I set for Edinburgh. I called to the shop in Prince's street, and just as I was going in I recollected that poor Dowden and Jennings, and one or two more, in whose names I had written squibs for the Magazine, were after writing very wicked notes, to Blackwood, demanding the author's address — so I had a clear stage for some sport. I asked if Mr. Blackwood could be seen, and was introduced to his private office. I made a rather formal bow, and giving him a touch of the Cork brogue, I said, 'Ye'r Misther Blackwood I presume, sir.' 'Yes, sir,' was the answer, 'at your service.' 'Be gor, sir,' said I, 'if you were only at my service a week ago, you 'd have saved me a journey, but, be my conscience, as I 'm here, I 'm very glad entirely that you *are* at my service at last.' 'Pray, sir, may I ask,' he said, 'what can I do to oblige you, or how have I displeased you? Our establishment is very punctual in replying to all letters.' 'See, sir, listen to me now,' I said, 'there 's some rascal in Cork — you know Cork, don't you? Well, there 's some blackguard there after making use of my name, in your old thrump of a Magazine, and I must know who he is.' 'Oh! sir,' said Blackwood, 'I deny your right to ask any such questions, and those requests cannot be granted without delay, and consideration.' 'Consideration, indeed,' I cried, 'are n't you after writen to one Scott there?' 'I really cannot answer you, sir.' 'Maybe it 's going to deny what you wrote you are, maybe you 'll deny this, and this, and this,' said I, throwing a bundle of his letters on the table before him. 'Maybe you 'll say they 're not to the man that writes for you, and maybe you 'll say that I 'm not the man himself.' Thus Blackwood and his contributor became acquainted, and the publisher was delighted with his wild Irish assistant. Maginn spent a few pleasant weeks in Edinburgh, and became acquainted with Wilson, Lockhart, Hamilton, and the other men of note who then formed the glories of Blackwood's brilliant staff."

Maginn was Blackwood's guest during this visit to Edinburgh, and returned to Cork in July (1820), leaving a most favorable impression on the minds of all who met him, and arranging to contribute to the Magazine, every month, at the highest rate paid to any other writer.

Maginn, on his return to Cork, wrote more than ever in the Magazine. Under the signature of Morgan Odoherty, many of his productions were identified by the public, but at least one half of what he contributed was wholly anonymous. Mr. Kenealy says, "In all these contributions there was a profusion of wit and learning which flashed

on the public with a splendor to which they were unused. Scarcely one appeared in which there was not something libellous; but the sting was so beautifully applied, and so mitigated by the surrounding fun, that it was difficult seriously to quarrel with the author; and Mr. Blackwood seemed to take as strong a delight in publishing the sarcasms as Maginn in writing them." Several subjects were suggested by Blackwood himself, who constantly expressed his gratitude to Maginn, and put it into a tangible form, by very liberal payments. The two volumes of this collection, containing the "Odoherty Papers," will show how abundantly, as well as how ably, Maginn supplied the Magazine with a great variety of all sorts of articles, and it must be remembered that I have only made a selection. The interest of many of Maginn's contributions were too temporary and personal to allow my re-printing them. I have only taken such as would best bear transplanting.

In 1823, submitting to the ordinary fate of mortals, Dr. Maginn entered the estate of matrimony. As it has been reported that he made what is called "a low match," and that his wife was every way far beneath him, I think it due to both to deny the imputation. A Cork lady (whose name I do not consider myself at liberty to mention here), has very kindly and fully given me information respecting Dr. Maginn, which I have freely and relyingly used in this Memoir — for all her brothers were Maginn's pupils; he was most intimate at her father's house; she afterward maintained friendly relations with him in London, and her son-in-law was the medical gentleman who kindly attended him in his last illness, and saw him buried at Walton-on-Thames. This lady writes: "Mr. Kenealy was right in the year that the Doctor married [1823], over thirty years ago. I do not know the exact date in that year, although I recollect that Dr. Maginn spent the evening before at my father's at a ball. Mrs. Maginn's family were there also, but the lady herself was not. She was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Bullen, Rector of Kanturk, and was related to the most respectable families among the gentry of the South of Ireland. The Doctor was so fond of my son John, that, though he never liked teaching (he had so much of it in his youth), he instructed him in Greek and Hebrew, even when most occupied with his own literary labors. He used to come to our house every week with Mrs. Maginn and the children. He was greatly maligned by his pretended friends, and no one could possibly sit an evening in his company without getting some information on every subject introduced. He had an unfailing memory, and a fund of wit and humor. Many a story which I have heard him tell, I have known to be claimed afterward by others, to whom he had related

them, and passed off as their own. Dr. Maginn was a most affectionate father, fondly attached to his wife, and sincere and firm in his friendship. Unfortunately, he was too popular. There was a constant competition for the society and companionship of a man so gifted, brilliant, and amusing. But he enjoyed home, and there I have passed many happy evenings with him and Mrs. Maginn. They had three children — one boy and two girls. The lad got a commission from Sir Robert Peel. The eldest girl died of consumption, after her father's decease. She was well educated and clever, and indeed wrote a book, which was published. I believe that Mrs. Maginn and her surviving daughter reside at Queen's-town [Cove] near Cork."

In a preceding page I have stated that the elder Maginn had little faith, as a schoolmaster, in subjecting young people to the forcing process. In the case of his own son, however, his practice greatly differed from his principle. For a lad of ten years to enter the University, with marked success and credit, was a wonder at the time. That such precocity should have turned out so brilliantly as it did, may be considered yet more extraordinary. The elder Maginn commenced to *cram* his son with learning, almost from the time he could speak plain — straining the lad's nervous system, as his feeble frame in later years showed, at a sacrifice of his physique. My amiable correspondent communicates an anecdote, which she had from his father, to show that the Doctor, even as a child, was out of the ordinary class. She says: "When he was about four years old, he got the poem of 'Edwin and Emma' to get by heart. Having read it, he returned it to his father, and said, 'Here are the lines —

'In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of different passions strove.'

'I want to know how there could be a *gentle* heart, if there was a *war of passions in it?*'"

Immediately after his marriage, Dr. Maginn determined to give up his school, and make literature his profession. His *Blackwood* articles, the authorship of which was now well known, had won him considerable reputation, and he was received in London, in 1824, as a well-known writer, of great wit, readiness, learning, and Toryism. Theodore Hook invited him to conduct a Wednesday's newspaper, which the proprietors of the *John Bull* intended to raise on the ruins of half-a-dozen nearly defunct journals. Mr. Barham says that, "Partly to assist the old, but principally to superintend the new speculation, to which Hook also was to be a large contributor, Maginn was summoned from Cork, and engaged at a moderate salary. Twenty pounds a

month we believe to have been the sum. His talents were, doubtless, of a high order, and his scholarship and education infinitely superior to those of his friend Hook, for such he soon became, but unfortunately he possessed the same excitable erratic temperament only exaggerated, Hibernized to a degree, that rendered it somewhat unsafe to rely upon him in a matter demanding the prudence and punctuality to be observed in the conduct of a weekly paper. So far as *John Bull* was concerned, the idea of retaining his services was speedily abandoned. Its ally started fairly enough, but the circulation it obtained was not commensurate with the projector's expectations; and Hook, who had not the patience to play an uphill game, soon threw it up in disgust; it lingered on for some months under the direction of the Doctor, and was finally abandoned at a heavy loss."

He was employed, also, on the *London Literary Journal* (a weak and short-lived rival to the *Literary Gazette*), and wrote several articles in the *Quarterly Review*. Indeed, so high did he stand, at this time, that when it was determined, on what was called "the destruction" of Lord Byron's autobiographic manuscripts, that Moore should not write the Life of the noble Childe, it was Maginn that Murray selected for that purpose. Mr. Kenealy, the friend and biographer of Maginn, says, "Nothing can more clearly show the high opinion of those best qualified to judge of his abilities, than this fact. A young man, from an Irish provincial town, who had never written a book, and whose name was little known, intrusted with the biography of the greatest of England's poets, by one of the shrewdest booksellers that ever lived, is a spectacle not often seen, and Maginn used to speak of it with no little satisfaction. The papers and letters of his Lordship were accordingly placed in the Doctor's hands, and remained in his possession for some time, but no steps were taken in the biography, and it was finally intrusted to Mr. Moore." Highly as I estimate the ability of Dr. Maginn, I think that he was not so well qualified for the biography as Moore, whose personal knowledge of Byron was so long and lasting. It is surprising that Murray, astute as he was, should have ever seriously thought of employing Maginn on the Byron papers.

It may be proper here to state that, when Dr. Maginn quitted Cork, he resigned the school to his brother John, who continued to conduct it for some years. The Rev. John Maginn was much more solid and steady than his more gifted brother, and well maintained the hereditary high character of the school. Dr. Maginn had three sisters — respectively named Margaret, Mary, and Anne, I believe — and, in the house in Marlborough street, next to that in which male pupils had been instructed for many years, there was kept up, for a long time, a very su-

perior boarding and day-school, known as "The Misses Maginn's Establishment for Young Ladies." The two seminaries were among the very best in Cork, within my own knowledge and memory. As has already been mentioned, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Kyle, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, was appointed Bishop of Cork and Ross, in 1830, in succession to Dr. St. Lawrence. Proud of Dr. Maginn, as his most distinguished pupil, and attached to John Maginn (to whom he had also been college tutor), he took the earliest opportunity in his power of giving a suitable (*i. e.* a sufficient) clerical appointment to the latter. In 1835, on the death of Bishop Brinkley, the diocese of Cloyne was annexed to, or absorbed in, that of Cork and Ross, and the patronage of Bishop Kyle greatly extended thereby. On a vacancy, he appointed the Rev. John Maginn to the lucrative rectory of Castletown-Roche (midway between Mallow and Fermoy), and the Marlborough-street school was thereupon discontinued. Charles A. Maginn, the youngest of the family (I have heard that he was born fourteen years after his youngest sister), also entered the Church, and became his brother's curate. The Rev. John Maginn having died of apoplexy, the parishioners of Castletown-Roche memorialized Bishop Kyle, strongly urging him to bestow the vacant rectory on Charles Maginn, whose ministration had at once benefited and gratified them. At the same time, Dr. Maginn wrote to the Bishop, urging his brother's claims, as strongly as he could. The case, I am told, was one of delicacy and difficulty — for Dr. Kyle was one of the Bishops who had the strongest dislike to any such "pressure from without" as might be suspected to exist in any parishioners presuming or pretending to nominate their own "spiritual pastor and master." Persons in office, lay or clerical, almost universally object to being told, as it were, whom they should appoint. Friendship, however, carried the day. The Bishop's reply to the memorialists was that he had invariably declined acceding to requests such as they had made — believing that *he*, rather than the supplicants, was best qualified to decide on the fitness of a clergyman for promotion — but that, from the high character he bore, the zealous manner in which the late incumbent had performed his duties, and the great scholarship, worthily employed (the Bishop greatly admired the Doctor's High-Tory journalism), he had "pleasure in appointing the Rev. Charles A. Maginn, A. M., to the Rectory and Vicarage of Castletown-Roche, in the diocese of Cloyne." Mr. Maginn yet continues in this incumbency [*i. e.* in 1857], and is married to Miss Power, of the County of Waterford. One of his sisters is dead: the two survivors reside with him. He continues as popular, as useful, and as much beloved — not only by his own Protestant parishioners,

but by his Catholic neighbors also — as he was in the distant and humble days of his active service as curate.

The failure of Shackell's newspaper, to edit which Maginn had expressly been brought over from Cork to London, was a temporary difficulty. But Dr. Maginn was then in the fullness of his reputation, as one of the leading wits of *Blackwood* — for which he continued to write a great deal during the first four years of his metropolitan residence. Among other magnates of "the Row" (though his locality was in Albemarle street), John Murray, the publisher, more particularly formed a high estimate of Maginn's abilities and aptitude. *Very* high, indeed, must his opinion have been when it made him solicitous to employ Maginn, as the biographer of Lord Byron.

Had he executed this task, the result would have been very different from Moore's Apology for the Life of Byron. I doubt whether Maginn had ever read the Autobiography bestowed by Byron on Moore; sold by Moore to Murray; copied, *in extenso*, by at least five persons, Ladies Burghersh and Blessington included, out of the dozen to whom it had been confided for perusal; but he had heard the most piquant passages in it freely repeated and commented on, at Murray's table, and knew, almost as if he had read every page of it, what was the character of its revelations. Maginn himself said, "It contained scarcely any thing more than what we already know. The whole object seemed to be to puff himself and run down every body else."

In the Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. XV.,* where Maginn, as Morgan Odoherty, spoke somewhat dramatically, he boasted that he had read Byron's autobiography himself twice over — that it had been copied for the private reading of a great Lady in Florence† — and that Galignani had bought the MS., with the intention of immediately publishing it in Paris. He then adds "One volume of his Memoirs, in short, consists of a Dictionary of all his friends and acquaintances, alphabetically arranged, with proper definitions of their characters — criticisms on their works (when they had any) — and generally a few specimens of their correspondence. To me this seemed, on the whole, the most amusing of the three."

This Dictionary was *not* among the manuscripts burnt by Moore at the instance of Lord Byron's executors. One of the persons who read it informed me that it was written on long foolscap, covered with stiff whited-brown or cartridge-paper, bound together or stitched with narrow pink ribbon. The "specimens of the correspondence" spoken of

* Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. i. pp. 436–446.

† Lady Burghersh, whose husband was then British ambassador there.

by Odoherty, were letters from the most distinguished men and women of the day, wafered in upon one page, with Byron's written comments on the page following, and sometimes on many more pages. This Dictionary, the bulkiest of the three manuscript volumes presented by Byron to Moore (at Venice, in the autumn of 1819) extended, I have reason to believe, to nearly two hundred and fifty written pages.

Maginn (still as Odoherty) went on to say "his memoirs and letters are the only things of his that I have ever seen, that gave me, in the least degree, the notion of a fine creature, enjoying the full and unrestrained swing of his faculties. Hang it, if you had ever seen that attack of his on *Blackwood** — or, better still, that attack of his on Jeffrey, for puffing Johnny Keats — or, best of all, perhaps, that letter on Hobhouse — or that glorious, now I think of it, inimitable letter to Tom Moore, giving an account of the blow-up with Murray about the Don Juan concern — oh, dear, if you had seen these, you would never have thought of mentioning any rhymed thing of Byron's; no, not even his Epigrams on Sam Rogers, which are worth five dozen Parasinas and Prisoners of Chillon."

Indeed, Maginn's rather heterodox opinion was, that Byron's poetry had little originality and no spontaneity, that his prose works would "decidedly fling his verse into total oblivion," and that "when he wrote verses he was always translating — that is to say, beastifying — the prose that already existed in his pericranium."

Considering that a biographer, to do his work well, must have *some* sympathy with and admiration for his subject, Byron had a lucky escape from Maginn, who (says Mr. Kenealy, on the Doctor's own authority), "recommended Murray to publish Byron's letters entire with libels, sneers, satires, sarcasms, epigrams, confessions, and intrigues, unmutilated and unasterisked, and merely prefix to the work such information as was absolutely indispensable. Had this been done, the world would now be in the possession of the most extraordinary compilation that ever appeared; but Murray got frightened — his great friends came about him, and advised, and wept, and entreated, and implored; and the task of drawing up the 'Memoirs,' taken from Maginn, was consigned to one who, having been a Whig all his life, knew

* Byron's Letter to the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* on its critique of "Don Juan." It is now to be found in his collected writings. It is worth notice that, in December, 1819, Byron wrote to Murray, mentioning that he had presented Moore with his Memoir written up to 1816, adding, "You may read it, and you may let Wilson read it, if he likes — not for his *public* opinion, but his private; for I like the man, and care very little for his magazine."

best what would please his employers, and expunged all those parts in which they were mercilessly shown up. In a moral point of view, perhaps, we have no reason to regret our loss."

Very soon after Maginn's arrival in England, he had the opportunity, and kindly used it, of assisting another child of genius, an Irishman also. Gerald Griffin, novelist and poet, reached London in the autumn of 1823—in the hope, cherished by so many young men of twenty, of making himself eminent by literature. Sensitive as his temperament was, he had a hard time of it for some years, and the late rewards of fame and remuneration ill repaid him, at last, for all that he suffered in the pursuit. His greatest triumph, and his latest, did not come until the mind that conceived and the hand that wrote were still and cold in death. To achieve fame as a dramatist was the dream of his youth and the aim of his manhood—but the success of his posthumous tragedy of "Gisippus" (the greater part of which was written ere yet he had completed his twentieth year), only flung the garland on his tomb. The tardy tribute of the world's applause, in the case of Griffin, reminds one of the diadem which Pedro of Castile placed on the brow of Inez de Castro, in death.

In the Life of Gerald Griffin, by his brother—as touching and truthful a memoir as was ever composed—one letter mentions a visit from John Banim, the novelist, "to tell me that Dr. Maginn, who is the principal writer in *Blackwood*, had very kindly offered, without any personal knowledge of me to introduce me, to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, his intimate friend." The result was, that Griffin saw Jerdan of the *Literary Gazette* (the only London journal of the sort which regularly paid its way, at that time), "and got an engagement from him to furnish sketches, etc., at a very liberal remuneration—a guinea a page." At this time, Dr. Maginn had no personal knowledge of Gerald Griffin. He only knew, from others, that he had the ability and desire to write for the press, and that, after a year's hard struggle in London, he greatly needed such employment.

In a letter from Gerald Griffin to his brother, dated November, 1824, he says:—

"Jerdan was talking of Maginn, who writes a good deal for *Blackwood*, and spoke in high terms of his talents: nevertheless, though he is his friend, he confessed he did not think him a very considerate critic, and thought there was something unfeeling in his persecution of Barry Cornwall. You may have seen these letters to Bryan Procter in *Blackwood's Magazine*.* Barry

* There was a cutting review, by Maginn, of Barry Cornwall's "Flood of Thessaly," in *Blackwood*, for May, 1823, but the article probably alluded to

Cornwall is, he says, one of the mildest, modestest young fellows, he ever knew,* and does any thing but assume. Maginn, however, imagines that those he attacks think as little of the affair as himself, which is by no means the case. The other day he attacked Campbell's Ritter Bann† most happily, and at the same time cuttingly, and afterward wanted Jerdan to get up a dinner and bring Campbell and him together. Jerdan begged leave to decline. He is a singular-looking being, Dr. Maginn, a young man about twenty-six years of age,‡ with gray hair, and one of the most talented eyes, when he lets it speak out, I ever beheld. Banim, who is his bosom crony, says, he considers him the most extraordinary man he ever knew. He attacked Banim, too, before they were acquainted, but that's all forgot long since. Hazlitt praised Banim in the *London Magazine*, and of course rendered it imperative on *Blackwood* to abuse him."

The advent of Mr. Lockhart to London, in 1825, as Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, would probably have strengthened Maginn's relations with Murray the publisher. During Maginn's flying visit to Edinburgh, five years before, he had repeatedly been in company with Sir Walter Scott — I have heard an amusing account of the impression made on the Ariosto of the North, by the wild wit, reckless fun, varied learning, and child-like simplicity of the rattling Irishman — and had been brought so frequently into social communication with Lockhart, that in London, he met that cold-mannered, but warm-hearted, individual, as an old friend. There was only two years difference in their respective ages, and nothing could have been less similar than their temperaments. But they had worked together, for a long time, on *Blackwood's Magazine*, and identity of political opinion was another link of personal connexion. They remained warm friends to the last, and it was Lockhart's good fortune, more than once, in the later and darker years of his less provident friend's career, to afford him substantial aid, in cases of emergency. Lockhart invariably expressed his admiration of the wonderful versatility and quickness of his friend, and Maginn considered that Lockhart, however ably he edited the *Quarterly*, would have been better employed in original composition — that, as Goldsmith said of Burke, he

"To party gave up what was meant for mankind."

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here was one of "Letters of Mr. Mullion to the Leading Poets of the Age" (in the number for September, 1824), addressed to Mr. Procter, bitterly cutting up a review in the *Edinburgh Review*, thought to be written by Procter, but really by Hazlitt, on Shelley and his poetry.

* At the time this was written, Procter was about 26.

† For this critique, which appeared in *Blackwood*, for April, 1824, refer to the Odoherty Papers, vol. ii. pp. 210–218.

‡ Maginn was then thirty years old.

There are, proverbially two (out of three) modes in England by which a man may calculate on losing money, with great publicity and certainty. These are, to start a daily newspaper, and to become manager of a great theatre. In evil hour, John Murray — fancying that the existing London journals did not render adequate justice to his numerous publications, and disposed, also, to obtain for himself such personal consideration and political influence as Mr. Walter possessed, through his *Times'* proprietorship — determined to tempt fortune by establishing a daily morning journal in London. Under the newspaper-stamp duties, which lay like an incubus on the heart of the Press in England until 1855, every such attempt, within the memory of man, had failed. *New Times*, *Morning Journal*, *Constitutional*, and *Daily News*, are the most ambitious efforts of this description — the last-named, though it keeps its head above water, cost over £200,000 between January, 1846, when it first appeared, and July, 1855, when the newspaper-stamp was abolished.

Mr. Murray gave the name of *The Representative* to his daily newspaper. It was exquisitely printed, on the finest paper, and published — not in so vulgar a place as the Strand or Fleet street, whence most of the London journals are issued, just as the New York newspaper offices congregate in and about Nassau street, but — at a highly aristocratical office, in the West End, exactly two miles out of the way. There were all sorts of reports as to the manner in which the paper was got up: rumors of the editorial rooms being richly upholstered "regardless of expense;" of matudinal hock-and-soda-water being extensively laid on for the refreshment and revivification of the exquisites who wrote for it; of the ample supplies of crow-quill pens and gilt-edged and hot-pressed paper provided for their use; of the peremptory rule that no editorial or "fashionable" article should be written, unless the author were habited in evening costume; of delightful lunches, provided from Mivart's, Long's, or Farrance's, for the bodily mid-day sustentation of the editorial corps; of the admirable full-dress dinners, at which the affairs of the nation were deliberately talked of (over wine and walnuts) previous to their discussion in the newspaper itself; of a hundred other follies, indicative of the inexperience and unfitness of all concerned in the new journal. The great Republic of the Press ridiculed, as well it might, the exclusiveness with which Mr. Murray sought to obtain Imperial rule by his *coup d'état*. Before even it appeared, *The Representative* was familiarly and contemptuously spoken of as "*Murray's Rip*."

Among the leading contributors, of whom there was a little army, were some of the principal writers in the *Quarterly Review*. It has

been understood that, from the first, Mr. Lockhart was adverse to the speculation. The editor-in-chief, instead of being a man of experience, tact, and standing, was Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, who, at that time, had not completed his twenty-first year! This young gentleman, gifted son of a very erudite and veteran author, had merely written — *not published* — his first work, "Vivian Grey," but was smart in conversation, imposing in manner, ambitious in character, and utterly inexperienced in newspaper business. He has since worthily achieved a great reputation — as author, orator, politician, and statesman — but it must be confessed that, among the whole literary corps of London, Mr. Murray could scarcely have picked out any person so imperfectly qualified, at that time (more than thirty years ago) to act as conductor of a morning journal of pretension.

On the earnest recommendation of Lockhart (and it was almost his only interference, independent of his unsuccessful remonstrance against the speculation itself) Dr. Maginn was commissioned, on a liberal salary, and with a certain engagement for twelve months, as Paris Correspondent for *The Representative*. He went to Paris, accompanied by his sister Margaret, I understand, and continued there until the early part of 1827. His correspondence with *The Representative* was lively and racy — full of observation on French society and manners — and, above all, constant and earnest in setting forth that, unless Charles the Tenth, then in the third year of his reign, would change the absolute character of his government, materially and speedily, the probability was that he would one day find himself on the other side of the French frontiers, a fugitive and an exile. Dr. Maginn, who spoke French like a native, was in the habit of freely conversing with "all sorts and conditions" of persons in Paris, and returned to England, with an impression, derived from these general conversations, that the Duc d'Orleans was intriguing, for the crown, against his cousin, the reigning monarch. This augury was accomplished, by the Revolution of July, 1830.

As might have been expected, *The Representative* did not flourish. There was such pervading inexperience throughout, that, from the first, it had little chance of success. Disraeli's forced and fervid style was repulsive to the deliberative English. The *Quarterly* reviewers, on the other hand, turned out the heaviest of "leaders." Murray himself threw into it piquant extracts from Lord Byron's journals (afterward incorporated in the biography, by Moore), but even these, called "The Byron Papers," did not draw. So, after a vexatious experiment, kept up for some weeks in a "hoping against hope" manner,

The Representative, went to the wall, it was stated, at a total loss, to Mr. Murray, of upward of £40,000.

Dr. Maginn, who remained in Paris, from a strong partiality for the place, and also in order to consult that fine collection, the Bibliothèque Royale, for information on Hebrew history and tradition, corresponded with another London journal, after the demise of *The Representative*, and also employed himself on the composition of two works of fiction — only one of which is known to exist, and of which I shall presently give an account.

The late Dr. Moir (the "Delta" of *Blackwood*) wrote to Mr. Kenealy, that he was particularly struck with a composition of Dr. Maginn's, never published, and written in Paris. The manuscript was sent to Mr. Blackwood toward the end of 1827, and by him was placed in Moir's hands. Mr. Blackwood wrote, "I believe that I mentioned to you that I had got some chapters of a very queer work by Dr. Maginn. He is such a singular person that I do n't know if he will ever finish it; and perhaps I may have to return the manuscript one of these days. I should therefore be sorry you did not read it, and I send you the whole I have got, with his contents of the intended chapters. How do you think they would do for MAGA, should he not finish the book, and be willing to let them appear in it?"

Maginn reclaimed the manuscript after it had been some time in Moir's hands, and by him mislaid. He pressed repeatedly for its return, and it was happily recovered and returned to him. Dr. Moir says, "I have a distinct recollection of setting down the production as a very extraordinary one — full of power, originality, and interest. The scene was laid in Paris, and some of the scenes were very striking, more especially one, where an only and spoiled son, having dissipated his substance in all kinds of riotous living, and descended to all the meanness of vice, has not yet the moral courage to reveal his lost condition to his doting parents, who resided in one of the provinces, and who believed him to be an industrious and ardent student; and at length throws himself into the Seine, his body being afterward claimed by them at the Morgue."

This novel of "Life in Paris"—seemingly in anticipation of the vein which Feval, Sue, and others have since so deeply worked — is probably lost.

Toward the close of 1827 (Maginn having permanently returned to London), published anonymously a romance called "Whitehall; or the Days of George IV." Mr. Jerdan speaks of this as "a singular example of wild genius," and Mr. Kenealy characterizes it as "one of the most wild and extraordinary productions of the day; overflowing

with madcap wit and quaint learning, and containing sketches of all the leading characters of the time, from George IV.* down to Jack Ketch the hangman. To the last-named office, by an inimitable stroke of humor, he appoints Mr. Tierney,† who, having come up to town with an earnest desire to be made Prime-Minister, and having vainly solicited that or some other place, finally, in despair, accepts the office of executioner, and performs the last ceremonies of the law on Mr. Huskisson,‡ who, he tells us, 'amid the acclamations of surrounding thousands, died easily and instantaneously.'"

Having revived my acquaintance with "Whitehall," by a careful re-perusal, I have formed the opinion that it was written — not as a novel, romance, or extravaganza, but — as a parody on the weak and numerous imitations of Sir Walter Scott's historical novels. The writers of these, regardless of all consistency of time, place, and persons, had fallen upon many of the eminent persons whose actions have made History, and subjected them to all sorts of changes and modifications in the Procustean attempt to accommodate them within the narrow limits of the weak fictions with which the novel-producing press of that period was teeming. Viewed in this light, "Whitehall" has some liveliness and cleverness. Its absurdity is amusing, and its caricature of living persons was scarcely more outrageous than the writers of historical romances were in the habit of subjecting *their* heroes to. As "Whitehall" is not included in this collection, it may not be amiss to describe it, with a few extracts — as specimen bricks.

The Preface, indeed, gives the key to the whole composition. It briefly says: "This singular work was printed in Teyoninhakawaranenopolis, capital of the great empire of Yankedoodoolia, in the year 2227, exactly four hundred years from the present date. The name of the author I do not know. How it came into my hands, it were useless to divulge; but I think it will be found to give as graphic and correct a picture of the affairs of the present day, as the general current of our London historical novels give of the events of four hundred years ago, when they treat of them. I have nothing further to add, except that I have taken all proper care to puff the book, and hope it will be successful. — The Editor."

The story treats of the loves and fortune, adventures and misadventures of a certain John Jeremy Smithers (mulatto in race, West Indian

* Who is not *once* introduced!

† George Tierney (*b.* 1756, *d.* 1830) a leader of the Whig party; always a patriot, sometimes a placeman.

‡ Colonial Secretary in 1827.

by birth), and a fair English damsel named Lucy Hawkins. Smithers, accompanied by his nigger (Cæsar) arrives in London, on the first of April, 1827, and proceeds, the next day, to visit Zebediah Macfarlane [Zachary Macaulay, father of the historian], but is apprehended as he passes the Admiralty, on suspicion of being an emissary to advance the cause of disaffection and revolt in the British West India islands. Here he meets the Lord High Admiral (Lord Melville), and the Admiralty Secretary (John Wilson Croker), who are thus described:—

"The President, as has already been hinted, appeared in the noble garb of his clan at the upper end of the table; a gorgeous canopy of silk tartan, with thistle plumes waved over his chair of state, and an enormous two-handed claymore half-drawn out of its crimson satin scabbard lay immediately before him, and close to the mace and fasces which formed, more strictly speaking, the proper ensigns of his authority. Apart a little way, at a separate table of smaller dimensions, sat the Secretary of state for the naval department, in a richly furred gown of black velvet, and gold chain of *SS*. He wore that singularly shaped mitre of yellow corduroy decorated with bells, which was the strange emblem of his office, while a bunch of shamrocks at the button-hole of his inner vest, and the pale-blue cordon of St. Patrick, announced, before he spoke a single word, that a native of "Green Erin" could still occupy this important office. *After* he spoke his country needed no other announcement."

After a brief examination, Smithers and Cæsar are committed to the Tower, and have an interview with the Duke of Wellington, Constable and Keeper of that fortress-prison. He is sketched with a very free pencil:—

"A troop of dismounted dragoons were practising the exercise of the broad-sword beneath the inspection of a square-built, bandy-legged officer, whose very slovenly dress presented a strange and remarkable contrast to the stern precision of his air and demeanor. There was a patch, neither short nor narrow, on the left knee of his gray pantaloons; his boots had obviously been *foxed;* and a very shabby surtout or cassock of blue cloth exhibited no epaulettes whatever to denote the regimental rank of the wearer. A button having given way, the back flap of an unembroidered cocked hat or *chapeau-bras* dangled loose upon the collar, and the folds of a huge neckcloth, which had once probably been white, appeared arranged in a manner that would have caused the bosom of a Nichol to thrill with indignation. But the compact and rigid massiveness of the countenance—the bronzed cheeks, aquiline nose, and eyes of more than aquiline brilliancy—the picturesque simplicity of the short curling hair and whiskers, both of which were as white as wool—and the extraordinary quickness with which, while the left hand rested on the pummel of a beltless sabre, the right played a basket-handled

ratan about the knuckles, elbows, and shins of the more awkward soldiery — these were circumstances which could not but arrest the close observation of so shrewd a spectator as Smithers."

A subsequent scene, where "the Duke" acts much as Scott represents Cromwell before the portrait of King Charles, runs thus :—

"The officer in the plain blue surtout, however, appeared to have totally forgotten the circumstances of the case. In fact, it seemed as if he had not the slightest suspicion that Smithers was in the room.

"He ate some fragments of the bread and cheese before him, crunched an onion or two, and finally lifting the porter pot in his left hand, took a long, deep, and earnest draught of its contents. Replacing the lightened pewter on the board, he then retreated some yards, gazing all the while with a most melancholy fixity of eye, on a small statue, fabricated by an Italian artist, which our hero had not hitherto observed, but which in point of fact, stood conspicuous enough upon a high and projecting mantel-piece within a few feet of the table. It was upon this tiny piece of sculpture that the officer continued for some moments to rivet his resplendent eyes, until, whether from physical straining or internal emotion, tears slow and solemn burst from them over his manly cheeks.

"The blood rushed into the noble countenance of Smithers, as the thought flashed upon his mind that he had unconsciously been betrayed into the position of a spy. But it was too late ; to retreat was impossible, to remain was only torture.

"'Ha!' cried the unknown, dashing the brine from his cheeks with a large and bony hand, which seemed to have grown hard and dark amidst the earthquake breath of an hundred battle-fields, 'Ha! is it come to this — to this — to this ? Aye, so it is ; even so ! hum ! ha !'

"After a pause, he thus continued : 'Thou dwarfish mimiery of manhood, by what accursed charm hast thou left the board of thy peripatetic artist to thus unman me ? Nay, keep not thy arms folded in that calm contempt upon thy plaster bosom ! Openly and boldly did I spur my good horse against thee, but I thought at least that duty blew the trumpet which impelled me to that fatal charge ; but never, O never, did I bare the secret knife, never did I brandish the jailer's key — frown not, thou pallid shade, confound me not with a Lowe ?'

"In saying so, the officer laid his right hand upon his heart, and cried aloud, 'Heaven hears me, Napoleon, Heaven attests my tale. I fought against thee, because I believed thee the eternal enemy of freedom and of man. If I was wrong, Heaven will even forgive the error, nor should the manes of a hero dwell upon it in inexpiable wrath.

"'I am innocent, Napoleon, I am innocent; let these tears be my witnesses ;' and the stern soldier lifted up his voice and wept.

"He was still lost in this trance of agony, when a young and lovely female tript lightly into the room, and gliding between Smithers and the Duke, without perceiving the presence of the former, laid her hand gently on the

shoulder of the latter, and whispered softly but quite audibly, 'Fie, fie, my Lord: your Grace forgets yourself. Are these paroxysms to be of eternal recurrence?'

"He turned half round, and wiping his red eyelids with the edge of his scarf, and finishing the contents of the pot in an agonizing gulp, said, with a faint attempt at a smile, 'Forgive me this once, my darling, I had sad dreams yesternight. But 't is all over now — yes, yes, Harriette, I am myself again — quite myself. Leave me, leave me, sweet maid; I will attend thee on the instant in thy bower."

Smithers escapes from his cell, by aid of the celebrated Harriette Wilson, and an attack upon the fortress by the mob is set on foot. One of the leaders — the late Samuel Rogers, the poet — is introduced as Sam Hodges :—

"This singular and eccentric man was never seen by strangers but with astonishment. Nature, which made him by profession a punster, seemed to have intended his very person for a sort of joke. He was about four feet high, and his head was at least a quarter of that size. It hung heavily to one side, and his countenance, of an unearthly paleness, drooped like an over-grown turnip hanging upon a pole. His under-jaw projected considerably, and gave him the appearance of a perpetual grin. His lack-lustre eye shot its leaden beams from under shaggy eyebrows, and his locks, untamed by brush or comb, hung in grisly knots over his wrinkled brow. Lord Byron, with that disregard for decorum of language, which so conspicuously marked the conversations of that celebrated poet, used, rather blasphemously, to call him a caricature of a crucifixion. Strange being! Yet, under that odd and repulsive appearance, he possessed wit unbounded, jocularity unceasing, deliberate courage, magnanimous philanthropy. Sage in council, jocose at table, valiant in action, luxurious in ease, he was the idol of London. Wherever he went, joy brightened every countenance, and the very phrase, 'it is a saying of Sam's,' became proverbial to express the highest degree of wit. In this particular, indeed he was unequalled: none in fact approached him, except the illustrious Hallam, who we are informed by some of the principal critical works of the age, wrote a jocular treatise on the middle ages, which has not come down to posterity, but which in his own generation appears to have excited an universal laugh whenever it was mentioned."

Lucy Hawkins has run mad — after the approved fashion of Ophelia — on the apprehension of her lover, but is united to him, in the fullness of time. Meantime, he has created a sensation by appearing, unexpectedly, at a ball in Apsley House — located at that time, we are told, in the eastern part of the Tower. Cæsar, assisted by a Meg Merrilies sort of old crone, escapes through the main sewer, taking with him from the Armory of the Tower, the sword of John de Courcy, the spear of

Charles Brandon, and the armor of John of Gaunt, all of which are adapted to the person and use of Lucy Hawkins, who sets forth, thus armed, to head the expedition for the rescue of Smithers, relying on a prophetic rhyme —

> "When a black man is in a tower white,
> By a virgin, wielding the sword of a knight,
> His enemies will be put to flight,
> And Valor will link with Beauty bright."

Accompanied by Sam Hodges, Prince Esterhazy, and Lord Cochrane, and assisted by all the discontented in London — Irish, Jewish, Refugees, Americans, Germans, and Cockneys — the fair Amazon assaults the Tower, which is bravely defended by the Duke. Here there occurs a good parody on Coleridge's manner and style of talking :—

"She was right in all she said.

"The Jews, while the other armies were engaged, had been actively employing their jemmies in picking the lock of a low sally-port, and after some time, had succeeded. They emerged, jemmy in hand, shouting as we have already observed, and as Harriette remarked, their ancient war-cry of 'Clo, clo.' The part where they entered was slightly guarded, and they drove in the picquets before them. A parting shot, however, from a catapult, hastily erected by Mr. Galloway, who had just deserted from the Greeks, hit Coleridge in the forehead, and in a few moments he breathed his last. He died as he had lived.

"'We are told,' slowly snuffled he, 'that the swan floating upon the beautiful bosom of the river Cayster, emits its musical note once only, and that once, when seized upon by the icy and inevitable hand of death. It is a magnificent and sublime fiction, if it be a fiction, which I doubt; for the marvellous of nature hath always appeared to me much more probable than what the prosaic men of an unpoetic age have looked upon to be the common and every-day workings of human life — as if they, prosaic as they are, and regarding things merely as they are in detail, without referring to the original impulses, the holy radiances, the metaphysical naturalities, from which all things flow, could tell whether any thing in detail, even that which they saw before them existing, existed or not; much less were the every-day workings of that incomprehensible thing, called life or not — I say, waving further discussion on this parenthetical point, I mean parenthetical in form, though thematic in substance, and taking it for granted, protesting for ever, nevertheless, against the assumption, that it is merely a fiction — it is one of those sublime and magnificent fictions, which in their essence TRUTH, are by their adornment exalted into something not greater than truth; for truth is greatest; but into something which, by the strangeness of the garb, i. e. the imaginative clothings in which it is conveyed, is calculated to take a firmer hold upon the mind, than if that which it meant — supposing it a mere alle-

gorical fiction, an interpretation against which I have already protested — had been conveyed in its abstract form, viz., that pure souls, typified by white swans, never utter such words of hope and glory, typified by song, as at the moment of death. Therefore, as I shall explain hereafter — but, for God's sake, a glass of brandy and water — therefore, when we consider the ramifications of idea, that idiosyn——'

"He died: Gillman, of Highgate, sorrowed at his death: and the grief descended the hill as far as the Castle, the hotel of the ingenious Carter, as thou enterest the slope of Kentish Town."

Lucy and her lover escape through the Thames Tunnel, safely reaching the Surrey side. The Meg Merrilies old woman is discovered to be the grandmother of Smithers, and then happily dies. A prince of the blood-royal presides at the nuptials. Here follows the main *dénouement* — a hyperbole of incident certainly as novel as ingenious :—

"The bliss of our lovers may be more easily conceived than described, and we shall not therefore undertake the task. They prepared to follow the Bishop, when the attention of all was turned away from every thing else, by a cry of unparalleled agony, which seemed to issue from the bottom of the river. So dire a cry never burst upon human ear. Every eye looked toward the stream, and there a scene of wonder was before them. It seemed as if a convulsion had taken place, for its bosom was heaving and swelling with unwonted throes. On the topmost eddy whirled, round and round, a cock-boat, containing two persons, who labored might and main to escape from the infuriated waters. In a moment all was smooth again, but the boat was gone. A hundred yachts were immediately launched, to endeavor to save the devoted passengers, when it suddenly submerged from the waters, and made toward the shore where the Ducal party was standing. As it neared the land, the cockswain was discovered to be Lord Goderich, and his companion the Duke of Wellington. Cæsar and his master intuitively hid themselves behind a tree. 'Aye'— said Lord Goderich, on landing — 'Aye, choke the scoundrels, they are done, I fancy. Pretty considerably water-logged, the ruffians. Devil sweep 'em."

"'Amen!' responded the Duke; "but I am wet through and through. Whom have we here? Ah! Gloucester, my boy, give us the fist.'

"His Royal Highness, who had not heard, except vaguely, from Smithers, any thing of the attack, naturally inquired of the Duke an account of the strange sight he had seen, and his Grace detailed to him what he knew. We take up the story where we left it.

"When, by the manœuvring of the Duke, the whole of the attacking army was hemmed up in the defile between the two ramparts, and had no way of escape — victory was now hopeless — but, laterally, to the right, to their great astonishment and joy, the gate which kept them in on that quarter was opened; it was a part of the Duke's stratagem. The devoted host rushed blindly through this pass, this whole Ducal army urging them in the rear,

through a winding defile, where many a life was lost in their hasty retreat. This passage led to the Tunnel, and into that deadly hollow the fugitives fled pell-mell. The Duke was prepared for this, and while Smithers was in conversation with his Royal Highness, Brunel and Beamish, with five hundred masons, had passed over, and in a few minutes built up an impenetrable wall at the further end. The silver gates were closed at the near end; and, by cutting off the pipes that conveyed the gaseous naphtha, the wretched invaders were in total darkness. The Tunnel was hermetically sealed, and escape was impossible.

"Many perished by the hands of their friends — others were trod to death; but the remainder was not destined long to continue alive.

"'Five hundred pounds,' said the Duke, 'to any man, who will go in a boat and pull out the central plug of the Tunnel, and let in the water on these villains.'

"No one answered, for it was evident that the man who attempted it would do so at the hazard of his life. After a pause, the Duke said, 'he would go for one, but who will steer?'

"'I,' said Lord Goderich, 'I. I do not think I was born to be drowned.'

"'Valiant man,' said the Duke, and embraced him in front of the army. A life-boat was instantly launched. Lord Goderich took the helm, and the Duke, pulling a pair of sculls, came to the spot where the existence of the plug was indicated by a buoy, surmounted by a flag. Why conceal the fact? Iron as were the nerves of the Lord High Constable, he hesitated for a moment; but at last, saying something about Curtius, he seized the ring of the plug, and, exerting all his strength, tore up the key-stone of the arch. A mighty gush of waters followed — a cry of agony and despair rung from the wretched inmates of the Tunnel, and affrighted the very birds. In a minute the Tunnel was full, and, in another minute, Jew, German, and American, had ceased to exist. In a century afterward, their bones were gathered into a catacomb, with an inscription in heroic verse, from the classical pen of Professor Millman: —

> "Reader, you here behold the bones,
> Of people gone to Davy Jones.
> 'Neath father Thames's whelming tide,
> Poor rogues! like puppies blind, they died.
> Out of the bore by Brunel dug,
> Duke Wellington he pulled the plug,
> And drowned the tottle of them snug."

Smithers' father had perished, it seemed, through the misconduct of a high official. He sought justice from the law: —

"And the Colonial Secretary was destined to die for the atrocious deed. Here, however, occurred a difficulty. *What* Colonial Secretary was to die? the man in office at the time the murder was committed, or the present functionary? And there was a vast contention among the lawyers thereupon.

"At last Lord Lyndhurst pronounced judgment.

"'It is plain,' said that great lawyer, 'it must be the present Secretary. A man taking a house, of which the taxes have not been paid, is bound to pay up the arrears of his predecessor. An heir to an estate must answer the liens laid upon it by the former owner. If a person strike a man in the King's presence and evade for ten years, his hand is cut off at the end of the period, though it be altered in bone, muscle and sinew. So, if A. B. commit a murder, and escape for five-and-twenty years, he is hanged, though (see case of Sir John Cutler, in Term. Rep. Mart. Scrib.) he is a changed man in body, and perhaps in mind. But the principle is laid down distinctly by Lord Coke, in his Institutes, with the peculiar elegance of the Latin style of that great man. "*Qui capit,*" says his Lordship, "*qui capit advantagios, sumit quoque disadvantagios:*" that is, he who touches the cash on quarter-day, must submit to be badgered occasionally. The judgment of the Court is, that Lord Bathurst be dismissed from the bar, and that Mr. Huskisson be hanged. *Fiat instanter.* Look to him, jailor. *Hoc pro warranto.* Hanged by the neck.'

"Huskisson was taken away in an agony of terror. He offered to do anything, to peach, to turn informer — but this procured him nothing but an order from Lord Goderich to have him gagged. The anticolonial party, however, were too strong not to make a struggle. When they found it impossible to save their friend, they said it was only fair that they too should have a victim. Conciliation being the order of the day, it was resolved, on the usual principle of the then government, that neither party should have a triumph, and after some deliberation it was determined, that when Mr. Huskisson was hanged, Cæsar should suffer also — for the sake of uniformity. To this arrangement, Cæsar made many objections, but his master convinced him of the absurdity of his scruples, and he submitted."

The execution, which is described fully, closes the story, of which the extracts here given are average specimens. For my own part, I consider it rather one of the curiosities of literature than a favorable, or indeed a fair sample of Dr. Maginn's ability. As the volume is so remarkably rare as to be very seldom met, even in England, I have quoted more *in extenso* than I should otherwise have done.

That Dr. Maginn was the veritable Ensign and Adjutant Morgan O'Doherty of *Blackwood's Magazine* was generally known among the reading public. Known to publishers and newspaper-proprietors was the fact also, so that Maginn had as much to do as he desired. The fun and frolic of the erudite and facetious Standard-Bearer had become concentrated by this time, as far as the distinct individuality of O'Doherty was concerned, in the splendid series of imaginary dialogues, at once wise and witty, which, under the name of NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ, graced the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, from March, 1822, to February, 1835.

John Abernethy, the surgeon, was wont to economize time and trouble by referring his patients to such and such pages of his Book. I may

be pardoned, I trust, if — at a very long-removed distance — I refer to my own edition of the NOCTES, for a particular account* of the origin and history of that celebrated series. *Here*, it is only necessary to glance at it, in connexion with Maginn's share in the authorship.

In *Blackwood*, for August and September, 1819, appeared a very extended article,† entitled "Christopher in the Tent," principally written by Wilson and Lockhart. A variety of real and imaginary characters were introduced, as interlocutors, including Christopher North, Morgan O'Doherty, the Ettrick Shepherd, Dr. Morris (Lockhart's *nom de plume* as author of "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk"), Timothy Tickler, Buller of Brazenose, Seward of Christchurch, Kemperferhausen (R. P. Gillies), and others — all of whom were subsequently introduced at the Round-Table in The Noctes. I believe that the late Major Hamilton ("Cyril Thornton") wrote up the characteristic sayings and doings of O'Doherty, for "The Tent," but that the Chant — "The Powldoodies of Burran" — was written by Maginn himself.‡ In subsequent numbers of *Blackwood*, the far-famed gathering in "The Tent" was often referred to, but no attempt to follow it up was made until nearly three years after. Maginn is entitled to the credit of having commenced, if he did not actually originate, THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ proper.

In the summer of 1821, as has already been stated, Dr. Maginn visited Edinburgh, where he became intimately acquainted, not only with Mr. Blackwood (whose guest he was) but also with Wilson, Lockhart, Hogg, Gillies, Hamilton, and other principal writers in the Magazine. With them, as a matter of course, he had many a merry afternoon and jovial evening, at their obscure, but since world-renowned hostelrie in Gabriel's Road,§ kept by Mr. Ambrose. Some months later, he paid a flying visit to London. On his return to Cork he composed the first Number of The NOCTES, which was published in MAGA, for March, 1822, and combines his Edinburgh and London impressions.

In an account of a breakfast with Professor Wilson (somewhat graphically written by Mr. N. P. Willis), the veritable "Christopher North" is made to say that the first Number of the Noctes Ambrosianæ was written

* Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. i. pp. xi.–xv.; Vol. ii. pp. xxi. and the Notes *passim*.

† Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. i. pp. 1–128.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. pp. 98–100; Odoherty Papers, vol. i. pp. 84–89.

§ This street, or lane, which derived its name from a murder committed there by a tutor named Gabriel, is situated in the vicinity of West Register street, at the back of the east end of Prince's street, and close to the Register Office, Edinburgh.

by Lockhart, the day after the literary fraternity had supped at Ambrose's.* On referring to No. I. of The Noctes, it will be found wholly unlike Lockhart's style; indeed too Maginnishly individualized for him to have written it. A dialogue between Christopher North and Morgan O'Doherty, it is redolent of the Irishism of the latter character, who, by the way, is made (*more Hibernico*) to monopolize most of the talk to himself. It contains the well-known poetical version, known to have been written by Maginn, of the celebrated letter from Lord Byron to John Murray, respecting the threat to indict the latter for the publication of "Cain, A Mystery"—it spoke of Barry Cornwall's poetry precisely, almost *totidem verbis*, as Maginn wrote of it before and after that date—and, above all, it introduced the words and music of that thoroughly Irish song, undeniably Maginn's, "There was a Lady lived at Leith."† On internal evidence, alone, a jury of critics would decide against Lockhart's having written the opening number of The Noctes. Without saying that Professor Wilson wished to mislead, or Mr. Willis to mis-report, perhaps the former, remembering what a large share Lockhart had in "Christopher in the Tent," may have had *that* in his mind, and his guest might have mistaken his reference, thinking it alluded to "The Noctes." Neither the Professor nor the Penciller is liable, on this view, to the charge of misrepresentation.

Odoherty did not appear in the second "Noctes." He figures, however, in the third—talking, singing, and quaffing. No. IV. of "The Noctes," the scene of which is in Pisa, with Lord Byron and Odoherty as the only speakers, was wholly written by Maginn, and, in its dash, spirit, and naturalness (if I may coin a word), is one of the very best of the whole series. It contains several capital *chansons*, including Maginn's Latin version of Bishop Still's fine old chant, "Back and Sides go Bare;"‡ the stanzas in praise of Inishowen;§ and the capital parody on Byron's "There 's not a Joy the World can give like that it takes away."‖ The running commentary, in ballad verses (called "Metricum Symposium Ambrosianum," and accidentally omitted from

* "We were there one night very late, and had all been remarkably gay and agreeable. 'What a pity,' said Lockhart, 'that some shorthand-writer had not been there to take down the good things that have been said at this supper.' The next day he produced a paper called 'Noctes *Ambrosianæ*,' and that was the first. I continued them."—(Wilson loquitur).—*Willis's Famous Persons and Places*, p. 40.

† Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. i. p. 153; Odoherty Papers, vol. i. p. 183.

‡ Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. i. p. 208; Odoherty Papers, vol. ii. p. 32.

§ Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. i. p. 208; Odoherty Papers, vol. i. p. 242.

‖ Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. i. p. 216; Odoherty Papers, vol. i. p. 243.

No. III. of "The Noctes"), was Maginn's also.* Indeed, his fine Italian hand is perceptible through the first years of the Series, even when not speaking as Odoherty. He appears, however, *in propriâ personâ*, in every one of the first eighteen "Noctes" (except the third and twelfth) — from March, 1822, to January, 1825.

These eighteen numbers are omitted by Professor Ferrier (Wilson's son-in-law) in his edition of "The Noctes"— on the exclusive principle of giving only what Wilson had written "alone and single-handed." Nor is this all. He says "The original series, as it stands, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, consisted of seventy-one numbers; but by this process of retrenchment thirty of these numbers have been excluded from the list, thus leaving forty-one numbers to be republished as the authentic composition of Professor Wilson." This omission of Odoherty's fun and learning, to say nothing of Lockhart's keen satire, reminds one of the country manager's announcement of "Hamlet," with "the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire."

The last appearance of Odoherty, in *Blackwood*, at "The Noctes," was in No. XLV. for July, 1829. Maginn's last contribution to the series was "Roger Goodfellow," a translation of Beranger's "Roger Bontemps,"† which appeared in No. LX. of "The Noctes," for February, 1832. In addition to his poetical contributions thereto, already mentioned, may be named the Rabelain song on Drink;‡ the lively song "Cork is an Aiden for you love, and me;"§ the bitter paraphrase (made applicable to Peel's change of policy on the Catholic Question in 1829) on Beranger's "Monsieur Judas;"‖ the flash Song, "As from Ken to Ken I was going," from Vidocq's Memoirs.¶ This last showed a remarkable acquaintance with, and command over, the slang used by criminals not only in London but in Paris also. Dr. Maginn certainly could not have written it *before* his residence in France. He always considered this Slang Song as one of his greatest feats. It certainly was superior to the flash lyrics (clever though they were) which he afterward allowed to be published by, and accredited to, Mr. Ainsworth, in the Newgate romances of that author.

No study, however serious and deep, of the Slang Vocabularies of Captain Grose (the "fat friend" of the last century immortalized by

* Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. i p. 218–225.

† Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. v. p. 26; Odoherty Papers, vol. ii. p. 30. This was in Mr. Blackwood's hands long before it was printed.

‡ Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. ii. p. 112; Odoherty Papers, vol. i. p. 361.

§ Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. iii. p. 53; Odoherty Papers, vol. i. p. 305.

‖ Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. iii. p. 339; Odoherty Papers, vol. ii. p. 28.

¶ Noctes Ambrosianæ, vol. iii. p. 342; Odoherty Papers, vol. ii. p. 36.

Burns), and the redoubtable and more recent Jon Bee could have given Maginn, or any other literary man, such an intimate acquaintance with *thieves' patter* as he had acquired by trusting himself into the haunts of "pickers-up of unconsidered trifles"— places where the police themselves hesitated to venture, even when armed with the full authority of the law. It is worthy of notice, however, and I state it on the authority of one of the most active and celebrated thief-takers in London, that criminals, charged with offences less than murder, generally submit to arrest, with a sort of dogged resolution — as if they felt that it was their doom, and that their time was up. The mere words "You are wanted" seem to subdue all but the very worst criminals, and hands are then quietly submitted to the handcuffs, with scarcely a shadow of resistance, the companions of the persons thus apprehended, looking on at the arrest without attempting any resistance. One policeman will thus be allowed to pick out and carry off his man out of a company of a hundred. When opposition is made, it is almost invariably by murderers who know that the finish of their captivity must be the Scaffold. In Paris, even more than in London, the words "In the name of the Law" have a strongly subduing power.

Fearlessly trusting himself into the worst haunts of criminals, in Paris as well as in London, Dr. Maginn never once was subjected to insult. He made himself acquainted, very thoroughly, with what are called the *back slums* of the Quartier St. Denis, the Rue du Temple, and other haunts of each *mauvais sujet* of the Lusetian capital. Equally, even in Bermondsey and "The Mint" of Southwark (the worst localities in London), he was tolerated. In St. Giles's — he did not live to see "The Rookery" swept away, that Oxford street might be extended, in a straight line, to meet Holborn — he was "at home," of course, among his countrymen, who, he contended, were rather poor than vicious, and greatly deficient in that ingenuity of crime which has given a bad eminence to the great offenders whose exploits fill the volumes of the *Newgate Calendar*. In The Rookery, his knowledge of Irish made him free, as it were, of the Corporation there. Into such places he sometimes went, to study character and observe the deeper outlines of humanity, even as artists, from the time of Hogarth down to that of Cruikshank, had made like studies with their pencil. A public journalist, he thought, was bound to acquire an intimate knowledge of the lower grades of society, as well as of the higher. No relish for what is called *low* company led him to such scenes, but a vivid curiosity to observe human nature in a variety of phases. His conclusion, from these studies and observations, was that — in all but the very worst cases — the law-breakers whom he met

(and who would not interfere with him, so long as he was inoffensive and civil to them), were as much sinned against as sinning. Society, he believed, threw the first stone — by neglecting not only the moral and educational training of these Pariahs, but by indifference, also, to their personal condition and comforts as members of the great family of Man.

Early in 1827, the Earl of Liverpool, who had been Premier in England since the assassination of Mr. Spencer Percival (in 1812), had so severe a paralytic attack as to compel his retirement into private life. Mr. Canning, who had infused somewhat of a liberal spirit into the Liverpool Cabinet from his joining it, in 1822, as Foreign Secretary, was elevated, in April, 1827, to the vacant premiership. Like Mr. Disraeli, in our own time, Canning was not "born to a seat in Parliament," and, though brother-in-law of the Duke of Portland, was looked down by his Tory colleagues, and more particularly by the Whig nobility, as a mere political adventurer and *parvenu*. Simultaneously, and as if on a concerted plan (though they stoutly denied the imputation), the Duke of Wellington, Peel, Lord Chancellor Eldon, and three other ultra-Tory colleagues of Canning, sent in their resignation to the King. Without much difficulty, Canning supplied their places with more liberal politicians, placing Lord Lansdowne (a respectable man of mediocre ability) in the Home Office, and making Sir John S. Copley Lord Chancellor, with a seat in the Upper House, as Baron Lyndhurst. The ex-Ministry, assisted by Earl Grey and more of their old Whig opponents, offered all resistance in their power to the measures of Mr. Canning, and, in Lord George Bentinck's memorable and emphatic words, "Hounded him to death." In fact, he had scarcely five months' rule, his death taking place early in August.

On commencing an organized opposition to Mr. Canning, as Premier, the ultra-Tories naturally looked about to measure the strength of their external forces. The *Times*, the great organ of public opinion, had been on the liberal side, since what was called "The Queen's Trial," in 1820. The *Morning Chronicle* was decidedly Whig. The *Morning Herald* was neutral — if any thing. The *Morning Advertiser*, with a large publichouse circulation, never had pretensions to political character or influence. The majority of the Sunday papers, headed by the *Observer* and the *Dispatch* (each of immense circulation), were strongly liberal. On the other hand, the *Morning Post*, though with a decided Tory leaning, was merely regarded as a chronicler of fashionable events; the *New Times*, which soon after merged into the *Morning Journal*, was a strong partisan, as far as forcible writing went,

but its circulation was limited. Of the evening papers, the *Globe* was Whig; the *Courier* always supported the Ministry for the time being, and the *Sun* was strongly and ably Canningite. The only Sunday papers worth mentioning, as Tory organs, were *John Bull*, and the notorious *Age*, respectively edited by Theodore Hook and C. M. Westmacott — but so unscrupulously, that the Anti-Canning party might deprecatingly have exclaimed

> "Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
> Tempus eget."

At that time, and for many years previous, a tri-weekly journal called the *St. James's Chronicle*, was published by Mr. Baldwin, of Bridge-street, Blackfriars. This paper, respectable in every way, both for the ability of its political articles and the gentlemanly tone which pervaded them, had come under the editorship of Dr. Stanley Lees Giffard, an Irishman (son, indeed, of that John Giffard, the common councilman, who so vehemently opposed Grattan at the Dublin Election in 1803), who had been called to the English bar. From 1819 to 1827, Dr. Giffard had conducted the *St. James's Chronicle* with marked ability and success. When the *Courier* — the most time-serving evening journal ever known in London — had left the Tory party without an efficient organ, by surrendering itself wholly to the support of the Canning Ministry, it struck Dr. Giffard that there was a fair opportunity of changing the *St. James's Chronicle* into what, in common parlance, was called "a thick-and-thin" Tory evening paper. His own hereditary politics were strongly of the "Protestant Ascendancy in Church and State" order. His learning was extensive, his talents great, his tact admirable, his temper good. His suggestion was adopted by Mr. Baldwin — with a difference; namely, that the tri-weekly paper, which was too valuable to be discontinued, should be kept on, but *fed* principally or made up out of the daily evening journal.

Giffard and Maginn, who had commenced their acquaintance at Trinity College, Dublin, were on intimate terms in London. Giffard had the advantage of four years in age, and of thirty in tact and prudence. He offered the assistant-editorship of the new paper, with a liberal salary, to Maginn (who was then occupying his time by writing for *Blackwood*, and frittering away his talents in squibs for the *John Bull*), and, this offer accepted, the prospectus of The Standard newspaper was issued. It was brief, containing a well-written and decided avowal of Church and State principles, and fell, like a shell, upon the Canning party.

Oddly enough, the Standard of England figured at the head of that

prospectus, with the following motto from Livy: "*Signifier, pone signum: hic optume manebimus.*" The paper was advertised with this motto, to the very day of its first appearance, when it was withdrawn, and never appeared under the heading of the Standard. The solution probably is, that the motto was originally taken from its reference to the name of the paper, but the public, accustomed to the constant reference, in the "Noctes," to Ensign Odoherty, as "the Standard-bearer," having got the idea that Maginn was to be Editor-in-chief, whereas his position was subordinate, the classical reference was dropped, to prevent a continuance of the misapprehension.

The *Standard* soon took a foremost rank, in character and circulation, among the London evening papers, which position it continues to occupy. No English journal has ever been so pertinaciously consistent. It has always opposed what it considers derelictions from strict Conservative principles. Started to support the ultra-Toryism of which Wellington and Peel were the mouthpieces, in 1827, it gravely condemned their permitting the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts in 1828: their granting Catholic Emancipation in 1829; and every successive "breach of the Constitution" up to the present hour. This editorial consistency has been principally caused by Dr. Giffard's having held the pen, as chief editor, for thirty years. During the nine years of Maginn's connexion with the *Standard*, he vigorously asserted the principles of Toryism. In that journal, and elsewhere — in verse as well as in prose — he censured and ridiculed the politicians, whatever the party to which they professed to belong, who said or did any thing tending to weaken that "Protestant Ascendancy" which he had been trained to consider as the safeguard of "Church and State." In the newspaper, under the cool judgment of Dr. Giffard, he was not permitted to indulge in offensive personalities. Elsewhere, he was not so forbearing, and some of the bitterest attacks on the late Sir Robert Peel's "apostasy" (as the ultras called it) on the Catholic Question, which appeared in *Blackwood*, were written by Maginn. Little did he anticipate that to the humane kindness of the man whom he thus ridiculed and assailed, his own family, a few years later, were to be indebted for the means of committing his dust to its last earthly resting-place.

The engagement on the *Standard*, occupying only a few hours every day, gave Dr. Maginn ample leisure to fulfil other literary engagements. Accordingly, up to the early part of 1830 (when a coolness arose between Mr. Blackwood and himself), he continued to write for the Magazine. He contributed to other periodicals, and to this period belong two beautiful tales (which have been reprinted from the *Lite-*

as they do in his present scattered, shadowy, undefined condition. He has expended, and is still expending, great wealth of mind in enriching daily, weekly, monthly, and annual publications. Half of what he does will be overlaid by the surrounding trash, and forgotten. His learned allusions, his witty parodies, his rich, racy jests, his inimitable free flowing gayety will avail him little. His 'airy nothings' will be pressed down by the solid, stolid body of nonsense that is thrust into their company; and he will live, fifty years hence, in the recollections of men, like single-speech Hamilton, or Anthony White; like conversation Sharpe, or the great Sea Serpent; of each of whom we have heard much in our youth, but who, for want of some strong visible evidence of their merit, have passed away like the vapor of the morning. *Nominis umbra* — that will be all that our children will know of the famous adjutant (incomparably the greatest military author since the days of Xenophon), unless, in the classical language of Higginbottom, he 'stirs his stumps,' and stands in all his united powers face to face with the public. If he will *not* do this — if he perversely choose to exist in his phantom state (his strength, like Samson's, diffused over infinite space), why then, O, winged fame! O, fickle fortune!

> 'Ah! receive them to join in your endless delight,
> The shade of Sir Morgan O'Doherty, knight;'

and never let him be pushed aside or neglected in after time for smaller jesters or bold pretenders, nor for any proselyte or copyist, who shall attempt to imitate his inimitable style!"

It should be borne in mind that this sketch was written before Maginn had produced the contents of the present volume (selections from his contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*) or the Homeric Ballads and Shakespeare Papers.

From the period of Maginn's change of residence from Cork to London, the quantity of his contributions to *Blackwood* diminished, as much as their quality improved. It was after he quitted Cork that Maginn wrote some of the best of the O'Doherty Papers: such as the celebrated Maxims of O'Doherty; "the cutting critiques on Irish and English Songs; the Beranger translations and paraphrases; the dissection of Campbell's "Ritter Bann;" The Night-Walker (a narrative of a night's actual observation of London life, in all its phases); the Panegyric on Colonel Pride, the Republican; and that powerful snatch of fiction, The Last Words of Charles Edwards.*

In 1829, however, Maginn's connexion with *Blackwood's Magazine* came to a temporary close. Some coolness with Mr. Blackwood widened into a disruption. Maginn considered himself somewhat ill-

* These articles will be found in the two volumes of the O'Doherty Papers which commence this Collection.

treated by his old friend; who, on his part, fancied that, from the part MAGA had in making Maginn's name known, and in fostering and maturing his talents as a writer, his magazine-articles should be pretty exclusively sent to Edinburgh. Such, I have heard, was the origin of the misunderstanding. Whatever the cause, Dr. Maginn was seriously offended, and determined, at the earliest opportunity, to have a magazine under his own control — by which means he might be spared such annoyance and mortification as had been recently caused by Mr. Blackwood's frequent return of articles to him, on the assigned plea that they were "extremely clever, but not exactly adapted to the Magazine." One thing is certain — Maginn freely acquitted Professor Wilson of having in any way influenced, by adverse opinions, Mr. Blackwood's rejection of any articles. Mr. Blackwood, though Wilson was his principal, ablest, and most productive contributor, retained the actual editorship of the Magazine in his own hands, from the very first. He was shrewd, sagacious, and energetic, and, though not himself a man of letters, had full capacity to appreciate and deal with authors.

When the periodical now known as *Fraser's Magazine* was projected, *Blackwood* alone had any reputation among the monthly periodicals devoted to general literature. The *New Monthly Magazine*, under the effete editorship of Thomas Campbell, the poet, barely kept its head above water. Campbell's name and occasional contributions alone invested it with some degree of interest. Mr. Sheil, whose celebrated Sketches of the Irish Bar had been prominent attractions from 1822 to 1829, was precluded from continuing them by the exacting demands upon his time and mind by Parliamentary occupation. Lady Morgan, Thomas Colley Grattan, and others, who had conferred celebrity on the work, had dropped off. The old *Monthly*, founded by Sir Richard Phillips, the vegetarean publisher, had declined into irretrievable dullness, after a vain endeavor to infuse new vitality into it by Dr. Croly. The *London Magazine*, once so popular under the editorship of John Scott and Thomas Hood (with such assistants as Charles Lamb, Allan Cunningham, Hamilton Reynolds, "Barry Cornwall," Hartley Coleridge, Talfourd, John Clare, John Poole, John Bowring, William Hazlitt, Bernard Barton, Horace Smith, and others), had sunk so low, that not even Charles Knight, the author-publisher, could succeed in restoring its good name. The *Imperial Magazine*, though its circulation was large, had a sectarian character, and devoted little space to literature. Last of all, and oldest, there was the *Gentleman's Magazine*, devoted to antiquarian researches, great on obituary notices, but caring little for, and slightly regarded by, the mass of general readers. In fine, at the commencement of 1830, there was an opening in London

for a new magazine, and Dr. Maginn and others were able and anxious to supply the want.

There was a briefless barrister in London, about this time, who floated, as it were, between literature and fashion — fluctuating, in his intellectual life, from Grub street* to the Ring in Hyde Park. This gentleman, with more ambition than ability, more money than brains, was Mr. Hugh Fraser. He was on intimate terms with Dr. Maginn, who confided to him the desire he entertained for establishing a magazine in London, to be conducted in a fearless and spirited manner, as a counterpoise or rival to *Blackwood*. Like Maginn, he had a large circle of available literary acquaintance. Unlike him, he had money at his command. The result of their joint resolve was, to sound their friends, with a view to the ascertaining how many of them would become contributors, and to what extent. With some degree of forethought, they actually prepared as many articles as would fill an ordinary number of *Blackwood*, and, on the last day of 1829, sallied forth, arm-in-arm, in search of a publisher.

In Paternoster Row, Ave-Maria Lane, Stationers'-Hall Court, Ivy Lane, and such familiar localities, wherein publishers most do congregate, they met with no encouragement. Dr. Maginn was well known, in "the Row," by reputation, if not by person, but could not persuade any city bibliopole to take up his project. He and his friend, reluctantly abandoning their cherished idea, turned steps westward, determined to console themselves for the disappointment by a good dinner at Verey's, in Regent street. Before they could reach that *restaurant*, the name of Fraser, over a bookseller's shop (215 Regent street) caught Maginn's eye. Exclaiming, "Fraser! here's a namesake of yours — let us try him," the Doctor paused. They entered, and encountered Mr. Fraser — at that time, about thirty years of age. On mentioning their project to him, it appeared that he had himself a desire to be publisher of such a periodical. A native of the north of Scotland, he had been educated, I have been told, for the Church, but, though he was a sound and rather serious Christian, he never completed his clerical studies. He was well read in general literature, was a shrewd man of business, and, in politics, about as ultra a Tory as Maginn himself. The conversation casually commenced in Fraser's shop, in the afternoon, was continued in his back-parlor, after dinner, in the evening, and the result was that, just as the old year was at its last gasp, the trio drank, with full hopes and brimming bumpers, "Success to *Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country*" — for that

* Grub street ceased to exist, by that name, some twenty years ago, and is now called Milton street.

name their literary bantling there and then received. The public naturally believed that the Magazine was called after the publisher. On the contrary, it bore the name of Mr. Hugh Fraser, one of the projectors. In the publisher's books, during the eleven years he issued it, the account ran in the name of "The Town and Country"—and this, too, long after circumstances had induced, or rather compelled him, to become the proprietor, by subsequent purchase.

With little preliminary announcement, the first number of *Fraser's Magazine* appeared in February, 1830. It excited no small sensation, its personal hits and dashing audacity out-Blackwooding *Blackwood*. The prefatory article, "Our Confession of Faith," by Maginn, was spirited and bold in the avowal and exposition of Tory principles. Maginn's, also, was a slashing article on Mr. Robert Montgomery's poetry. His "fine Italian hand" is perceptible in other articles. There, too, was a Spanish Ballad by Lockhart; a translation from the German, by Herand; a dissertation on Mechanics' Institutes, by Captain Basil Hall; a Canadian tale, by Galt; a Highland legend, by Picken, author of "The Dominie's Legacy;" a review, by Gleig, of Cyril Thornton's "Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns," and a long notice, rather respectably written, by Hugh Fraser, of Jean Paul Richter's review of Madame de Stael's "Allemagne." The first Number was a success. In the second (which opened with a paper, by Maginn, on Moore's Life of Byron), Crofton Croker and Haynes Bayly, appeared as avowed contributors. The third exhibited Robert Southey as having joined the new and vigorous Magazine. A poem, "The Young Dragon," was his contribution. Barry Cornwall also appeared, modestly figuring under the initials "J. B."—subsequently extended to "J. Bethel." There, also, figured The Ettrick Shepherd, from that time a constant contributor. Not to be too particular in this recapitulation, let it suffice to state that, in addition to those already named, among the avowed writers in the first six numbers of the first volume of Regina (as the Magazine was called), were Allan Cunningham, John Kenyon, L. E. L., "The Harrovian," D. M. Moir ("Delta" of *Blackwood*), William Jerdan, S. T. Coleridge, and Miss M. J. Jewsbury, besides many more who contributed anonymously.

Long before the completion of the first volume, *Fraser's Magazine* was what may be called "a paying property." Maginn was himself the principal contributor—taking all subjects in turn, and equally at home in each. As much editing as the Magazine required was supplied by him, although every contributor may be said to have had pretty much his own way; two things being as fixed and unchange-

able as the laws of the Medes and Persians — first, that the ultra-Tory politics of the work were to be consistently maintained by every one, and secondly, that the principal part of the "slashing" reviewing was to be executed by Maginn himself, whom long practice and a natural bent for satire had united to make a master in the art. I suspect that Peter Mac Grawler, of the *Assinæum*, in Bulwer's "Paul Clifford," although avowedly a caricature of a well-known book-reviewer and censor-general in a literary weekly paper of the time, may also have been written with some idea of Maginn's "slashing" notices of literary people and their productions.

An attempt (also by Maginn) to rival the celebrated "Noctes" of *Blackwood*, was the account of the "Election of Editor for *Fraser's Magazine*," with which my present volume opens (pp. 1–90). It was highly thought of, at the time, and Maginn made several subsequent attempts in the same vein (some of them very elaborate), but the "Noctes" are not to be equalled, and the efforts to eclipse them, however good, did not succeed. Maginn's were more dramatic, in many instances, than Wilson's — but they lacked the breadth which characterized the real "Noctes." They were far too personal, also, and deficient in repose. The specimen I have given will enable the reader to form his own opinion as to their merit, actual as well as comparative.

The great hit of *Fraser*, which continued attractive for several years, was the "Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters," commencing in Number V. (for June, 1830), with a full-length of Mr. Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette*, and ending, some seven years after, with a sketch of the Rev. Sydney Smith, of "Peter Plymley" and Pennsylvanian Bonds' renown. These portraits, in which there is very little caricature, were all drawn by Daniel Maclise, now R. A., and one of the first historical painters of England, but then, a recent importation from Cork to London, with the world all before him, and a hard battle, for food and fame, to fight against a brilliant array of the established and rising talent of the greatest city in Europe. In that life-struggle, Maclise found a warm ally, friend, and counsellor, in Maginn, at whose solicitation the portrait-illustrations of *Fraser* were commenced. It was long before Maclise was known to have executed them, and, even yet, they are sometimes attributed to another hand. The sketches were inscribed with the fictitious name of "Alfred Croquis," and Mr. Forester, of the London Stock Exchange, having since appeared, as author and artist, under the *sobriquet* of "Alfred Crowquill," has been confounded, naturally enough, with the artist of *Fraser*. Every one of these portraits was drawn by Maclise. An article,

by Maginn, in January, 1840, called "Preface to our Second Decade," alluded to what may be called this artistship; humorously maintaining that though "the name of Alfred Croquis never appears in the catalogues of the Exhibition, the name of a friend of his, or at least of one who ought to be so, is to be found there pretty often; and we believe that *his* pictures are not to be sneezed at, even by the most Gothic of barbarians. He is rising every year to higher honor and renown, and displaying fresh proofs of unwearied genius; and though the pictures which he exhibits are of greater splendor, and loftier aspiration, yet, in their own way, we maintain that the sketches of Croquis display as much talent as any production of the best R. A., or A. R. A., of the lot—*ay, even if you named Maclise himself.*" In the enlarged edition of "The Men of the Time," it is distinctly stated that Maclise drew the sketches in question for *Fraser's Magazine*, "to which he was also a poetical contributor."

The "Fraserian Gallery" consisted of eighty-one plates—seventy representing male, and eight female authors. Three plates represented groups of The Fraserians, The Antiquaries, and Regina's Maids of Honor. On the whole, the entire series, which cannot be collected now without destroying the first seventeen volumes of the Magazine, consisted of One Hundred and Two portraits of the principal male and female writers of the time. Washington Irving was the only American among them. The Continental celebrities were Beranger, Count D'Orsay, Goethe, Talleyrand, Telesforo y Trenba, and M. Ude, the French cook. About one half of the persons, thus pictorially treated, may be reckoned as having contributed, at one time or another, to the Magazine. By far the greater number of the portraits were wholly out of the range of caricature, and may take rank as authentic and very characteristic likenesses.

The letter-press which accompanied each plate was nearly all written by Maginn. Three exceptions we are certain of—the remarks on Maginn's portrait, written by Lockhart, those on the sketch of Goethe, by Carlyle, and James Hogg's account of Sir David Brewster. With two exceptions, also, the prose illustration of each single portrait was condensed into a single page. Mr. Kenealy says, "As a whole, they are, we think, the most original and sparkling of the Doctor's productions; and when we remember that they were hit off at a moment's notice, we shall be easily able to fancy how meteoric was the intellect from which they emanated. Wit was their principal recommendation. * * * And we never read them, without involuntarily thinking we hear the Doctor speak, for they are perfect resemblances of what his conversation was."

These pen-and-ink sketches would fill a volume, if accompanied by such annotations, relative to the respective personality of each subject, as are necessary for the full understanding of what Maginn dashed off in a sportive or a satirical mood. As I do not include the series in the present collection — for the point would be greatly sacrificed by the separation of the comments from the sketches, and there are many obstacles to the faithful reproduction of the latter — I shall make no apology for here presenting one of the Doctor's pages, as a sample. It is a sketch of one who lately departed — the Nestor of English authors. Satirical enough it is, in all conscience, and it was placed opposite a most death-in-life portrait — painfully resembling the cynical original.

"SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF THE 'PLEASURES OF MEMORY.'

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum!* There is Sam Rogers, a mortal likeness — painted to the very death!

"We have often thought that a collection of the witticisms let off on the subject of Sam Rogers's death would go near equalling in bulk the past volume of jokes put into his mouth by a thousand industrious pun-manufacturers. There is Mackintosh's wonder, why, when at an election time he could not find an accommodation at any hotel in a country town, he did not try snug lying in the churchyard — the French valet's announcement of him as M. le Mort, mistaking him for Tom Moore, and the consequent horror of the company — Scott's recommendation that Sam should try his fate in medicine; where, if there was any truth in physiognomy, he would be sure to shine, on the strength of his having perpetually a *facies Hippocratica* — Hook's friendly caution, when he saw him at Lord Byron's funeral, to keep out of sight of the undertaker, lest he should claim him as one of his old customers — but why extend the roll, when there is not a variety of jest in which 'Goodman death, Goodman bones, thou atomy thou,' or any other of the complimentary phrases bandied about by Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, against their inveterate enemy the beadle, could be twisted, which has not been brought into action against Rogers? He stands all this fire undisturbed, strenuously maintaining not only that he is alive, but that his countenance is the very *beau-idéal* of beauty. 'That 's a very pretty girl,' said he, one night to Newton the painter; 'she has a *tête morte*. *I* have a *tête morte* — it is really one of the finest styles of the human countenance.' Whereupon Sam 'grinned horribly a ghastly smile,' just as he is doing in the opposite picture.

"Independently of the persecution Sam suffers from being dead, a grievance which he has in a great measure outlived, he is an ill-used gentleman, in being made punmaster-general to the United Kingdom. How this high distinction originally came to be his, we have no historical documents to prove. It is now settled. Joe Miller vails his bonnet to Sam Rogers. In all the newspapers, not only of the kingdom, but of its dependencies, Hindostan, Canada, the West Indies, the Cape, from the Tropics, nay, from the

Antipodes to the Orkneys, Sam is godfather-general to all the bad jokes in existence. The Yankees have caught the fancy, and from New Orleans to New York it is the same — Rogers is synonymous with a pun. All British-born or descended people — yea, the very Negro and the Hindoo — father their calembourgs on Rogers. Quashee or Ramee-Samee, who know nothing of Sir Isaac Newton, John Milton, or *Fraser's Magazine*, grin from ear to ear at the name of the illustrious banker, and with gratified voice exclaim, 'Him d— funny, dat Sam.'

"By this fame, Sam must be known after he is allowed to be dead by the parish officers. For, after all, the literary glory of Sam will be one of the smallest. His verses are of the petty larceny school of poetry. When Wordsworth read in Don Juan the commandment that

'Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers,'

he remarked very properly, that no theft would be more hazardous, because, not only Sam might reclaim the pilfered goods, but there would be no small danger of their being looked after by those from whom the said Sam had originally stolen them.

He has a pretty house, with pretty gewgaws in it — he gives tolerable dinners, and says very spiteful things — he is an ugly man, and his face is dead, and his jokes flat. His poetry is poor, and his banking-house rich — his verses, which he purloined, will be forgotten — his jests (which others made for him) may be remembered. The Pleasures of Memory will go the way of all other pleasures, but it is not impossible that his name may, like Joe Miller's, be perpetuated as the unwilling godfather of a book of conundrums. *Sic transit gloria Sammi!*

The manner of these sketches varied with their subject. Thus, writing of Mr. Disraeli, the commencement parodied "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," where the prose often runs into rhyme as well as measured rhythm. For example :—

"BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

"O reader dear, do pray look here, and you will spy the curly hair, and forehead fair, and nose so high, and gleaming eye, of Benjamin D'Is-ra-e-li, the wondrous boy who wrote *Alroy* in rhyme and prose, only to show how long ago victorious Judah's lion-banner rose. In an earlier day he wrote *Vivian Grey* — a smart-enough story, we must say, until he took his hero abroad, and trundled him over the German road; and taught him there not to drink beer, and swallow schnaps, and pull mädchen's caps, and smoke the cigar and the meersham true, in alehouse and lusthaus all Fatherland through, until all was blue, but talk secondhand that which, at the first, was never many degrees from the worst — namely, German cant and High-Dutch sentimentality, maudlin metaphysics, and rubbishing reality. But those who would find how Vivian wined with the Marchioness of Puddledock, and other grandees of the kind, and how he talked æsthetic, and waxed eloquent and

pathetic, and kissed his Italian puppies of the greyhound breed, they have only to read — if the work be still alive — *Vivian Grey*, in volumes five."

This may be the best place, perhaps, to give the Sketch of Maginn himself from *Fraser's Magazine*, for January, 1831. It was written by Lockhart, and is a good imitation of the Doctor's own manner :—

"THE DOCTOR.

"SISTE pedem, SIGNIFER, hic optumé manebimus :" be pleased to sit still, if you can (even on paper) but for a moment, that the European public may familiarize itself with your outward mannikin. Your name ("Dog on it," as the Bailie says), has long been familiar to us all ; but how few of the admirers of your genius have ever seen in the flesh Ensign and Adjutant Sir Morgan O'Doherty ? Profit by this opportunity, ladies and gentlemen ; this is the veritable Milesian, the undoubted heir and representative of the old Chiefs of the great Clan or Sept O'Gin.

"This extraordinary specimen of the real original Phenician (or *Punic*) breed is now, we are credibly informed, in the thirty-seventh year of his age ; but though Burns, Bellingham, and Byron, worked themselves out by that time of day, the Doctor is still considered in full possession of many of his faculties. His locks indeed are silvery, and till of late that circumstance told against him ; but in grief and vexation he shaved all off, at the period of 'the breaking in upon the Constitution ;' and having subsequently mounted an elegant nut-brown scratch (the masterpiece of old Morgan of St. James's street), he now wears on the whole a juvenile aspect rather than otherwise. Our artist has caught, with singular felicity, the easy, good-humored *nonchalance* of this learned and libellous countenance. High Church and State doctrines should be seriously adopted, and manfully maintained. Whigs, Papists, Radicals, whatever comes under the disgusting category of *Liberalism*, should be exposed, insulted, stabbed, crucified, impaled, drawn, and quartered — in Essay, Disquisition, Review, Romance, Ballad, Squib, Pasquinade, and Epigram — in Greek, in Hebrew, in Latin, in Irish, in Italian, in English and in Slang : but no interference with the calm pursuits of the scholar, or the graceful amenities of the gentleman. Take things easy after seven o'clock ; from that hour until two in the morning be your own man ; from two to ten be your own wife's man ; from ten till seven again be the man of the public. *Carpe diem.* Leave no moment absolutely idle, and suffer no sense, however just, of superiority, to influence your conduct and demeanor. Be a Bentley, if you can, but omit the brutality — rival Parr, eschewing all pomposity — outlinguist old Magliabecchi, and yet be a man of the world — emulate Swift in satire, but suffer not one squeeze of his *sæva indignatio* to eat your own heart. Be and do all this, and THE DOCTOR will no longer be an unique.

"Whether shining a precocious gem, in Trinity College, Dublin — or illuminating the young ideas of the Corkers — or sustaining the power and glory of *Blackwood* — or now *co*-editing the grand, unrivalled, staunch, sturdy, organ of orthodoxy, the *Standard* (we say nothing of a casual contribution to

Regina), the redoubted O'Doherty has always been, is, and ever will be, the jovial also, the simple-hearted, the careless, and the benignant. Floreat Doctor! Long may he continue at once the star of our erudition, our philosophy, and our dialectics, and, in his own immortal words —

'A randy, bandy, brandy, no Dandy,
Rollicking jig of an Irishman!'—

Long may his mellow voice be heard in the land, now pouring out a rich flood of hexameters, φωναντα συνετοισιν, and now cheering the festive circle with the hearty, jolly, soul-stirring chant, which he indited in the days of his youth —

'Drink to me only from a jug, and I will pledge in mine;
So fill my glass with whiskey-punch, and I 'll not ask for wine!'—

We have always been of opinion, that had the Poet-Laureate and 'The Doctor' taken orders, they would have made two admirable Bishops."

Maginn certainly was in full fling during the first years of his connexion with *Fraser's Magazine*. He seldom wrote a line for it until within a week or so of publication-day, when he would drop in at Fraser's, partake of what he used to call "a one-joint dinner" with the bibliopole, discuss affairs in general — literary, political, personal, and social — over a few glasses of whiskey-punch, and then set to, "with a will" as sailors say, to hard writing during the next five or six hours. His facility was truly surprising, and appeared the same, no matter what subject he attacked. Page after page of "copy" was rapidly flung off, with scarcely an erasure, the writer seldom having occasion to refer to any book to ascertain a date or a fact or to verify a quotation. His memory appeared at once exhaustless and cyclopædic. In the course of one such sitting he would easily turn out a sheet (sixteen octavo pages) of original composition, which he would dispatch without going over it for correction, to the printing-office, as it was written. Three or four such evenings as this would enable him to supply his full quota of contributions to the Magazine, besides going over, with Mr. Fraser (the publisher), the immense mass of articles which were sent in, from all quarters, by volunteer as well as regular correspondents. Frequently, a third person would join the party, on these occasions. This was Mr. Churchill, "a fellow of infinite wit and humor;" a good scholar (his translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein," in *Fraser*, was deservedly admired); and very quick at writing on almost any subject, and in any prescribed style, provided that matter and manner were suggested to him — mapped out, as it were, for him to travel over. Maginn, by the way, had a habit, when hard pressed for 'copy," of asking any one who happened to be with him at the time,

to write in such or such a manner upon such or such a topic. He would briefly indicate the particular views he wished to advocate or oppose, and, this hint given, would himself sit down and write on something else. When his friend had finished, he would carefully go over the manuscript, cutting out a bit here, inserting an argument, a fact, or a sarcasm there, and, having dressed up the article, dispatch it to the compositor in company with his own. Sometimes, it is true, seeing at a glance that the contribution would not pass muster, he would say nothing about it; but, in numerous instances, the article he had improved would appear in *Fraser*, the writer having the additional gratification of receiving payment for what he had done. Dr. Maginn's editorial notions were very correct as regarded remuneration; he contended that articles sent to a Magazine for nothing, were properly put at their full value by *that* estimation, for that if a paper were not worth paying for, it was not worth publishing. As long as this principle was carried out in *Fraser's Magazine*, the success of that periodical was considerable.

Another reason why *Fraser* had great success, during Maginn's more intimate connexion with it, was his own utter want of the low feeling of literary jealousy. Had his most bitter enemy sent in a first-rate article, adapted to the Magazine, its insertion would have been warmly urged by Maginn. Many men, in his place, would have been chary of introducing such a contributor as the author of "The Prout Papers" (which are truly said to "rival Maginn's in geniality, wit, curious learning, and metrical skill"), but the Doctor was the means of introducing him to the Magazine, where he made a great hit. So, too, with Mr. Thackeray, who is said to have been enrolled among the contributors by the special recommendation and at the earnest request of Maginn, who had been associated with him, I am informed, on some small periodical of brief existence and no fame. So, also, with Mr. Kenealy,* who succeeded Mahony on the Magazine, to which he

* Edward Vaughan Hyde Kenealy, a native of Cork, born in 1819, entered Trinity College, Dublin, while yet in his schoolboy's jacket and cap. He has a remarkable knowledge of languages, having translated a variety of songs and ballads from and into the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, German, Spanish, Swedish, Danish, Romaic, Magyar, and Irish. In this respect he merits a place with Dr. Maginn and the authors of "The Prout Papers." When Francis Mahony ceased to write for *Fraser*, his place was taken by Kenealy. He has contributed to the leading periodicals of the day — including a curious "Polyglot Paper," in half-a-dozen languages, in the *Dublin University Magazine*. His last work is "Goethe; a new Pantomime" — a sort of Faust-ish drama, in poetry, full of learning, strange

contributed the lively "Brallaghan Correspondence," together with spirited translations from the Greek poets, and some scholarly papers on Rabelais and Shakespeare. Other instances might be named, but it is not necessary to multiply proofs against a charge never preferred. Maginn, though he sometimes experienced ingratitude, was the least selfish of all literary men whom I ever knew — perhaps with the sole exception of Sir Walter Scott.

Maginn's contributions to *Fraser*, collected, would make several volumes. I have only selected such of the "Fraserian Papers," as I conceived most likely to give an idea of the variety of subjects on which he wrote, and the peculiar characteristics of his style. Many of his most lively and witty articles would not *tell*, out of the Magazine. Such is the fictitious report of the speeches and other proceedings at the public dinner given to the Ettrick Shepherd, in January, 1832 (on the occasion of his only visit to London), when, by some dreadful miscalculation, one half the persons present actually got nothing but a saucer of jelly or a dry biscuit, as a repast for which every one had to pay twenty-five shillings sterling. Maginn, in this mock-report, amusingly travestied the actual speeches, but it would require crowds of footnotes to explain the allusions. So, too, with the lengthy and humorous account of the dinner of "The Fraserians," with Maginn himself in the chair, where no fictitious character was introduced, but speeches and songs, mostly written for (and in some few instance sanctioned by) the parties named as guests, were given with a very prodigality of fun and personality. So, also, with the "Report on Fraser's Magazine," described by Mr. Kenealy as a paper full of talent and learning, but tiresome from its great length. So, also, with "April Fools," where eighteen persons, coaxed into a correspondence by means of an advertisement that a rich East-Indian young lady wanted a husband, fell into a trap, and must have felt considerably taken aback when all the letters, to the number of one hundred, were published, with comments in *Fraser*. So, with the "Miller Correspondence"— a curious hoax professing to give copies of letters written to a certain Rev. George Miller (a lineal descendant of the great Joe Miller), in reply to inquiries by him as to the character of an imaginary servant who, he said, had referred to each person written to. It is not ascertainable now whether these letters really were written by the persons in question. Maginn,

fancies, and severe, but not unmerited, reproof of Goethe's worldliness. Mr. Kenealy is a barrister, on the Oxford Circuit, in England, and in such good and increasing practice as to render it likely that he will not soon woo the Muse again. Of all Maginn's many friends, he alone tended him in his dying days, and recorded the incidents of his life in a manner honorable to both.

who wrote the Miller inquiries, was capable of inventing the whole series of replies. The letters are characteristic enough to have been composed by the persons whose signatures they bear, and these are Miss Landon, Henry Hunt (the Radical blacking-maker), Thomas Haynes Bayly, Dr. Croly, Anna Maria Porter, Mary Russell Mitford, Harriet Martineau, Sir Martin Archer Shee, Allan Cunningham, Edward Lytton Bulwer, Lady Charlotte Bury, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Richard Carlile (the atheistical publisher), Bryan William Proctor, T. Crofton Croker, John Wilson Croker, Thomas Moore, J. G. Lockhart, William Holmes, Samuel Rogers, Dr. Maginn (!), S. T. Coleridge, Henry Hallam, Professor Wilson, Maria Edgeworth, Washington Irving, James Hogg, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Eldon, and Theodore Hook. The running comments on each letter and its writer were in Maginn's liveliest manner, but the reprint of the whole (to the extent of thirty pages) was more than I dared risk.

There were also "The Fraserian Papers," long an attractive portion of the Magazine, hastily struck off in Fraser's back parlor, by Maginn and Churchill — largely assisted, Mr. Kenealy intimates, by "such supplies of liquid as would totally incapacitate all other men from work, realizing too often in Regent street the picture which the classic poet of antiquity beheld on the rosy mornings of Ansonia :—

> 'Sic noctem patera, sic ducam carmine donec
> Injiciat radios in mea vina dies.'"*

There is force, as well as fun, in these Papers, which usually appeared in every number of the Magazine, during several volumes, but the subjects touched upon are of such merely temporary and personal interest that I have not included them, or any of them, in this selection which form the present volume of Maginn's Miscellanies.

In 1834, the coolness with Mr. Blackwood having ceased, Dr. Maginn resumed his connexion with Maga, and in the April and May numbers appeared a couple of stories,† thoroughly Irish in manner, plot, and character, called "A Story without a Tail" and "Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady." They might be mistaken for chapters out of a book by "Harry Lorrequer."

Among the contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*, during and after Dr. Maginn's intimate connexion with it, was Robert Macnish, a young Scottish physician, residing in Glasgow.‡ His first article (published in 1826), was a story called "The Metempsychosis," to which he af-

* Propertius, iv. 6.

† Odoherty Papers, vol. i. p. 321–360.

‡ Born in 1802; died in 1837.

fixed the signature "A Modern Pythagorean"—by which *sobriquet* he was distinguished ever afterward. He wrote some poetry—indifferently; a good deal of prose—very well. He affected the humorous, but was rather heavy than gay. Two of his semi-professional books continue popular: "The Anatomy of Drunkenness" (a subject in which he was well "posted up"*) and "The Philosophy of Sleep." In due course, he became a contributor to *Fraser*, where, among other things of less note appeared a somewhat pretentious "Book of Aphorisms," evidently suggested by, and not so well executed as, Maginn's own immortal "Maxims of O'Doherty."† To these Aphorisms, notes were appended, written by Maginn, which are better than the text they illustrate.

Dr. Macnish visited London, in November, 1833, during Maginn's most flourishing relations with *Fraser's Magazine*, and two of his letters to Scotland, which have been preserved, thus convey his impression of the Doctor. It should be premised that Macnish sported a theory (probably as a quiz upon Phrenology) that the capacity of a man's mind was to be estimated by the breadth of his chest!

"I dine to-day at the Salopian with Dr. Maginn—he is a most remarkable fellow. His flow of ideas is incredibly quick, and his articulation so rapid, that it is difficult to follow him. He is altogether a person of vast acuteness, celerity of apprehension, and indefatigable activity, both of body and mind. He is about my own height; but I could allow him an inch round the chest. His forehead is very finely developed—his organ of language and ideality large, and his reasoning faculties excellent. His hair is quite gray, although he does not look more than forty. I imagined he was much older looking, and that he wore a wig. While conversing, his eye is never a moment at rest; in fact his whole body is in motion, and he keeps scrawling grotesque figures upon the paper before him, and rubbing them out again as fast as he draws them. He and Giffard are, as you know, joint editors of the *Standard*."

In a subsequent letter, where the Chestology theory is again glanced at, he says:—

"I had some queer chat with O'Doherty. I did not measure Maginn's chest, but I examined his head. He has a very fine development of the intellectual powers, especially ideality and wit, which are both unusually large. His language is also large, and he has much firmness and destructiveness,

* "Speaking of Macnish, the Modern Pythagorean, and the flattering manner in which he had spoken of the Doctor, he said, 'I was never in his company but once, and then he got blind drunk.'"—KENEALY'S *Conversations of Maginn*.

† Odoherty Papers, vol. i. pp. 106–178.

which latter accounts for the satirical bent of his genius. That beautiful tale, 'The City of the Demons,' he informed me he wrote quite off-hand. He writes with vast rapidity, and can do so at any time. He speaks French, Italian, and German, fluently; these, together with a first-rate knowledge of Latin, Greek, and English, make him master of six languages — so that you can allow him *one*. He is altogether a very remarkable man. Indeed, I consider him quite equal to Swift, and had his genius, like Swift's, been concentrated in separate works, instead of being squandered with wasteful prodigality in newspapers, magazines, &c., I have no doubt it would have been considered equally original and wonderful. The letter press of the Gallery of Literary Portraits he hits off at a moment's notice, and in the course of a few minutes."

Allusion has been made here, more than once, to Dr. Maginn's habits. It cannot be concealed that, particularly in his closing years, the habit of drinking grew upon him. What is called "sociality" was too much the custom of his country, when he was a young man, and, in his case, where geniality, wit, liveliness, and conversational readiness, and extensive information, eminently qualified him for society, frequent occasions occurred, no doubt, when (to use the words Moore applied to Sheridan) he "passed the Rubicon of the cup." Habits of indulgence, thus commenced, were not to be easily laid aside when he fixed his abode in London — they were even fostered by the self-same cause which originally created them. He was what is called "excellent company," and, in London, as well as in Cork, Edinburgh, and Paris, his society was greatly desired. As his reputation grew, so increased the desire to see him. Many of the higher aristocracy wooed him into their brilliant society, and he was also a welcome guest among the political chieftains, whose principles he so firmly and powerfully vindicated, as well as in the literary circles of London. It was unfortunate too, in every way, that, though rarely suffering under actual ill health, his frame was weak and feeble. His mind, even from infancy, had been over-worked, and, in years of maturity, avenged itself upon the body. At the age of twenty-five, Dr. Maginn appeared as feeble as most men thirty years older. His hair was gray — "but not with years." While his mind was strong, his body was weak. The result was that — as with Charles Lamb, Thomas Campbell, and Edgar Poe — a comparatively small quantity of liquor soon took effect upon him, and thus he often had the evil reputation of being a confirmed drunkard, when he had not taken a fifth of what those who thus disparagingly spoke of him had absorbed with impunity. It is far from my intention to defend Dr. Maginn — who was wise enough to have practised abstinence — but it is proper to state the facts fairly. Once that this species of enjoyment became familiar, he found it difficult to con-

tend with it. He was mastered by it, and, no doubt, self-reproach often led him into a repetition of the excess, to stifle thought. It is more easy to preach than to practise — easiest of all to condemn —

"For Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame."

There are a few lines in Byron's "Monody on the Death of Sheridan," very applicable to Maginn :—

"But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause — ah! little do they know
That what to them seemed Vice might be but Woe."

How little his waking intellect was affected by this cause, may be judged from the fact that some of his very best productions — those in which he exhibited varied learning, acute criticism, great reasoning powers, strong memory, high imagination, and exquisite poetical feeling and skill, his SHAKESPEARE PAPERS, his proofs of the learning of Shakespeare, and his HOMERIC BALLADS — were written in the closing years of his life. Indeed, the last of the Homeric Ballads, was actually dictated on his death-bed. No man whose mind was *constantly* overthrown by drink could have done this, and other work, executed by Maginn, to his last hours. I dwell on this fact, to repeat that though a comparatively small quantity of liquor prostrated him, *Dr. Maginn was not an habitual drunkard.*

Late in the autumn of 1836, was projected a new London Magazine, called *Bentley's Miscellany.* Its editorship was confided to Charles Dickens, who soon gathered around him a noble army of contributors — including "Father Prout," Lover, Ainsworth, Theodore Hook, Haynes Bayly, Peacock, Maxwell, Charles Ollier, James Morier, Hamilton Reynolds, Charles Whitehead, "Thomas Ingoldsby," George Hogarth, Captain Medwin, William Jerdan, F. W. Deacon, George Dance, Sheridan Knowles, "Delta," Doctor Maginn, and others. The first number of *Bentley* opened with "A Prologue," by Maginn, consisting of several pages of lively prose, with a poetical conclusion. The exposition of the *Miscellany's* purpose, with complimentary references to several periodicals — *Blackwood*, the *New Monthly*, *Fraser*, and the *Metropolitan* — will bear extracting :—

"What we propose is simply this: We do not envy the fame or glory of other monthly publications. Let them all have their room. We do not desire to jostle them in their course to fame or profit, even if it was in our power

to do so. One may revel in the unmastered fun and the soul-touching feeling of Wilson, the humor of Hamilton, the dry jocularity and the ornamented poetry of Moir, the pathos of Warren, the tender sentiment of Caroline Bowles, the eloquence of Croly, and the Tory brilliancy of half a hundred contributors zealous in the cause of Conservatism. Another may shake our sides with the drolleries of Gilbert Gurney and his fellows, poured forth from the inexhaustible reservoir of the wit of our contributor Theodore Hook — captivate or agitate us by the Hibernian Tales of Mrs. Hall — or rouse the gentlest emotions by the fascinating prose or delicious verse of our fairest of *collaborateuses* Miss Landon. In a third, we must admire the polyglot facetiæ of our own Father Prout, and the delicate appreciation of the classical and elegant which pervades the writings of the Greek-thoughted Chapman; while its rough drollery, its bold bearing, its mirth, its learning, its courage, and its caricatures (when, confined to the harmless and the mirth-provoking, they abstain from invading the sanctuary of private life), are all deserving of the highest applause, though we should be somewhat sorry to stand in the way of receiving the consequences which they occasionally entail. Elsewhere, what can be better than Marryat, Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, Midshipman Easy, or whatever other title pleases his ear; a Smollett of the sea revived, equal to the Doctor in wit, and somewhat purged of his grossness. In short, to all our periodical contemporaries we wish every happiness and success; and for those among their contributors whose writings tend to amuse or instruct — and many among them there are to whom such praise may be justly applied — we feel the highest honor and respect. We wish that we could catch them all, to illuminate our pages, without any desire whatever that their rays should be withdrawn from those in which they are at present shining."

The song, entitled "Our Opening Chaunt," consisted of ten stanzas, in which were rung the changes (of rhyme) upon the name of the publisher. The first and last must serve here, for examples:—

"Come round and hear, my public dear,
Come here, and judge it gently —
The prose so terse, and flowing verse,
Of us, the wits of Bentley.

* * * * *

"Our hunt will be for grace and glee,
Where thickest may the scent lie;
At slashing pace begins the chase —
Now for the burst of Bentley."

To the second number, Dr. Maginn contributed the "Song of the Month," in which he celebrated Valentine's Day. With two exceptions, these were Dr. Maginn's only poetical contributions to *Bentley's*

Miscellany. In October, 1840, appeared the following, written in graver mood than usual :—

"THE MOCKINGS OF THE SOLDIERS.

"FROM ST. MATTHEW.

"'Plant a crown upon his head,
Royal robe around him spread;
See that his imperial hand
Grasps, as fit, the sceptral wand:
Then before him bending low,
As becomes his subjects, bow;
Fenced within our armed ring,
Hail him, hail him, as our King!'

"Platted was of thorns the crown,
Trooper's cloak was royal gown;
If his passive hand, indeed,
Grasped a sceptre, 't was a reed;
He was bound to feel and hear
Deeds of shame, and words of jeer;
For he whom king in jest they call
Was a doomed captive scoffed by all.

"But the brightest crown of gold,
Or the robe of rarest fold,
Or the sceptre which the mine
Of Golconda makes to shine,
Or the lowliest homage given
By all mankind under heaven,
Were prized by him no more than scorn,
Sceptre of reed, or crown of thorn.

"Of the stars his crown is made,
In the sun he is arrayed,
He the lightning of the spheres
As a flaming sceptre bears:
Bend in rapture before him
Ranks of glowing seraphim;
And we, who spurned him, trembling stay
The judgment of his coming day."

What follows is the last of Maginn's occasional poems, having appeared (in *Bentley's Miscellany* for March, 1842), only a few months' before his death. The *Irish Quarterly Review* speaks of it as a strain "deep, and pure, and holy, as ever swelled from the glorious heart of Felicia Hemans."

"I GIVE MY SOLDIER-BOY A BLADE.

"I give my soldier-boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not, but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

"Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done,
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;
For country's claim, at honor's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

"The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge, and wedge,
Are gone with all their flame and noise—
And still the gleaming sword remains;
So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember by those heart-felt strains,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade."

In *Bentley's Miscellany* also appeared the celebrated SHAKESPEARE PAPERS, justly considered among Dr. Maginn's ablest contributions to general literature. They consist of critical dissertations of the characters of Falstaff, Jaques, Romeo, Bottom the Weaver, Timon of Athens, Polonius, Iago, and Lady Macbeth. [His elaborate Essay on Hamlet, from *Fraser*, will be found in the present volume.] These criticisms were followed by several articles on Dr. Farmer's "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare," which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, in the second volume for 1839, and are generally understood to have established the fact that Shakespeare was well acquainted, not only with Greek and Latin, but also with Italian and French. There is no occasion here to repeat what I have already editorially written on these Shakespeare Papers, which form Volume III. of this collection. Dr. Maginn's own opinion of them may be learned from the fact that the Shakespeare Papers and the Homeric Ballads were his only writings not published anonymously.

It is necessary again to recur to *Fraser's Magazine*. In the Eightieth

number (for August, 1836), appeared Maginn's memorable review of Grantley Berkeley's novel of "Berkeley Castle." Mr. Kenealy states that it was written in Fraser's back parlor, at the end of the month, when the whole party was heated with wine. It was scribbled off, with his usual rapidity, in about an hour, Maginn having never once taken his pen off the paper until he had concluded it; and on its being handed by the publisher to Father Mahony, the latter said — "Jemmy, you had better take care what you do — this seems libellous." Fraser looked at some of the passages to which the priest objected, but merely said, "Pooh! we have printed worse; we are at the end of the month, and it must go in." So, the article was published.

In the present volume (p. 329), will be found the critique, with Dr. Maginn's subsequent statement. I have there entered fully into the circumstances connected with and rising out of the article in question. The consequences to Mr. Fraser were fatal. Grantley Berkeley, backed by his brother Craven and a hired prize-fighter, beat Fraser so brutally in his own shop, that he never had an hour's health afterward, and died, five years later, from the effects of his ruffianism. How he sued the Berkeleys for this assault — how he obtained only £100 damages — and how Dr. Maginn commented, *in propriâ personâ*, on the whole affair, may be seen in the concluding pages of this volume.

Instantly, on hearing of the assault on the publisher, Dr. Maginn wrote to Mr. Grantley Berkeley, avowing the authorship of the critique. The result was a hostile meeting in the vicinity of London. Maginn was accompanied by his old friend, Mr. Hugh Fraser. Three shots were exchanged, without effect. At the third fire, Berkeley's bullet struck the ground close to Maginn's boot, and Maginn's ball grazed the collar of his opponent's coat. The seconds who had interfered after the second shot, now declared that the duel must end, or they would quit the field. On this, the principals (who kept silent all through) left the ground, bowing to each other as they departed. Maginn's coolness and courage were much praised. His own feeling was that it was to be made a family affair on the part of the Berkeleys, and that he ought not leave any room for cavil on their parts. Another duel, with Lord Euston (now Duke of Grafton), nearly arose out of the same critique, but his lordship's hostile demonstrations terminated on a frank and manly explanation from Dr. Maginn. The duel, however, did not cause any cessation of Maginn's satire against Grantley Berkeley, for he subsequently reviewed, with unabated severity, a second novel, as well as a pamphlet, from that person's pen.

About the period of the duel, Dr. Maginn's connexion with the *Standard* closed. He was dismissed, not, as has sometimes been al-

leged, on account of irregularities or improprieties of conduct, but solely and wholly because it was impossible for him, at times, to give that constant attendance at the office which, as sub-editor of a daily paper, was naturally expected from him. Careless about money matters, as men of letters too frequently are, he had heedlessly incurred debts, and he was constantly beset by duns and besieged by sheriff's officers. Mr. Barham has related an anecdote of Maginn so characteristic that, even if its brevity did not recommend it, it should be inserted here. He says, "In wit he was scarcely inferior to Hook, whom, indeed, he resembled in the weak, as well as the strong points of his character. One anecdote, a mere straw in the wind, will suffice to show the man. A friend, at his table, was complimenting him on the fine flavor of his wine, and begged to be informed of the merchant's name. 'Oh, I get it from a house close by, just as I happen to want it,' replied the host, 'the London Tavern.' 'Indeed!' said the other; 'a capital cellar, unquestionably; but have you not to pay rather an extravagant price for it?' 'I don't know, I don't know,' returned the Doctor; 'I believe they put down something in a book!'"

This is exactly the key to most worldly embarrassments. "*I believe they put down something in a book*," is all that the thoughtless think of debt — until they feel its crushing consequences.

In 1836–7, therefore, Dr. Maginn was involved in debt; was deprived of the best, because the most certain part, of his income; was shy of public places, from dread of bailiffs; and, as may presently be seen, had causes, not alone pecuniary, for unhappy and miserable reflection. On the other hand, he now wrote leading articles, with his usual facility and force, for the *Age*, then having a large circulation, under the unscrupulous editorship of C. M. Westmacott — contributed also to the *True Sun*, an evening paper of some pretension — occasionally wrote for the *John Bull* — was a leading author in *Bentley's Miscellany* — and continued his connexion with *Fraser*.

Indeed, in 1837–8, almost the ablest paper Maginn ever wrote, appeared in *Fraser*. This was the elaborate article, stretching through three Numbers, upon "The Doctor," and proving, chiefly by induction, that Southey *must* have been the author. Learning, wit, and argument, are here combined. But as the article contains a great many quotations — as Southey now stands confessedly in the position where Maginn would have placed him — and as it would occupy nearly a hundred pages, I have not reprinted it here. Besides, the authorship was proved against Southey (before Maginn ever discussed the question), in a lucid and comparatively brief review, in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, written by the late Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadel-

phia. The case was so strongly made out by Mr. Wallace, that, a pretty full abstract of this argument, which I sent to Mr. Southey, elicited a volunteer denial by him of not only the authorship itself, but of any knowledge of the author!

When Maginn paid a flying visit to London, in 1821 (it is recorded that his letters were addressed under cover to Mr. Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette*, who "personally delivered them to him at the Angel Hotel, St. Clements, where he had been deposited by the Bath coach"), he made a few literary acquaintances. Among these was Letitia Elizabeth Landon, at that time, and for several following years, *the* poetess of the *Literary Gazette*. She had published "The Fate of Adelaide" some eighteen months before — a poem full of genius and promise, although only the tentative flight of the bird ere it soar aloft into the blue ether which henceforth is to be musical with her sweet, sad song. Thought, feeling, and fancy were in this strain — judgment, practice, and maturity made their author, long ere she died, one of the best lyric poets of England.

When Dr. Maginn first met L. E. L., at Mr. Jerdan's house, she had just entered into her twentieth year, and, without possessing beauty, was decidedly attractive, with her expressive and regular features, her *petite* figure, her graceful movements, her gentle voice, her lively wit, her occasional gleams of sentiment, and her fascinating manners. At that time, Dr. Maginn was only twenty-eight, with a high reputation, and manners quite as natural and nearly as pleasing as her own. To use a common, but expressive word, he was somewhat "smitten"—so much so, I have heard, that he actually proposed for the lady, whose friends thought it too early for her to wed, without higher worldly possessions and prospects than her suitor then had. He returned to Ireland, and absence must have changed his mind, for he married Miss Bullen within two years.

On permanently taking up his residence in London, in 1824, he resumed his acquaintance with Miss Landon. Circumstances had changed their relative situation. Maginn's affection sobered down into respectful regard and warm friendship, nor was there any body (next to Mr. Jerdan), on whose counsel and judgment she more thoroughly relied than on his. In public, as in private, he equally and invariably stood her friend. Every new work of hers received immediate and appreciative notices from his pen. On the appearance of her "Improvisatrice," he noticed it at some length, in *Blackwood* (August, 1824) in a review so full of personal allusions, that he not only mentioned the very house — 131 Sloane street, Brompton — where she then resided, but even gave the route, from Hyde Park Corner, by which it

could most readily be reached. In the "Noctes," in the same Number, he again mentioned her as "a perfect beauty," adding "She is one of the sweetest little girls in the world, and her book is one of the sweetest little books in the world," concluding with "I am no great believer in female genius; but nevertheless, there is a certain feminine elegance about the voluptuousness of this book, which, to a certain extent, marks it with an individual character of its own." Indeed he repeatedly praised her in the "Noctes," interested Wilson so much in her favor that he, also, did the same, and even defended her in MAGA from a somewhat under-estimate of her genius which had appeared in the *Westminster Review*. In 1833, he introduced her into *Fraser's* "Gallery of Illustrious Characters." Defending her from the charge of putting too much love into her writings, he asked, "Is she to write of politics, or political economy, or pugilism, or punch?" and he added, 'She shows every now and then that she is possessed of information, feeling, and genius, to shine in other departments of poetry; but she does right in thinking that Sappho knew what she was about when she chose the tender passion as a theme of love." Alluding to the *pose* in Maclise's sketch of her, he pleasantly said, "She is a very nice, unbluestockingish, well-dressed, and trim-looking young lady, fond of sitting pretty much as Croquis (who has hit her likeness admirably) has depicted her, in neat and carefully-arranged costume, at her table, chatting, in pleasant and cheering style, with all and sundry who approach her." In the prose-rhyming letter-press which accompanied *Fraser's* plate of "Regina's Maids of Honor," he thus pleasantly complimented her: "And next, the mistress of the shell (not of lobster, but the lyre), see the lovely L. E. L., talks with tongue that will not tire. True, she turns away her face, out of pity to us men; but the swan-like neck we trace, and the figure full of grace, and the mignon hand whose pen wrote the *Golden Violet*, and the *Lit'rary Gazette*, and *Francesca's* mournful story. (Isn't she painted *con amore?*)"

Mr. Kenealy declares that at least one fourth of those poems which combine to form "The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book," while that Annual was under the guidance of Miss Landon, was contributed by Dr. Maginn, and that "he used to repeat those poems which he had given to the fair editress, laughing heartily all the time at the little hoax they were playing off upon the public." Mr. Jerdan, on the other hand, affirms that "L. E. L. had no assistance from any hand." Taking into consideration Dr. Maginn's tendency to literary jokes, there is a strong probability that he did assist his fair friend, in the taskwork of writing verses to the often-used illustrations which formed the attractions of the picture-books in question.

Miss Landon, albeit a pure-minded woman as ever breathed, had the misfortune of being grossly slandered almost from the very time when she became a popular writer. First, her name was grossly associated with that of Mr. Jerdan, a man full twenty years her senior, who had known her from childhood, and had grown-up and married daughters much older than herself. This calumny, with others equally baseless, caused her much unhappiness, and is said to have strongly militated against her being matrimonially settled in life.

At last, in 1836, when she was thirty-four years old, a London newspaper editor, who has since greatly advanced in literary reputation and has obtained a very lucrative and important public appointment, paid his addresses to her, and was accepted — although she felt the disadvantage of being ten years older than her intended. Suddenly, the projected union was broken off, and the lady, like Lord Ullin's daughter, "was left lamenting." Mr. F—— had received several anonymous letters, to which he paid no attention, some of them repeating the old slander respecting Mr. Jerdan, others dishonorably naming the lady in connexion with Dr. Maginn. Finally, it is said, Mr. F—— received, in a blank envelope, several letters written by L. E. L., addressed to Dr. Maginn, familiarly commencing with the words, "My dearest William," and written in a tone of affectionate friendship, which the quick jealousy of a lover interpreted as confirming the worst report which anonymous slander had breathed into his mind. The story goes on to say that, in a paroxysm of rage and suspicion, Mr. F—— enclosed the letters to L. E. L., with one line saying that they "were parted for ever, and that the love-epistles which he sent back would explain why." It is added that Mrs. Maginn, who was fully aware of her husband's friendly regard for the brilliant poetess, and never had the slightest cause for thinking her husband unfaithful to her — indeed, he was a most affectionate husband and father — had met with the letters in Dr. Maginn's desk, where he had carelessly and unconcealingly placed them, and, misunderstanding their platonic character, in a moment of irritation had sent them to Mr. F——. It is said that, when she learned what the consequences were, she went to Mr. F——, candidly confessed and lamented what she had groundlessly done, and convinced him, even as in her cooler mood she was herself persuaded, that both of them had wronged the lady. Mr. F—— endeavored to renew his tender relations with L. E. L., but his distrust and suspicion had wounded her beyond forgiveness. It is said that she then made up her mind to accept the first matrimonial offer made to her — that, in this mood, she was wooed and won by the late Captain Maclean, who privately married her on June 7, 1838 (in the presence of her friend Sir

Edward Lytton Bulwer) — and that, immediately after, she accompanied her husband to his official residence, Cape Coast Castle, on the western coast of Africa, where she died,* of an over-dose of prussic acid, on the 15th October, 1838.

"On Miss Landon's death," says Mr. Kenealy, "Maginn was disconsolate, and almost lost his senses for two days." In his own last hours, when he fancied that he saw visions, he said to one who watched by his bedside, "I have just been talking to Letitia — she has been here an hour; she sat there, just opposite." He considered, I am informed, that he was somehow blamed or blameable for her sad fate — for that she might have lived happily in England, if her acquaintance with himself, innocent though it was, had not been the means of preventing her union with Mr. F——, for whom she certainly had a very tender regard.

Indignation at what Mrs. Maginn had so heedlessly, and yet harmfully done, long lay in his mind, a source of constant annoyance, and though he said little about it, the feeling did not less strongly exist. This was one of the principal causes which, after 1836, made his home unhappy, and drove him from it into society — not always the most grave and discreet. I have no doubt that his downward steps in life commenced with these domestic discontents. His wife, however unreasonably she had acted in the first instance, did her duty afterward, when pain and sorrow pressed sorely upon him, and Poverty sat with her feet upon their hearth. It was long, however, before he forgave her, and it is doubtful whether he ever forgot what she had done.

In 1837 and 1838, having additional leisure from the cessation of his engagement on the *Standard*, Dr. Maginn wrote the greater part of "The Shakespeare Papers," for *Bentley*, as well as the long and elaborate articles on the authorship of "The Doctor." In January, 1838, appeared also, in *Fraser*, the first of "The Homeric Ballads." It has been declared, by the competent critic of the *Irish Quarterly*, that "Had Maginn written 'The Homeric Ballads' only, they would be more than sufficient to keep his memory bright." Their author knew their merit, and therefore affixed his name to them. Twelve of these ballads (there were sixteen in all) ran through *Fraser*, in 1838. The thirteenth, was delayed until September, 1840, and the last, dic-

* Among those who have most worthily laid poetic offerings on her grave, may be named Mrs. Hemans, Walter Savage Landor, and Charles Swain, in England; and Mrs. Estelle Lewis, in America. The touching and beautiful poem of "Melpomene," in Mrs. L.'s Poems (1857), is, in fact, a Monody on L. E. L., and is illustrated by her portrait after Maclise.

tated on his deathbed, was a posthumous publication, in October, 1842. In 1839, appeared his translation of some of "The Comedies of Lucian." The Ballads and the Comedies form Vol. IV. of this Collection. Dr. Maginn's general contributions to *Fraser*, from 1838, to his death, were numerous.

The evil days had arrived, however! Mr. Kenealy truly says, "The rock upon which Steele and Burns split, the sole blot upon Addison, the only stigma upon Charles Lamb, that which exiled Fox from the Cabinet of England, and reduced Sheridan to poverty and shame, was the ruin, too, of the late William Maginn." His health suffered. He was beset by duns, pursued by sheriff's officers, and passed his time between dread of imprisonment for his debts and concealment, in obscure and mean retreats, from his creditors. London was no longer a safe place for him.

Accordingly, in 1839, he was induced — partly by the promise of a good salary, and partly from the hope that he would, by distance, escape persecution from the myrmidons of the law — to go to Liverpool, as editor of a new weekly paper called the *Lancashire Herald*. Unfortunately, the proprietor of this paper was hospitable, with an excellent cellar. Maginn became his guest and — the result may be imagined. His articles, chiefly political, were only occasionally good, for he was necessarily ignorant of local topics, which are the intellectual capital of a provincial journal. The end speedily came. The proprietor had not money enough to maintain the newspaper until its pecuniary outlay was returned. He failed. Maginn returned to London, at the close of 1839, bringing with him a few chapters of a romance, the scene of which was in Liverpool, which he had called "John Manesty, the Liverpool Merchant." After his death, Mr. Charles Ollier, gleaning from Miss Maginn her ideas of what her father had intended to write, completed the work, which was published in two volumes (with clever illustrations by Cruikshank), for the benefit of the family, two years after his death." Under date, "London, 16th August, 1844," it was dedicated, by Ellen R. Maginn, "To J. G. Lockhart, Esq., the old and constant friend of her late husband."

The idea of this local romance was good, and had the great advantage of novelty. The time, 1760–4, was remote enough for fiction and not too distant for accurate delineation of manners, localities, and costume. There really was a sort of merchant-prince, named John Manesty, who flourished in Liverpool in the closing years of the second George and the commencement of his successor's reign. To this day, in what was the old commercial part of the town, is a narrow street of warehouses called Manesty Lane, after the great merchant who for-

merly had his office and stores in it. The hero of the story, who gives his name to the work, is represented as a serious, prosperous merchant, whose private and public character has been honorable and above suspicion during full twenty years of commercial life in Liverpool. He is even a decidedly religious person, with puritanical strictness of morals and manners, and (being wealthy), much regarded, as a shining light, by the preachers and ruling elders of the sect to which he belongs. Suddenly, dark suspicion falls upon him, and he is identified, notwithstanding his apparent sanctity, with a notorious pirate, named Dick Hoskins, who has long been the terror of the Atlantic. Dr. Maginn did little more than enter into this part of the story. He drew, in a very Ainsworthian manner, a number of characters in the middle and higher ranks of life, among whom he introduced Hugh Manesty, the nephew of the merchant. Some of these are graphic sketches, and two or three of the scenes are full of life, liveliness, and character. One scene, very vivid in its narration, may remind the reader, a little too much, perhaps, of the manner in which (in Bulwer's brilliant fiction) Paul Clifford and his fellow knights of the road ease Lord Maulaverer of his cash and jewels. It relates, with some sprightlinesss, how Lord Randy, the spendthrift son of a stately peer named the Earl of Silvertop, sets on a party of his loose companions to commit a highway robbery on his wealthy sire, a decided disciple of Lord Chesterfield — how they appropriate a sum of two thousand guineas which the Earl had brought with him, in his carriage, from London to Lancashire — how that large amount of money had been intended for the purchase, by the father, of an interest in an estate which the profligate son had put into the market — how the Earl became aware of his son's complicity in the robbery — how, after that, he executed a deed, giving the son (Lord Randy, the aforesaid) formal and legal property in the money, should he ever recover it — how, in an interview with his son, he informs him that he had intended, on purchasing the estate, to make a present of it back to him the vendor — how, joining company with his "*pals*," Lord Randy vainly endeavored to prevail on them to surrender the stolen money to himself, now the legal owner — how the affair ended in a duel between his Lordship and Sir Theobald Chillingworth, one of the roysterers and plunderers, in which the rowdy baronet was run through the heart — and, finally, how Lord Randy sought safety in flight, without having secured even a single guinea of the money which he had so ingeniously, through unconsciously, set on his friends to steal from himself, as the event proved.

Another scene, certainly Maginn's own composition, marked as it is with vigor and originality, is an account given of the death of the Earl

of Bardolph, maternal grandfather to Lord Randy; an individual named "Joe, the groom," telling the story. The Earl, it seems, was what is called a sporting character, and was addicted, all his life, to the polite and humane sport of cock-fighting, The noble Earl, in his last moments, had "a table by his side, with a prayer-book, a posset-cup, the Racing Calendar, and a tankard of ale"—though he could not drink it, no nor even lift it to his mouth. Having taken leave of his relations, and even prohibited their coming near him any more, this exemplary nobleman employs Joe to smuggle a couple of game-cocks up into his bed-room—has them paraded and set on the floor—and having twenty-five guineas under his pillow, intended for the doctor, bets on "the ginger-pill" (a notable bird), his guinea against Joe's halfpenny, and, in match after match, wins the whole of Joe's capital; neither more nor less than fivepence-halfpenny. The last *main* fought, the illustrious Earl cleared off the coppers, his winnings, into his bed from the table, shoving the green silk purse, with the guineas in it, over to his friend Joe, "and then he cast his eye upon the cocks, and the bird he had last backed gave one great loud crow, and the old man's head sunk on the pillow, and he died."

Extravagant—even improbable as this incident may appear, it happens to be nothing more nor less than based upon fact. Dr. Maginn may have derived it from his recollection of a very similar circumstance related of the death of a well-known character in Duhallow (the sporting district, *par excellence*, of his own native county in Ireland), or may have sketched it from a much more recent, though not so well authenticated a tradition, which he might have heard, as a matter of course, in Liverpool. The late Earl of Derby (he who married the beautiful Miss Farren, the actress) "shuffled off this mortal coil," at Knowsley Park, within a few miles of Liverpool, in 1834, at the advanced age of eighty-two, and I can say—for I resided at Liverpool, at the time—that it was reported and believed that his Lordship, who was one of the most noted cock-fighters in England, actually had a *main* (as it is called) between his favorite birds, in his bedroom, within a few hours of his death, pretty much as is related of "the Earl of Bardolph," by Dr. Maginn.

The conclusion of the romance of "John Manesty" is much weaker than might have been expected from the practised pen of Mr. Ollier, whose "Altham and his Wife," and the ghostly story of "Inesilla," written in his youth, show him to have possessed the requisite skill to conduct a fictitious narrative, as well as power of description, romantic feeling, and even passionate expression and delineation. He certainly did not bring any of these into play in his hasty and indifferent finish-

ing of "John Manesty"— and what he did may be briefly as well as justly characterized, in the words of Shakespeare, as a "most lame and impotent conclusion."

Returning to London, in the summer of 1839, Dr. Maginn found, only too soon, that he was remembered, only too well, by certain legal functionaries who, as officials under the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, were possessors of slips of parchment, technically called "writs of *ca. sa.*," under which, should they encounter him within the limits of either of those localities, they were empowered to convey him to a debtors' prison.* It was difficult to make a livelihood by his pen under the adverse circumstances by which he was now severely pressed. Personal communication with the newspaper-offices for which he continued to write was almost out of the question, and, though he kept up full supplies of "copy" for *Fraser's Magazine*, he rarely ventured near the publisher's. Under a humane law enacted during the reign, and it is said even on the suggestion, of William III., all debtors in great Britain and Ireland are free from arrest, during the twenty-four hours which constitute the Sabbath-day. Very frequently, at this period, it was on that hallowed day alone that Dr. Maginn was able to see his family, to meet a friend for weeks together. One who knew him well says, "he was in constant difficulties, beset by duns, was frequently arrested, and wrote in sponging-houses, and from his hiding-places, miserable garrets in obscure streets." Mr. Kenealy says, "From this time until 1840, the condition of Maginn was one of wretchedness. Goldsmith's life, even in his worst days of poverty, could not have been more deplorable. He was arrested and thrown into jail several times; yet in all his misfortunes he retained his serenity of mind."

Probably about this period — if ever — occurred the incident related, some years ago, in a lively paper on *Fraser's Magazine*, which appeared in the London literary journal, *The Critic*. The writer, who evidently had particular knowledge of many facts and persons connected with *Fraser*, thus tells the story: "Poor Maginn! People who knew him like to speak of him, and to speak of him kindly, in spite of all his faults and foibles. Did the reader ever hear a story of him on the Thames, which, whether true in its details or not, marks

* It may be necessary to state that there are three sorts of *writs* in England, where imprisonment for debt continues. One, before judgment, is the *capias ad respondendum;* the other two, of execution, are the *fieri facias* (commonly called a *fi. fa.*) issued when the creditor has recovered judgment, on which the sheriff can levy the amount of debt and costs against the defendant's goods and chattels, and the *ca. sa.* ("capias ad satisfaciendum") on which he may seize the person of the debtor.

the character he had for genially influencing his fellow-men? From the first, Maginn had a trick of spending his money as fast as he got it; but latterly he spent it much faster, and with the usual result. Often, the 'human face divine,' as exhibited by the hurrying throngs of the Strand, it was forbidden him to behold; often the busy hum of Fleet street, which Johnson loved so well, it was forbidden him to hear. Through 'back slums' and the labyrinthine intricacies of the Temple he was condemned to slink (seeing a bailiff in every shadow), toward Bridge street, Blackfriars, whither newspaper-business called him. Once, on such an occasion, the shadow proved a reality, and Maginn had to take to his heels, making for the water's edge. Arrived there, he found one solitary skiff, into which he darted, and loosening the rope that bound it to the shore, he struck Father Thames with sounding oars, and passed the mid-stream, beyond which the bailiff, panting on the water's edge, even had he procured a boat, could not seize him, uncapturable within the water limits of Surrey. A huge barge (so runs the story), waiting for the tide, was moored just beyond the welcome limit, and into it Maginn, leaping, found a score of men, smoking pipes and quaffing liquor from pewter pots. Easily adjusting himself, the Doctor soon made friends with them, took his pipe and drank from his pot, harangued them on our glorious constitution in Church and State, and on the institutions of our forefathers, and gradually working them to a pitch of enthusiasm, declared that he was a martyr to the cause of loyalty, that because of it he had lost his all, and that because of it, on yonder shore, a bailiff waited to arrest him for a few paltry pounds. The bargemen were taken captive by the eloquence of the Irishman, and actually (it is said) subscribed the money with which Maginn, rowing to shore, dismissed the bailiff and pursued his devious way to the office."

To this story may be applied the familiar Italian saying, "Se non è vero, é ben trovato," for it is good enough to be true, but I suspect that the actual hero of the adventure was not Dr. Maginn, but a townsman and quondam pupil of his, at this moment one of the most brilliant writers on the London daily press. At least, *he* escaped from his legal pursuers, by taking to the water, as here described, though I never heard of his having induced the bargemen, who took him across to "the Surrey side," to pay the amount of his debt.*

* A law process issued in one city or county does not "run" in another. Therefore, Middlesex county or London city writs have no power in the county of Surrey, on "the other side" of the Thames, though Lambeth, Southwark, Camberwell, and other populous parts of what really form the metropolis of England, belong to Surrey. I have often seen fugitives, labor-

In 1840, Maginn commenced the publication, in weekly numbers, of "Magazine Miscellanies, by Doctor Maginn." They were badly got up and brought out. In his palmy days, such a selection of his best articles would have sold extensively. Now, only a few numbers were issued, for the speculation proved a failure. The only complete copy (containing ten numbers, and extending to one hundred and sixty pages, small folio) is in the possession of Mr. Kenealy, who favored me with a list of its contents — without which, indeed, it would have been impossible to have ascertained, with any degree of accuracy, not only the articles which Dr. Maginn really had contributed to various periodicals, but those which were considered by himself to be worthy of republication.

It was in 1840, also, that Mr. Kenealy, first made personal acquaintance with the Doctor, his townsman. In a letter written at the time, he has described his first interview. When he called, the Doctor was not at home; Mr. Kenealy waited for his return, and says:—

"In a short time the Doctor bolted in. I stood up and bowed. He shook hands with me. Now for his description. He is about five feet nine inches in height, of a slender make; his hair is very gray, and he has a gentle stoop. He is quite careless about his appearance — has a gay, good-humored look, and is as simple in his manners as a child. He behaved to me with the most perfect friendliness, just as if he and I were of the same age, and all our lives acquainted. He has a slight stutter, and is rather thick in his delivery. He is completely and perfectly an Irishman in every look, and word, and movement. Occasionally, in the middle of a conversation he breaks into a tune, or hums an air of some sort. He is full of anecdote, and possesses none of that dictatorial style which prevails with so many learned men, and renders their conversation and company tiresome.

"So much for description. Now for a sketch of what he said. After some ordinary talk, inquiries, &c., he asked me to spend the evening with him to-morrow, apologizing at the same time for not asking me to dine, which he said he could not do, as his family are about to go to France, and the lodgings are inconvenient. I felt complimented, and said I should call at seven o'clock. After some further talk he retired to another room, and in

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ing under "suspicion of debt" (as the actuality is facetiously called) running, at the top of their speed, across the bridges which span the Thames, and suddenly stopping, in full career, when they had gone a few feet beyond the centre. Being then, constructively, out of Middlesex and in Surrey, none but a Surrey officer could make the dreaded caption, and the number of these functionaries, in that asylum, was comparatively few — besides, if their eyes were covered with a couple of gold coins, they had a knack of *not* seeing persons against whom they might have processes.

about ten minutes came back. I was examining some books on the table, when he said: 'Ah, I have no books out at present; all mine are packed up,' and at the same time directed my attention to a side bookcase, where I saw Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, and Shakespeare in nineteen volumes, lying side by side. He then told me that he was preparing critical editions of both."

The two Corkmen issued forth, arm-in-arm, chatting as they went along, *de omnibus rebus*. They reached the classic region of St. Giles's, then the abode of the very lowest Irish in London, and, says Mr. Kenealy, the Doctor "then turned round, and conducted me through every part of this celebrated *locale*, pointing out its filthiest purlieus, and underground cellars. 'Look there,' said he, as he pointed out one of the latter, which was open. I looked in: there were heaps of potatoes and all sorts of filth lying about. 'In that cellar, at least two hundred and fifty men, women, and children, sleep every night. The best way to give you an idea of what St. Giles's is, that in this little parish there is a double police force.' He added, 'By next year we hope to get rid of it—it is a disgrace to London, and is exactly in the centre of it."

Mr. Kenealy recollected and has reported a good deal of Maginn's table-talk, which was full of anecdote, somewhat resembling Sir Walter Scott's, I think, inasmuch as it repeated good things said by others, rather than originated any wit of his own. Such was his anecdote of Mr. O'Connell, running thus: "When he was placing his son Maurice with Dr. Sandes, his tutor, in Trinity College, Dublin, Sandes asked him what he intended to make of Maurice? Dan replied: 'Sir, I intend to make him a *barrister;* it depends upon himself to be a *lawyer*.'"

Like every other person who knew Dr. Maginn well, Mr. Kenealy speaks most warmly of his great good-nature, geniality, and freedom from all approach to pedantry. In a subsequent letter, also written at the time, he says: "The more I see of him, the more I admire his talent. He is really a splendid fellow. He knows every thing. He will teach you as much in one hour as the best book will in ten. His conversation is the most extraordinary thing possible. He jumbles together, fun, philosophy, and polemics; and in these (so incongruous) he is pre-eminent. At first you would say that he spent all his life reading jest-books; but then there is such admirable philosophy and common-sense in his reflections, that you get rid of your first notion as quickly as possible. But just as you are on the point of averring that this man reads nothing but works of thought and reasoning, you are forced to gulp down the exclamation, for he jumps into theology, and

will argue on it like a bishop. Then you declare that he has studied nothing but polemics all his life. Such a man is Maginn. He is a ruin, but a glorious ruin, nevertheless. He takes no care of himself. Could he be induced to do so, he would be the first man of the day in literature, or any thing else. But he lives a rollicking life; and will write you one of his ablest articles while standing in his shirt, or sipping brandy — so naturally do the best and wittiest thoughts flow from his pen. His reading is immense; his memory powerful, and his knowledge of the world is perhaps equal to that of any man that ever lived. In fact, I say he knows every thing, and so he does."

Dr. Maginn's principal dependence, from the time of his return from Liverpool, was *Fraser's Magazine*, with weekly contributions, not very handsomely paid for, to one or two weekly papers. He returned to *Blackwood*, also. In the Numbers for July and August, 1840, appeared "The Tobias Correspondence" which, Mr. Kenealy says, "was written in a little garret in Wych street in the Strand, where the Doctor was hiding from the bloodhounds of the law." This article, professing to consist of letters from Nestor Goosequil, Esq., a veteran editor, to Tobias Flimsey, Esq., on the general question of editing newspapers, is full of liveliness, satire, knowledge of the world, literary experience, and wit. It opens with humorous references to the personal affairs of Mr. Tobias, and then proceeds, with great minuteness and at considerable length, to give the writer's ideas of the manner in which a newspaper should be edited — naming varieties of leading political and public topics, and showing how they were to be written for or against as circumstances might require. All through this article runs an under-current of satire on the Whigs — a class of publicists whom Maginn greatly despised, from Lord John Russell down to "Poodle Byng," thinking that their practice too much fell short of their promises. When Dr. Maginn was asked, by a friend, for some hints as to how he should write for the public journals, he answered, "Read the Tobias Correspondence — there is the whole art and mystery of editing a newspaper." When the article was attacked by the London newspapers, he remarked, "The reason is, every word is true, and my gentlemen of the press don't like *that*."

Dr. Maginn's acquaintance with Mr. Kenealy speedily ripened into warm regard and friendship, despite the great disparity of their years. With his usual kindness he introduced his gifted young friend into the Fraserian circle of writers. Over that body of contributors, however, a heavy gloom fell, in October, 1841, when, after prolonged sufferings, patiently borne, Mr. Fraser died — a victim to the brutality of the Berkeleys. He was buried at Bunhill Fields; and, when the cere-

mony was over, Maginn desired the grave-digger to show him the tomb of John Bunyan. As they approached the place, Maginn, who appeared particularly thoughtful, turned to the person who accompanied him (Mr. Kenealy, I believe, who relates the incident), and, tapping him on the shoulder, said quietly, "Tread lightly." He bent over the grave for some time in melancholy mood, and seemed unconscious of any one's presence. The bright sunshine poured around him. No more illustrious visitor ever stood beside that solitary grave. At length, turning away, he exclaimed in deep and solemn tones, "Sleep on, thou Prince of Dreamers."

In the early part of 1842, Dr. Maginn was thrown into prison for the expenses incurred by the publication of the ten numbers of his "Miscellanies." He was confined in the Fleet, a prison in the heart of London, which has since been pulled down. Here he continued to write for *Fraser* and the newspapers. He was liberated after a couple of months' *duresse*, by the Insolvent Debtors' Court.

Dr. Maginn's friends would gladly hope, were there any evidence or even reasonable presumption to the contrary, that a prisoner for debt in the Fleet, he was *not* the original of the caricature, inscribed "Captain Shandon," in the novel of "Pendennis," written by Mr. Thackeray — who is stated to have owed his place among the contributors to *Fraser's Magazine* to the Doctor's introduction.*

Partly during his detention in prison, and partly after his release, Dr. Maginn contributed a few articles to "Punch." In the second volume are "Conundrumatic Observations," p. 126; "Verses by a Bard," p. 131; Lines "To Miss Loo Conoway" (a paraphrase on the Eleventh Ode of the first book of Horace, "Ad Leuconaen"), p. 142; "The Speech of the Session," p. 142; "The Twelfth Ode of the Third Book of Horace," a poetical translation, p. 143; Rhymed Review of Maxwell's "Hector O'Halloran," p. 146; "Another Commentator," p. 174; "Medical Poetry," p. 193. In the first volume of "Punch," p. 273, is a column of rhymed translations, or rather paraphrases, from Anacreon and Petronius.

Maginn emerged from prison — a broken man. His spirit was broken by the humiliation of obtaining his liberty through the intervention of the Insolvency Act. "I can never again raise my head in society," was his bitter thought and saying. His health, weakened by imprisonment, rapidly declined. He was ordered to quit London, for change

* It is said that Captain Shandon "would write on any side." None knew better than Mr. Thackeray himself, that Dr. Maginn, who was a political writer for nearly thirty years, never wrote on any but the Conservative side.

of air, but his metropolitan adhesion was as great as ever Johnson's had been. He lingered amid his old haunts — partly induced to remain by hopes which, at this crisis, were held out of diplomatic employment at Vienna. He had been the able and consistent champion of Toryism for a quarter of a century, and had some reason to expect to be remembered and rewarded, when his party came into power. They obtained office in the autumn of 1841, and he was led to believe that his services would be remembered. He was forgotten. As Frederick of Prussia said of Voltaire, "The orange sucked, they threw the rind away." Perhaps, to do them justice, they may have heard such exaggerated accounts of Dr. Maginn's habits, as made it a matter of prudence to avoid the risk of giving him an appointment. But there were many other ways of aiding him.

Broken in health and spirits, and warned that further residence in London might be fatal, Maginn removed to Walton-upon-Thames, one of the numerous villages in the metropolitan suburbs which retain their charming and healthy rurality, though Railwayism has brought them, as it were, within a comparatively short distance. Thither, toward the end of July, Mr. Kenealy, on whose friendly regard and scholarly society, the Doctor placed strong reliance, was summoned — just three weeks before his death. He found him ill, with an old Greek Homer by his side on the bed. Emaciated and worn away, his hands wasted, his face pale, his hair disordered, his eyes larger and brighter than usual — yet still with the old genial manner, the wonted outpouring of the mind in conversation; talking largely on divers subjects for two hours. At the end of that time, Mr. Kenealy left him for a time, to walk about Walton. On his return, he found Maginn up and dressed for dinner. It was the last day he ever came down stairs or dressed. The next day Mr. Kenealy visited him again — and found him utterly penniless, anxious to move to Kensington, but unable to do so; recommended to go to Cheltenham, where Dr. Ferguson assured him "he would get as well as ever in a few months," but kept back from want of means; confident that his ailments were curable; with good spirits, telling stories as usual; witty, and overflowing with fun.

To his pecuniary necessity, Mr. Kenealy administered promptly, more than once — as far as his own means permitted. Nor did he rest here. On the 11th August, he wrote to Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, a letter setting forth with pathetic earnestness, the leading circumstances of Maginn's situation — stating that his physician had now declared that nothing but a sea-voyage could save his life; that he was without means for such a journey; that, even to support himself at all, he was compelled (being too weak to hold a pen) to dictate

to his daughter articles for the magazines and newspapers; that he must perish, in his need, if relief were not speedily afforded; that he was himself unaware of his danger, though his wife and family knew it; and that, to say nothing of the aid his pen had afforded the cause of which Sir Robert had long been the leader and most eloquent expounder, he surely merited consideration as an individual of exalted genius, the most universal scholar perhaps of the age, and as good, and kind, and gentle-hearted a being as ever breathed — one, too, who had never written a line which the most modest eye might not see, or the most fastidious lip repeat.

Without mentioning what he had done, Mr. Kenealy continued to visit Dr. Maginn as frequently as he was able. On the 15th August, he found him with death pictured on his countenance, reduced to a skeleton, unable even to lift any thing to his mouth. He talked a great deal, partly concerning the great writers whom he had intimately known — partly of books — partly of the numerous literary projects on which his mind was always running. He may have been conscious of his dangerous situation, but did not allude to it. His intellect was strong as ever — but his breathing so difficult that, at times, he could scarcely speak. In the evening, after he had a little rest, he asked Mr. Kenealy to write from his dictation, and took up Homer in his hand. After a brief interval of thought, he dictated the concluding part of the last of the Homeric Ballads* ("Nestor's First Essay in Arms") — evidently, says his amanuensis, with no mental labor, but with an ease that could have resulted only from his intimacy with the Greek, and his extraordinary power of versification. This was the last outpouring of his mind.

Two days after this, Sir Robert Peel's private secretary informed Mr. Kenealy that measures had been taken for the relief of Dr. Maginn. The next day, Mr. Kenealy went to Walton, to communicate the gratifying information. Maginn's family had then received the munificent present of £100 from the Premier — but had not apprized him of it, for he again alluded to his poverty, in conversation with Mr. Kenealy, and spoke of the ingratitude of his party. "In fact," says Mr. K., "he seemed to have no other trouble on his mind." He died, of consumption, on Saturday, August 20, 1842, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and, the same informant adds, "I firmly believe died in ignorance of the splendid gift of the Prime Minister of England — a gift that would have afforded him much consolation in his dying moments."

Dr. Maginn, was attended, during his illness at Walton, by Mr.

* Homeric Ballads, pp. 217–228.

Berrell, a medical gentleman from London, son-in-law of the lady to whose kind communications I am indebted for many particulars which I have introduced into this Memoir. Mr. Berrell, Mr. Kenealy, and Mr. Nickisson (who succeeded Fraser as proprietor of the Magazine), were present at Dr. Maginn's funeral, in the graveyard of Walton-upon-Thames. Mr. Kenealy has thus described the scene :—

"A more sublime sight I never saw. The sky was all over radiant with sunlight, the day perfectly serene, every tree reposing in the warm summer air. The little churchyard of Walton presented a perfect image of rustic beauty. The coffin was laid in the aisle of the church; when suddenly the whole heaven became one amphitheatre of thunder, the old cloisters re-echoed with mighty peal on peal, while the sky remained still beautiful, brilliant, and cloudless as ever. As the coffin was removed, thunder again followed; and as it was lowered into the vault, it was accompanied by blasts of thunder, accompanied with flashes of lightning that were absolutely appalling. I was never so awe-stricken in my life. Had the day been bad or stormy, I should not have minded it much; but thunder and lightning on such a day of beauty as that, I never saw."

Elsewhere, he added, "When the coffin was lowered down, the thunder passed away, and left the sunshine on his grave undisturbed and radiant."

As I have already mentioned, Dr. Maginn left a widow, a son, and two daughters, wholly unprovided for. Sir Robert Peel presented the son with a cadetship in the East India Company's service. A public subscription was raised for Mrs. Maginn and her daughters—of whom only one now survives, and, I believe, resides with her mother, at the Cove of Cork.

Numerous tributes to Dr. Maginn's personal worth and scholarly attainments were paid by the leading newspapers and magazines in London, on the announcement of his death. *Blackwood's Magazine*, to the early success of which he had so largely contributed, said nothing. *Bentley's Miscellany* devoted some pages to an article on the departed man of genius. *The Times*, always appreciative and generous, did not fail to express its regret at the loss periodical literature had sustained.

The *Morning Herald* ceasing, for once, to be foggy and dull, inserted an eloquent eulogium—written by Mr. Kenealy, I suspect from the style. In the *Standard*, with which Maginn had been closely connected for nearly ten years, Dr. Giffard wrote warmly and regretfully of his friend and former colleague. *Fraser's Magazine*, as might have been expected, was earnest, sorrowful, and regretful. It said, and with as much truth as force :—

"As few men had a more extensive circle of acquaintance, and none pos-

sessed a more kindly heart, so few, by their departure from the fretful arena of life, have for a long time past left a void so difficult to fill up in the literary world as the late Dr. Maginn. With the profound learning of a scholar, he combined the more brilliant attributes of a ready wit, playful or keen, as occasion called it into exercise. It is not too much to say, that no one of all his literary brethren possessed the same powers of conversation as Dr. Maginn, even to within a day of his death; indeed, those who met him for the first time generally supposed that whatever chanced then to be the topics of conversation must have formed the chief subjects of his usual studies, till a second, a third, and a fourth meeting convinced them of the extent of those varied resources which the Doctor possessed. We could lay our hand on many a goodly and popular volume, the most striking points and best passages of which, have been gleaned from the private conversations and remarks of Dr. Maginn; who resembled Swift not merely in his wit, but in the utter carelessness with which he regarded the fate of the productions of his genius. If they served the purpose of the moment, whether it were to make a minister tremble or a lady smile, 'the Doctor' never troubled himself further about his thunder or his jest. They might be claimed by any passer-by, for no one ever contributed more to the fame of others or so completely disregarded his own. It is chiefly to this carelessness about all that more immediately affected him that we must ascribe the want of some one great work, whereby the Doctor might be now remembered. Though in a marked degree competent to bestow such a gift on the literary world, the natural discursiveness of his disposition induced him rather to find a ready vent for the superabundance of his learning and wit in the pages of the leading periodicals."

Alluding to the fact that his talents had been wasted in mere Magazine writing, it added:—

"We prophesy that when these *disjecta membra poetæ* shall have been brought together, they will make a more original, learned, and amusing series of essays and poems, than those of any other literary man of the present day. They will be found to contain much of singularly curious matter on all subjects — poetry, politics, classics, history, and antiquities; which all in turn occupied the attention, and derived additional ornament and light from the genius of him who is, alas! no more."

No tribute to his memory was worthier or better executed than that (oft-referred to in this Memoir) contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine*, eighteen months after the Doctor's death, by Mr. Kenealy — at once a record of his life and an analysis of his character. After alluding to his highly poetic feelings and powers — his almost unsurpassed merit as a conversationist — his great originality — his bright wit — his broad humor — his keen satire — his ripe erudition — his varied knowledge — his vast and available scholarship — and his wonderful memory, he said:—

"His poetical compositions are of the sparkling order of Swift, and possess much of the sprightliness of Lafontaine, without any of the immodesty which tarnishes it. No writing did he ever publish which might make a mother curse his memory for the errors of her child, or husband attribute to him the destruction of a once virtuous wife. All his songs are modest and decorous, flashing with radiant fun, insphering, as it were, the very spirit of jest and humor; and though many are marked by that vein of exquisite libel in which the Dean of St. Patrick's so gloriously shone, we believe the very first to laugh at their prodigality of wit would be the persons who are themselves made the objects of his arrows. But he has occasionally written in a higher spirit, and for grander ends; and several of his more serious lyrics are worthy of a Tyrtæus, or Burns, or Proctor, the greatest of all living song writers."

Then follows a sketch of the man himself—a spirited and faithful sketch:—

"His manners, devoid of all affectation, simple and unstudied, were singularly engaging. No robe of reserve did he draw round him, like too many men of celebrity whose silence is perhaps the best safeguard of their fame. None of these absurd misanthropic monkey airs, which almost establish the reputation of Byron, and certainly veiled the poverty of his mind, did he ever display. He maintained a certain boyishness of heart and character to the very last, and though his knowledge of mankind was extensive and accurate, he could be as easily deceived, as if he were only a raw youth. There was a snowy candor in his manner, which lent a perfect charm to all he said and did, and the most unlettered person felt as much at ease in his company as the most learned. He was, indeed, as Burke said of Fox, 'a man made to be loved;' and seldom has any one passed through such a life as his, without leaving foes to his memory, and enemies to his fame. The real character of the man, so different from the fanciful pictures drawn of him by those who had never seen him, often led people into amusing mistakes, at which Maginn himself was the first to laugh. Well does the writer of this notice recollect the feelings with which he first wended to the residence of his late friend. He was then but a mere boy, fresh from the university (thee, dear old Trinity College!), with scarcely any knowledge of the world, but with a plentiful store of notions about men and books, which were as inaccurate as those of George Primrose, when he set out on his expedition after fame and wealth, and travelled to London in search of a patron. He had received, from a relative of the Doctor, a note of introduction, which he sent with no unthrobbing heart to the celebrated man. In a day or two after, Maginn called at his chambers in the Temple, but the writer was, unluckily, absent on one of those boating excursions on the silver Thames, which he preferred, at that time, to all the enchantments of Coke and Blackstone. He, however, sent a brief note to the Doctor, stating that he would visit him on such a day. He went, and was shown up-stairs; the Doctor was not at home, but was momentarily expected. Many a dreadful picture of the literary lion did he form. He imagined

to himself, a tall, reserved, pedantic-looking man, with the grimness of an Irish fire-eater about him, a cold and grave eye, a stoical demeanor, and an artificial stiffness, such as we see in the pictures of those erudite critics, the Scaligers, or Barthius, or Erasmus. He almost feared to remain, so apprehensive was he of the scathing glance with which he was persuaded Maginn would look through his very soul. He wondered what he should say, or how look, in the presence of the celebrated Sir Morgan O'Doherty, whose prowess was acknowledged, not only in the highest walks of literature, but also in the field of honor and of blood. Suddenly, when his heart almost sank within him, a light step was heard ascending the stairs — it could not be a man's foot — no, it was too delicate for that — it must, certainly, be the nursery-maid. The step was arrested at the door, a brief interval, and Maginn entered. The spell vanished like lightning, and the visitor took heart in a moment. No formal-looking personage, in customary suit of solemn black, stood before him — but a slight, boyish, careless figure, with a blue eye, the mildest ever seen — hair, not exactly white, but of a sunned snow color — an easy, familiar smile — and a countenance, that you would be more inclined to laugh with, than feel terror from. He bounded across the room, with a most unscholar-like eagerness, and warmly welcomed the visitor, asking him a thousand questions, and putting him at ease with himself in a moment. Then, taking his arm, both sallied forth into the street, where, for a long time, the visitor was in doubt whether it was Maginn, to whom he was really talking, as familiarly as if he were his brother — or whether the whole was a dream. And such, indeed, was the impression generally made on the minds of all strangers — but, as in the present case, it was dispelled instantly the living original appeared. Then was to be seen the kindness and gentleness of heart which tinged every word and gesture with sweetness; the suavity and mildness, so strongly the reverse of what was to be expected from the most galling satirist of the day; the openness of soul and countenance, that disarmed even the bitterest of his opponents; the utter absence of any thing like prejudice or bigotry from him, the ablest and most devoted champion of the Church and State. No pedantry in his language — no stateliness of style — no forced metaphors — no inappropriate anecdote — no overweening confidence; all easy, simple, agreeable, and unzoned. Those who had the benefit of his society, know that the likeness here presented is faithful, and limned with truth; but, to those who must take the true character of Maginn from others, and not from their own observation — his towering genius and genial heart — but who still admire him, even though the image be but faint — it must only be said, in the words of Æschines to the Rhodians, when they were enraptured by the mere perusal of one of the speeches of Demosthenes, '*Quid si ipsum audiissetis?*'

"His conversation was an outpouring of the gorgeous stores wherewith his mind was laden, and flowed on, like the storied Pactolus, all golden. Whether the subject was grave or gay, lively or severe — profound, or merely elegant — he infused into it such ambrosial ichor — he sprinkled it with such sun-bright wit, as if the Muse of Comedy stood invisibly by, and whispered

into his ear — he illumined it with so many iris-like beams of learning, originality, wisdom, and poetry, that to listen to him was like the ease of one who is spell-bound by an enchanter. And yet, all was so artless, so simple, so unconcernedly delivered, that it evidently required no *effort* of mind to enable him thus to flash forth — but that which you beheld was the ordinary lustre of his understanding. Many a happy hour has the writer of this sketch listened to Maginn, as with head leaning back in a huge arm-chair, and eye lighted up beneath his eloquent forehead and white flowing hair, he spoke the words of brightness and wisdom —

'Quidquid comè loquens, et omnia dulcia dicens.'—CIC. AD LIBON.

recapitulating the many anecdotes of Scott and Hogg, and Coleridge and Hook, with which his memory was thickly enamelled; now beaming forth with some witty anecdote, anon with some noble and philosophic saying; and yet never for a moment exhibiting, either by manner, or look, or tone, the consciousness of superiority to other men, but listening with respectful attention to what even boys advanced; the first to hail their remarks with greeting, when they glittered with either sense or humor; most willing to suggest, but never presuming to criticise, or to correct. So that the writer may say of Maginn, as the truly divine Plato said of Socrates: Ἐν ἐμοὶ αὐτῃ ἡ ἠχω τῶν λόγων βομβεῖ καὶ ποιεῖ μὴ ἐύνασθαι των ἀλλων ἀκούειν*— 'The echo of his words still resounds like music in my ears, and renders me deaf to the melody of other men's conversation.' Far unlike the tedious lectures of Coleridge, or the self-sufficient dictations of Johnson, were the conversations of Maginn. Nothing did he ever say for effect, but all for truth, or to give pleasure; for to delight and to profit — *delectare et prodesse* appeared to be the leading motto of his mind, and he had so profound a contempt for any thing like display, that he shunned talk, when he perceived that it was started for the purpose of drawing forth the loveliness of his discourse. It was not to every one that he opened the portals of his mind; not to mere chance visitors did he reveal his glories. But immediately he *did* begin, he proved to even the dullest, that no ordinary man was present; he arrested profound attention by his gesture and his earnestness; he charmed every one by his modesty and simplicity; he burst forth, the planet of the assembly, and, like the morning star of the poet, scattered light profusely around him:—

'Qualis ubi oceani perfusus Lucifer undâ,
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os sacrum cœlo, tenebrasque resolvit.'—*Æneid*, viii. 589.

When the elegant Aristophanes sought to express, by metaphor, the rapture with which he listened to one of the most eloquent speakers of old, he declared to him that he had *spoken roses*, ῥοδα μ' εἰρεκας. Perhaps this image was intended to apply to the ornament of his language, and its outward blossomings, rather than to the depth and real value, which, after all, is the truest

* Crito in fine.

and best test of conversation. But the words of Maginn were of a higher mould, of a rich texture, of a greater worth; for all he said was distinguished more for value than for tinsel, and he thought with Burke, that the real jewel of conversation is its tendency to the useful, and carelessness of the gaudy. And we do not know any other famous conversationist, to whom the beautiful passage, in which Wilberforce alludes to Burke's discourse, applies with more perfect justness: 'Like the fated object of the fairy's favors, whenever he opened his mouth, pearls and diamonds dropped from him.' Alas, that we shall listen to him never, never again!

"His habits of composition were such as only would suit a man of real mind, and that a granary of thought and learning. For he wrote with rapidity, never pausing over his paper for words or ideas — never resorting to those thought-provoking scratches of the head, in doing which Hogarth (the Fielding of the pencil) has depicted his poor poet; seldom revising or altering what he had once penned, but finishing the subject in an off-hand way, and with a *negligentia non ingrata*,* infinitely more pleasing than belongs to the most elaborate and polished style. Not of him, indeed, could be said, as it was by Pythias of Demosthenes† — ἔλλυχνιων ὄζειν αὐτοῦ τὰ ἐυθυμηματα — that his discourses smelled of the lamp. We doubt if he ever transcribed a paper, in his life, from the original rough copy: and Gibbon could not have boasted with more truth, that to his printer were committed the first and only manuscript sheets of his history, than could Maginn, that he never copied the rude draughts of his works. Occasionally he would sit back in his chair, in the middle of a sentence, and tell a humorous story to whoever was near him (for he seldom wrote, except in company, and generally with all kinds of noises about him), or commence a criticism on whatever book lay within his reach, or discuss some topic of the day; but his mind was evidently at work on the subject of his paper, and he would break off suddenly from his talk, resuming his pen, and writing away with the greatest haste. Nor was his mind abstracted with his subject while composing, for he would often hold a conversation with some of his friends, while in the bosom of his task, as fluently, as wittily, and connectedly, as if he were only scribbling, or mechanically twirling his pen up and down. Reference to books he never needed; and when he required a quotation, prose or verse, he had it ready in his memory, without trouble or delay. But his writings, though struck off thus at a heat, lose little of beauty or nervousness thereby, but derive even a new charm from this characteristic — because they plainly appear to be the unstudied efforts of his genius; and the merest reader will at once discover, that it is nature, not art, which speaks. Quintilian, when criticising the philosophic works of Brutus, thinks it a high panegyric to say, '*Scias eum sentire quæ dicit*' — and to speak as he felt was the practice of Maginn; carried, perhaps, in some instances, to a fault. Yet, from his candor, much of his excellence was derived. The leaders which he wrote for the newspapers were usually finished in half an hour, or perhaps less; but the masculine understanding that dictated them,

* Cic. in Orat. 77. † Lib. x. cap. 1.

the terseness and vehemence, darting, like sturdy oak trees, in every sentence, the sparks of wit, or the thrust of sarcasm — these give value to the article, and atone for its haste. The writings on which he appears to have bestowed most care, were the *Homeric Ballads;* and for the last few years, he was seldom without a copy of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, in his room, or on his bed. For those translations, indeed, he felt almost an enthusiasm — and always referred to them with satisfaction. As we have mentioned Homer, it may be added that he was a constant student of the Bible, and would pore over its sublime pages for hours. He preferred the Old Testament to the New and was most partial to Isaiah, whom he called one of the grandest of poets."

Mr. Oastler (distinguished, some years ago, for his endeavors to ameliorate the then miserable condition of the overworked and underpaid factory children of England) was in the Fleet prison during Maginn's latest detention there, and bears testimony to his partiality for the Bible. After mentioning how they used to converse on various topics, he adds, "But the most delightful times were, when he would say, 'Where is your Bible?' and then request me to read the Epistle to the Hebrews, or Romans; he would paraphrase as I read, and ask my opinion with such humility as his great friendship for me could only account for."

One thing is worth mentioning here, out of justice to Dr. Maginn's character. Perhaps no political writer of his time was more decidedly anti-Catholic, in politics. He resisted the Catholic claims, not upon *religious* but *political* grounds. With any man's mode of faith he never presumed to interfere. He justly considered *that* as a matter solely between each person and his Maker. He was educated in the belief that Catholicity — as an institution, not as a creed — ought not to be permitted civil rights equal to those permitted to Protestantism; and he maintained that belief, and championed it with his pen, all through his life. His mind was too enlarged, too noble, to permit him to narrow his friendships within the contracted limits of country or creed, and among those with whom he was most intimate were many Catholics — such as Mr. Sergeant Murphy, Mr. Kenealy, and the erudite author of "The Reliques of Father Prout." It was not he, but Lord John Russell, a feeble statesman of particularly "liberal" professions, who publicly insulted seven millions of his fellow-citizens by declaring that the ceremonies of their religion were "the mummeries of superstition." Of all men of his time, Dr. Maginn was practically the least of a bigot.

It would be easy to multiply tributes — of respect, admiration, and affection — to the scholarship of Dr. Maginn, and also to his private worth. Mr. Jerdan, his very oldest friend in London, has de-

scribed him as "the precocious, the prolific, the humorous, the eccentric, the erratic, the versatile, the learned, the wonderfully-endowed," and adds, "romancist, parodist, politician, satirist, linguist, poet, critic, scholar — pre-eminent in all, and in the last all but universal — the efflux of his genius was inexhaustible; and were even the approach to a considerable collection of his productions accomplished, I am convinced that the world would be more than ever astonished by the originality, learning, fancy, wit, and beauty, with which he illuminated the widest circle of periodical literature." Last, but not least, this familiar friend of over twenty years' standing, says: "In society or with friends he was the most simple and unaffected of men."— John Wilson Croker, the satirical critic of the *Quarterly Review*, has declared "His conversation was very lively and original — a singular mixture of classical erudition and *Irish fun*. There was a good deal of wit, and still more of drollery, and certainly no deficiency of what is called conviviality and animal spirits."— Maclise, the artist, declared that he found it difficult to satisfy himself on the choice of any expression sufficiently powerful to convey his idea of Dr. Maginn's great abilities as a writer and conversationist, and of his excellent nature as a man. "Indeed," he adds, "his various gifts and brilliant qualities were ever met with prompt acknowledgment, and where wit and wits abounded, one always had the satisfaction of seeing him commanding attention."

In his own family, he was as good-natured, social, witty, instructive, and entertaining, as in the most brilliant social circles where he was a welcome guest. In this respect, he much resembled Sir Walter Scott, with whom he was well acquainted, often meeting him at Lockhart's, on his visits to London, and even (I am informed, on what I consider reliable authority), having once gone to Abbotsford, with Mrs. Maginn, on the pressing invitation of "the Great Unknown." He was fond of children, and one of his old friends tells me, "I have known him to amuse himself with his and my children a whole evening, asking them questions on history, grammar, and other subjects, and it would be hard to say who was best pleased, he or they." This lady adds, "I visited him in the Fleet Prison. Mrs. Maginn lived with him there, and I believe no woman could be more devoted than she was. My eldest son [the lad to whom he had taught Greek and Hebrew] used to write verses at his dictation, and could scarcely keep up with him, so rapidly did he compose. Sometimes, before the Doctor would rise in the morning, John would be at his bedside, pen in hand, to take down his 'Song of the Month' for *Bentley*. He appeared naturally to attract young persons to him. The moment he appeared, with his winning smile and hearty manner, all would gather around him."

My brother, a "Trinity-man," like Maginn, who at one time was in habits of constant intercourse with him, informs me that, in London, he used most frequently go to the house of Mrs. * * *—the lady who, now in America, has placed me under obligation by kindly communicating many recollections of her gifted friend and townsman. There, "he gave way, most unreservedly to his humor, and certainly was most amusing." This lady had known Maginn from childhood, and most, if not all of her brothers had been educated by his father or himself. [She has informed me, by the way, that he was originally intended for the Church, and that she has seen him, while sitting with the family at his father's, and occasionally joining in the conversation, rapidly dash off a sermon for a clergyman who distrusted his own ability!] Mrs. ***, my brother adds, "was a magnificent singer, a high soprano, and the Doctor was never tired of hearing her sing; particularly the Scotch ballad 'Oh! Nannie wilt thou gang with me.'"—I believe, however, that, as to music, he seems to have resembled the country Mayoress, mentioned by Byron, who exclaimed at a concert, "Rot your Italianos! For my part, I loves a simple ballat." In Painting and Sculpture he was an admirable critic, and was often applied to, by artists, to suggest subjects for pictures.

"I recollect," my brother says, "that one evening after Maginn had related some anecdotes relating to Walter Scott, he said, 'Look, I will show you how Scott used to appear often, when deeply thinking;' then, bending his brows forward, giving his mouth a certain outward movement, and bringing his own gray hair down on the forehead, he really made a very close resemblance to some of the portraits of Scott."

Like every person who knew Maginn well, my brother thinks that, comparing and estimating all his faculties, his greatest, by far, was Memory. He says it "was the most wonderful thing possible. I remember being at his place, on a Sunday morning, toward the end of 1839, with a number of other gentlemen, when some discussion arose about the customs and costume of the clergy of the Greek Church. Maginn, who was dressing in the inner room, but taking part in the conversation through the open door, hearing what was going on, came out in his shirt-sleeves, and going up to one of the bookcases (there were two in the room, one at each side of the fireplace), took down a volume, and before opening it, said, 'It is, I suppose, nearly twenty years since I read this book, but I recollect, perfectly well, the part of the book in which Gibbon speaks of the very subject you are discussing: it is about the middle of this volume, in the right-hand page, and near the top of the page.' He instantly found the passage he sought, and every thing was precisely as he had said."

From the same source, I add: "As to his manner of writing, it was astonishing, for facility. He would write, to all appearance, just as well whilst joining in the fun about him, as if he were alone in his room. Maginn and Rossini have always appeared to me to possess the same talent for putting on paper, with the speed of light, the ideas which were welling up within them, almost in spite of themselves. Maginn was a most affectionate father, and appeared, if any thing, to like the girls better than the boy. As to them, they were never happier than when with him."

The following careless lines, written in November, 1836, which I do not recollect to have seen in print, will show how warmly Dr. Maginn was attached to his daughters. The second stanza appears to be unfinished:—

"TO MY DAUGHTERS.

"O my darling little daughters —
O, my daughters loved so well —
Who by Brighton's breezy waters
For a time have gone to dwell.
Here I come with spirit yearning
With your sight my eyes to cheer,
When this sunny day returning,
Brings my forty-second year.

"Knit to me in love and duty,
Have you been, sweet pets of mine,
Long in health, and joy, and beauty
May it be your lot to shine:
And at last, when God commanding,
I shall leave you good and kind
* * * *
* * * *

"May I leave my 'Nan' and 'Pigeon,'*
Mild of faith, of purpose true —
Full of faith and meek religion —
With many joys and sorrows few.
Now I part, with fond caressing,
Part you now, my daughters dear —
Take, then, take a father's blessing,
In his forty-second year."

Lockhart, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, wrote two rhymed epitaphs, on Theodore Hook and William Maginn — the first of whom had died in August, 1841, the other exactly a year later. Of these he thought so well that he had them privately printed for select distribu-

* Pet-names for his daughters.

tion. What he said of Maginn may properly be inserted here; with the remark that one part of the imputation in the penultimate line, is clearly erroneous—for, whatever the Doctor's errors, breach of the marital vow was not among them:—

"Walton-on-Thames, Aug. 1842.

"Here, early to bed, lies kind William Maginn,
Who, with genius, wit, learning, Life's trophies to win,
Had neither great Lord nor rich cit of his kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin;
So, his portion soon spent (like the poor heir of Lynn),
He turned author, ere yet there was beard on his chin—
And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin,
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin—
'Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin!'
But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin,
Else his acting, for certain, was equal to Quinn;
But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin
(All the same to the Doctor, from claret to gin),
Which led swiftly to jail, with consumption therein.
It was much, when the bones rattled loose in the skin,
He got leave to die here, out of Babylon's din.
Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard of a sin—
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken Maginn."

What the great moral error of this man's life was, is not concealed in this biography. Yet, I will not concede that others, who, with ruder health and thicker heads, can "carry off," without an appearance of intoxication, a much larger quantity of wine or spirits than Maginn was able to bear, are *therefore* qualified to act as censors upon him, to darken his memory, to caricature him in satirical and cynical fiction, to affect sorrow over "the decay of his faculties." One man, says the proverb, may steal a horse with impunity, while another will be hanged for looking in at the stable-door. Thus, Maginn is delivered to posterity, as a loose character and a drunkard, while the hand which pens the libel may yet tremble from the effects of yesternight's excesses. The cynic enjoys himself to the full, as a *gourmand* and a wine-bibber, and, because he is jovial in his selfishness, gets praised for his "geniality"—while the other, because he is prostrated by slight indulgence, is to be paraded untruly and ungratefully—as an habitual and degraded drunkard! How this *can* be done—how gifted persons (themselves not free from like errors) can with

"The shrug and sigh,
Deal round to happy fools the bitter obloquy,"

is what, in the fitness of things, I do not understand. When, in addition to this, it is asserted or insinuated that the brightness and power of Dr. Maginn's mind were dimmed or weakened by excess, a simple denial, based on fact, is sufficient. His really *best* things — the Shakespeare Papers, and Homeric Ballads — were the very latest of his productions. Even while I write these lines, I have been allowed to examine the manuscript of, I believe, Maginn's very last prose article. It was written only a few weeks before his death, was presented to Mr. Henry Plunkett, for *The Squib*, one of the numerous short-lived rivals of *Punch*, and has never been printed. With that grave humor which is much akin to wit, it treats of the literature of the streets of London, tracing their nomenclature to a Greek origin — such, among numerous examples, as ν Street, ν Road, ν Court, ν Inn, and, that receptacle of criminals, ν Gate. The old humor and the full scholarship pervade this curious article.

Dr. Maginn's great defect, as an author, was his want of concentration. He threw a good deal of ability into periodical literature — and there he rested. For others, he would take infinite pains, little for himself, and thus the best of the flash songs, and nearly the whole of Turpin's Ride to York, in Mr. Ainsworth's "Rookwood," were actually written by Maginn. He seemed to lack determination for devoting himself, during the requisite time, to some one work which "the world would not willingly let die." He was always meditating on some *magnum opus*. At one time, it was a historical tragedy, to be called "Queen Anne;" at another, on the subject of "Jason;" he repeatedly announced "Tales of the Talmud;" he advertised, in Murray's list, "Lives of the Mayors of Cork," a most amusing series of mock-biographies it would have been; he seriously thought of editing Shakespeare, and of translating the whole of Homer — and, when Mr. Croker remonstrated on the manner in which he wasted his talents, he said that he contemplated some serious work, "I think," says Mr. Croker, "on the *Greek Drama*, but of this, I am not quite sure. It might have been the *Greek Orators*. I had a high opinion of his power to illustrate either."

Mr. Kenealy has mentioned a peculiarity connected with this constant thinking of executing some permanent work. He says, "Nothing was more common than for him to narrate to whoever was with him some romantic story, a ballad, which he had just composed — some scenes of a novel that he had hoped to finish — or some dissertation on Fielding, Rabelais, or Lucian. He also practised the art of improvising, and succeeded in it. The *ottava rima*, or stanza of Pulci and Lord Byron ['Beppo' and 'Don Juan'], was that to which he was most partial."

One of Dr. Maginn's characteristics, was his utter fearlessness as a writer. This led him, at the commencement of his literary career, to the memorable onslaught upon the late Sir John Leslie, of Edinburgh, who, without even knowing a letter of the language, had heedlessly put upon record, in a book, that Hebrew was "a rude and poor dialect;" this prompted him to the bitter personalities of some of his literary and political articles (such as the exposure of the plagiarisms of Moore and the "apostacy" of Peel, on the Catholic question), and barbed the arrow which he discharged at Grantley Berkeley, when that person, forgetful of the incidents which had given infamous notoriety even to his own mother, had the bad taste to write a novel upon his family history. It was this, also, which made Maginn insert in *Fraser's Magazine*, such explosives as Byron's satire on Rogers, the poet, and Mr. Coleridge's almost diabolical epitaph ("The Two Round Spaces on the Tombstone") upon Sir James Mackintosh. He published them, because he considered it right that Byron's insincerity should be fully exposed, and also that the opinion of such a man as Coleridge upon the political apostacy of Mackintosh — exalted among the Whigs as Sage and Seer — should be placed upon record.

In person, Dr. Maginn was rather under the middle stature, slight in figure, active in motion, and very natural in manners. He was gray at the age of twenty-six, and, during his last ten years, was almost white — exhibiting the peculiarity of keen, bright blue eyes and youthful features, with the hoary locks of age. Of the two portraits which have been published — by Maclise, in *Fraser*, and by Skillin, in the *Dublin University Magazine* — I think the latter is the better likeness. It is a suitable illustration to the present Collection.

In more ways than one, there is a great moral in Dr. Maginn's life. Had his discretion been equal to his genius, his permanent place in literature would probably have been far higher than he has any chance of occupying. As it is, his reputation, as a man of letters, is more traditionary than actual. The very exuberance of genius, made him prodigal in its use, and, yielding too easily to the seductions of society, he literally wasted, on temporary enjoyments, the golden hours which might and should have been employed on some work worthy of his learning and his reputation.

R. Shelton Mackenzie.

New York, *March*, 1857.

FRASERIAN PAPERS.

DR. MAGINN'S

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

The Fraserian Papers.

THE ELECTION OF EDITOR.

[The first number of *Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country* was published in February, 1830. The ability, personality, and audacity of the new periodical immediately gave it notoriety, and the publisher not only having had the good sense to advertise it extensively, but also to send a copy for review to every newspaper in the United Kingdom, it had the great advantage of receiving general notice from the Press. Its politics (ultra-tory) recommended it in some quarters, its literary tomahawking in others. At that time, the grosser personalities which had attracted attention in the early volumes of *Blackwood* had been mitigated, and Maga mainly relied, not without cause, on its political papers, and the literary articles of Christopher North and the contributors whom he had gathered around him. The *New Monthly Magazine*, in London, had become weak and inefficient in the careless hands of Thomas Campbell. There was room, therefore, for a new and spirited rival, and, as the remuneration was liberal, a great deal of literary ability was attracted to the pages of Regina — as *Fraser* was called, in the hope of rivalling Maga [*Blackwood*], even in such a small matter as a *sobriquet*. From the very first, Maginn, Crofton Croker, L. E. L., Haynes Bayly, the Ettrick Shepherd, "Barry Cornwall" (under the *alias* of "John Bethel"), Robert Southey, John Gibson Lockhart, John Galt, R. P. Gillies, and many more of established literary reputation, were known to be among Regina's contributors.

No. III., for April, 1830, opened with an announcement on the back of its "Contents," the conclusion of which shows the audacity of the writers—the *Rex* in question being no less a personage than George IV., who, afflicted with a mortal disease, yielded "every thing for a quiet life," and permitted the *Dux* [Wellington] to exercise a power so vast, that the "*Ego et Rex Meus*" of Wolsey appeared again to be realized.

The announcement in question was as follows:—

Aux Lecteurs,

And the World at large.

As the Proprietors of "Fraser's Magazine" *are resolved to have the Work conducted upon the most liberal and efficient principles, they have declined to listen to the various private Communications from the first literary men of the day, for appointment to the honorable situation of Editor. A work of such superior eminence, embracing all that is great and good, is entitled to be conducted by the very first genius, whom this, or any other nation, can produce. The Proprietors, therefore, have resolved to* Poll the Country, *aliens or denizens, rich or poor, young or old, people or peers, subject or prince, and select the individual who, from intrinsic worth and merit, has best claim to the important charge in question.*

Therefore Notice is hereby given,

That all Applicants for the Situation of Editor to "Fraser's Magazine" *do attend at Freemasons' Hall, at One o'Clock, on Wednesday the 14th day of April, of this present year—bringing with them their testimonials and documents on which they rest their pretensions—that then and there the individual best qualified may be selected and appointed as aforesaid. Parties who cannot personally be present, are requested to transmit their Name, Address, and Note of Qualifications, by letter,* post-paid—*addressed to* Mr. Fraser, *Bookseller and Publisher,* 215 *Regent street—before Twelve o'Clock of the day.*

Vivat Rex.

Rex! Pish!—That's gone by—Let us worship the new Dynasty—

Vivat Dux!

Public expectation was set on the *qui vive* by such an advertisement as this. Nor was it disappointed. In the May and June Numbers of Regina appeared, what purported to be, an account of the Election of Editor. This was written by Dr. Maginn, whose personal acquaintance with most of the *literati* whom he introduced, enabled him to describe them very accurately, and to hit-off, with considerable spirit and much truth, their peculiarities of manner and language. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that Mr. Gurney, the short-hand writer, is identical with the *Eidolon* supposed to have stenographed the proceedings of the Noctes Ambrosianæ of *Blackwood*. Mr. Alexander Fraser (no relation of the publisher), was a celebrated law-reporter, attached to the Northern Circuit for many years. His death occurred only recently, I believe. He was a Scotchman, and had been Lord Brougham's schoolfellow at Edinburgh.—M.]

The Election of Editor for Fraser's Magazine.

From Mr. Gurney's short-hand notes, corrected by Mr. Alexander Fraser, of Thavies Inn.

The whole literary world was astonished at the liberality of our Proprietors when they beheld the advertisement in the last No., calling a general meeting for the election of an Editor. Nothing like it had ever been seen or heard of before. On all similar occasions, the corrupt influence and undue partialities of the booksellers have been ever exercised. The late Mr. Constable, to whom the literary character is more indebted for that sort of elevation which arises from remuneration than to all the trade besides, was not free from despotic inclinations. He appointed Mr. Jeffrey to the superintendence of the *Edinburgh Review*, without consulting any of his contributors. Mr. Murray, to whom literature also acknowledges herself a debtor, was not more indulgent in the appointment of the late Mr. Gifford; and his partiality for Scotchmen was certainly not free from blame, when he selected, in so clandestine a manner, Mr. Lockhart to succeed him. Mr. Colburn, in creating the sinecure of Editor-

in-chief for the Lord-rectifying Campbell, has deserved well of all authors.* It is an example every bookseller cannot too soon imitate. Indeed, we trust that the Duke of Wellington will, by law, since he is so cutting down the sinecures of the crown, oblige every publisher to institute a pensionary. There is no sound political reason why there should not be literary pensionaries, as well as civil and military, and decayed gentlewomen of damaged quality. Ebony's connexion with Christopher North is suspected of being something equivocal. In that instance the Editor, it is understood, lords it over the Publisher. However, not one of all the members of the Stationers' Company, either here or elsewhere, ever thought of trying the effect of universal suffrage in choosing an Editor; but the result has been such—the reform has been so radical, that the happiest general effects cannot but result from it.

The meeting was advertised to take place in the Freemasons' Tavern;† but, at an early hour, it was seen how inadequate the great hall was to contain even a tithe of the candidates and the contributors; for, by some strange oversight, preparations had been neglected to be made for the reception of the ladies, the number of whom, with short petticoats and blue stockings, who assembled at an early hour in front of the tavern, is incredible. Lady Morgan lost a spangled shoe in the crowd, the Princess Olivia of Cumberland‡ had her pockets picked, and Lady Holland was obliged to be carried by Sir James and Sam‖ into the Horse

* Archibald Constable, the original publisher of the *Edinburgh Review*, and of most of the *Waverley Novels;* Murray and Colburn, respectively publishers of the *Quarterly Review* and *New Monthly Magazine*, edited by William Gifford and Thomas Campbell.—M.

† In Great Queen street, Holborn, London. The great room in which "the craft" perform their Masonic and festal rites, was much used, before the erection of Exeter Hall, in the Strand, for public meetings.—M.

‡ "The Princess Olive" was a stout woman (married to Mr. Serres, a clever marine painter) who, on the death of George III., in 1820, claimed to be Princess of Cumberland, as legitimate daughter of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, by a sister of the Rev. Dr. Wilmot. She had some personal resemblance, in bulk, to the elderly females of the House of Guelph, and many persons believed her pretensions to be well-founded. Neither the Royal family nor Parliament would admit them. She died, in poverty, in 1834, aged sixty-two.—M.

‖ Sir James Macintosh and Samuel Rogers, the poet.—M.

and Groom gin-shop, where the accomplished wit declared the scene was quite dram-atic.

The committee, viz., the regulating officers of the press-gang from Waterloo Place, who had been appointed to manage the proceedings of the day, soon discovered the absurdity of attempting to receive such a multitude into the Hall, unless they possessed the power of compressing their bodies into the size of their souls, as Milton did over the devils in Pandemonium; and, in consequence, it was suggested, the day being sunny and calm, that they should adjourn to Lincoln's-inn Square, and that a deputation should be sent to Mr. Soane, the architect,* to beg the use of his incomparable balcony for the chairman of the meeting, and the other managers of the election.

The answer of Mr. Soane accorded with his well-known attachment to artists, authors, and actors. He assured the deputation, that authors were dear to his heart, and that, in a figurative sense, his house, his fortune, his life—all, in short, every thing that was dear to him, and all that, was at their disposal. The committee, highly gratified by the report which the deputation made of Mr. Soane's munificent alacrity, ordered notice to be given to the multitude that filled the street; and, with white staves in their hands and paper cockades in their hats, preceded by a large body of the new police,† marched, two and two, to the house of Mr. Soane.

The merit of the new police on this occasion, under the direction of Mr. Peel himself, was in the highest degree praiseworthy. The ladies were safely accommodated within the railing of the central enclosure, and a number of barrels were at first provided, to serve as tribunes for the orators, though the Egyptian column was finally chosen. As soon as the necessary orderly arrangements were made, Mr. Coleridge, the first genius of the age,

* Lincoln's Inn Square is of such extent that the larger Pyramid (that of Cheops), covering thirteen acres, would exactly fill its area. The house of Mr. (afterward Sir John) Soane, the architect, is on the north side of the Square, and, with its valuable contents, forming what is now called "The Soane Museum," was bequeathed by him to the British nation, on his death in 1837.—M.

† The organization of the new police of London, by the late Sir Robert Peel (as Home Secretary), had been completed in June, 1829.—M.

presented himself at the centre arch of Mr. Soane's balcony. The moment that he did so, murmuring arose. It was supposed that he had already received his *congée d'élire*, and was already the predetermined Editor. The outcry was chiefly among the artists who are authors, and they cry out, "No Wilkie*—liberty, and the Academy for ever!" Emboldened by these declarations, Mr. Cobbett, who, by placing himself near one of the barrels, early demonstrated his intention to harangue the crowd, broke out with:—

"Englishmen—This is the most abominable piece of humbug I ever witnessed. Do the sordid proprietors of *Fraser's Magazine* think to impose upon the understanding of John Bull by a trick of this kind? Do they imagine that we are such burrow-mongering slaves as to accept old Goody Coleridge?"—

Here the crowd pressing in on all sides, the barrel on which the great Ruta Baga of Botley† was elevated was crushed into staves, and the planter of turnips and the cultivator of sedition and locust was hurled amidst the staves to the ground. It happened that the barrel was an old tar one, and that the great patriot of the two-penny trash,‡ when he found himself falling, laid hold, in his desperation, of several high-plumed bonnets, which he pulled from the heads of the blue-hosen wearers, by which, when he looked up, he was in his proper American livery, tarred and feathered, and was glad to make his escape from the derision of the crowd in his friend the Duke of Wellington's military cloak, which his Grace, who was present, gallanting Mrs. **********, charitably lent him for concealment.‖

* About this time, the English artists, who, constituting the Royal Academy, having taken umbrage at what seemed to be the King's desire to dictate to them that Wilkie, the painter, should succeed Sir Thomas Lawrence, as their President, showed their independence by electing the very inferior portrait-limner, Martin Archer Shee.—M.

† It was on his farm at Botley that William Cobbett cultivated the Ruta Baga turnip, which he used to extol as the best in the world.—M.

‡ Cobbett's "Two-penny Trash" was a cheap political publication which made great noise in 1830.—M.

‖ The lady here indicated by asterisks was the lovely wife of the Duke's intimate friend, the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot. There was much *scan. mag.* at the time, concerning their intimacy, which was much augmented when, shortly after, it was ascertained that the Duke had quartered the lady on the

Order being in some degree restored, Sir James Scarlett was elevated upon a cart—"the gods forfend the omen!"—and, in a speech full of Tory graces and Whig principles, proposed that his accomplished veteran friend Mr. Coleridge should be called to the chair; and reminded the multitude, that, as the election was to be by ballot, there was no risk to the freedom of election by the appointment of any one whatever to preside on the occasion, and that he knew no man so well qualified to maintain order over such an assemblage as that great practical character, that great man of business, that eminent person, who combined in himself all the arithmetical accuracy of Joseph Hume with the commercial acumen of Sandy Baring.*

Mr. Coleridge was, in consequence, elected by acclamation, and installed with three cheers, the ladies waving their white handkerchiefs. Silence being restored, the Chairman then rose, and, in the following luminous speech, explained the object for which they were that day assembled:—

"*Ladies and Gentlemen*—It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first,
From the broad sunshine, I stepped in and saw
The narrowing line of daylight that came running
In after me shut by the door outside.
All then around was dusky twilight dim,
Made out of shadows most fantastical,
The unsubstantial progeny of light
Shining on singularities of art.
There stood around, all in a circ'lar row,
Seven colossal statues—each a king
Upon a rich Corinthian capital.
Sceptres were in their hands, and on their heads
Were golden crowns, in shape similar
To that small bonnet which adorned of yore

public, as recipient of a pension of eight hundred pounds. She did not long survive to enjoy this large annual income, being an early victim of the cholera in 1831.—M.

* Sir James being a Creole, his language, of course, is half-English, half-Scotch, with as much Irish as makes up the whole quantity. [Sir James Scarlett, Attorney-General under "the Duke;" subsequently made Chief-Baron of the Exchequer, and raised to the peerage as Baron Abinger. The "Sandy Baring" here named was the late Lord Ashburton, envoy to the United States on the Oregon question in 1842.—M.]

My dexter temple, when, the live-long day,
I delved the classics in that blue-coat school,
Fast by famed Newgate's jail; and one there was
As Nestor, or as Priam king of Troy,
Venerable — a marble brought from Athens,
Which, though oblivion hung upon his nose,
Wore the grave aspect of antiquity.
'These,' said our host, the modest Mister Soane,
'Are planets, and they rule the fates of men.'
'Are they not rather,' was my fond reply,
Thrilling with wonderment ineffable,
'The seven sciences — stupendous spirits,
That mock the pride of man, and people space
With life and mystical predominance?'
And, full of that sublime conception, out
I throbbing came upon this window-sill,
Where I beheld you multitudinous,
A Lake of Physiognomies, whose waves
Were human faces — and whose murmurings —
Discordant din of discontented tongues,
Shattered the crystal calmness of the air.—
But I had then the sense of sweetest influences, [*To the Ladies.*
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That have their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by low stream or pebbly spring,
Or such green bogs as Irishmen afar,
In Australasia or Cabotia lone,
Dream are in Erin's isle. Then I bethought
Wherefore this wise and beauteous multitude
Were here assembled, from all quarters come,
Like the rich argosies and merchantmen
That swing at anchor in the pool or stream
Below famed London bridge — and thence inspired,
I call upon you to give suffrage. Now,
Who shall be Editor, and, like the stars
Immortal burning in their glorious spheres,
Make you all stars, dispensing destiny?
For such shall be the issues of this day,
If you, in your intelligence serene,
Make a seraphic choice."

Mr. Coleridge sat down amidst the unanimous and enthusiastic applauses and encores; but he declined repeating his most poetical address. Silence having been with difficulty obtained, though not

until the Lord Mayor, supported by Sir Henry Hardinge and Mr. Horace Twiss,* had commenced the proclamation of martial law, the Rev. George Croly was seen to ascend the temporary steps constructed against the Egyptian pillar, so ornamental to Mr. Soane's fore-court, and which was, for the nonce, made the rostrum for the various orators of the day. The gentleman, however, could with difficulty gain the summit, owing to the monkey tricks of Mr. Henry Baylis, who clung to the tail of his coat, endeavoring to prevent him from measuring the altitude of the column. Mr. Baylis, it appears, is the proprietor of the *Monthly Magazine* (and is the individual who, with his printers and printing devils, presented a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the Roman Catholic Relief Bill might not be passed: Lord Tullamore was the green youth who presented such petition), and Mr. Croly is the editor of that same periodical. It could be easily perceived what the object of Mr. Baylis was in thus clinging to Mr. Croly's garment: to prevent him from showing his face to the electors, imagining, as he well might, that that gentleman's transcendent abilities would win for him the return as Editor of Fraser's, the emoluments from which being of so large and enticing an amount (not that Mr. Croly cares in the least for money), his right-hand man would be fain to desert the yellow-covered bilious-looking Monthly. But this is our own surmise, for the only words which Mr. Baylis could say were, "For God's sake, Croly!" and these he repeated in a hurried manner for at least five times, when, gasping for breath and ready to choke, he added, "If you leave the Mon-on-thly, what will Be-en-en-tly say, for then we sha-a-ant pu-uff more of his bo-o-o-o-o-oks—as the Mo-onthly will be di-i-ish'd?" What he might have continued to say, was inaudible; for "Shame—shame! down with him! throw him over!" was vociferated on all sides. Mr. Baylis, however, had, it seems, determined, like Cato, that he was only worthy to fall by his own act, and so he accordingly did: for the tail of Mr. Croly's coat gave way, and down came the printer a tre-

* Sir Henry (afterward Viscount) Hardinge, was a cabinet minister at this time. Horace Twiss, nephew to Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, will be remembered as the biographer of Lord Eldon, rather than as a legislator and lawyer.—M.

mendous wallop on his back, amidst the laughter and derision of the assembled multitude.

> "Ipse gravis graviterque ad terram pondere vasto
> Concidit."

Mr. Croly then stood,* a "cherub tall," on the top of Mr. Soane's Egyptian capital; and they who are conversant with the physiognomy of the gentleman will alone be able to conceive what benignant suavity struggled through every pore of his face, and fell, like beams of holiest light, upon the upturned countenances of that populace which was then and there assembled to exercise the boasted privilege of Englishmen—gained by our forefathers by the edge of the sword, and which we, their great-great-great-great-grandchildren, will manfully maintain, until death do us part from all things sublunary, political, and damnable—FREEDOM OF ELECTION. By this we enjoy every thing good, great, and glorious: a king steadfast in integrity, and in exceeding love and anxiety, a very father to his subjects—an aristocracy innocent as lambs, and immaculate as sucking doves or pie-pigeons—a representative chamber, the members of which have separated themselves from worldly pursuits and worldly vanities—devout, self-denying, and as so many ascetic saints in the wilderness—wasters of the midnight oil for the good of their fellow-men, and victims to sad disease, induced by a misplaced over-eagerness in the blest cause of British patriotism—which is the reason why, in the United Kingdom, this Epitaph (alas! that good and virtuous men possess not the rejuvenescent faculty of Tithonus, that they might live for ever, to advocate the sacred cause which they, even from

* The Rev. Geo. Croly (Irish by birth, education, and ability), now Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, a London parish. In the words of one of his biographers, "he has written poetry, serious and comic, tragedies and comedies, satire and panegyric, sermons and songs, novels and newspapers, and all of them well." He is an eloquent preacher and orator; was an early contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which afterward appeared his historical novel "Marston," and brilliant lives of Burke and Pitt. In politics he has taken a decided part—always on the conservative side. In 1830–1, he was editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, after that periodical had passed from the hands of its founder, Sir Richard Phillips, into those of Mr. Henry Baylis, a printer.—M.

their youth's first budding, have severally and collectively espoused!) is so frequent:—

HE DIED IN THE CAUSE OF HIS COUNTRY.*

* Ει το καλως θνησκειν αρετης μερος εστι μεγιστον,
ήμιν εκ παντων τυυτ' απενειμε Τυχη.
'Ελλαδι γαρ σπευδοντες ελευθεριαν περιθειναι
κειμεθ' αγηραντω χωμενοι ευλογιη. *Simonides.*

Some future eloquent bardist, hot as a furnace with the glow of patriotic enthusiasm, may thus rhapsodise the bones lying under this freestone slab, the sinewy flesh of which has long since served as a delectable repast to the red-snouted, blind slow-worm:—"He was the Leonidas of the days which were honored with his thrice-glorious existence—for he, too, stood firm in the van of liberty, and fought with all the earnestness and invincibility of Hellenic Worthiness. The Catholic Emancipation Bill was his illustrious Thermopylæ—his rank of intrepid warriors called the 'the Rats' was his consecrated band—and the illiberal, black-hearted, knavish, abominable, filthy, horrible, insufferable, ineffable Ultra Tories were the tiara-capped, discomfited infidels, with whom

'Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea—
And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.'

"And Robert Peel was the run-away Spartan, who died shortly after from shame and vexation. He cut his wesand with a blunt razor, by way of prolonging his own punishment." And the eloquent writer may perhaps conclude with the following free translation from Tullius Geminus:—

Εις Θεμιστοκλεα.
Αντι ταφου λιτοιο θες 'Ελλαδα, θες δ' επι ταυτα
δυναατα, &c.

"Here Arthur lies, a tough old Cock—as steel both brave and stern—
His name is blest by all the Rats and every Irish Kern.
As Mybla honey to his friends—'gainst foes he'd swear and foam—
And, staunch ally of Father Weld and Marlotrie of Rome,
With all vile Ultra Tory blades he did a war maintain,
And oft would kick their breeks—although they kicked his breek again!
But yet wherever danger scowled he never feared to face it,
And here the Rats have raised for him This National Hic Jacet."

[This diatribe was written, no doubt, under the continued influence of Maginn's tory wrath at Catholic Emancipation having been granted, by "the Duke" and Peel, early in 1829, after their previous strenuous opposition to such a concession. Peel died, in July, 1850, from the effects of an accident, and Wellington in September, 1852. Both never were more popular than at the period of their decease.—M.]

But we are wandering from our immediate subject:—the oration which Mr. Croly enounced, with good action and delivery, whilst perched on the top of the pillar in the fore-court of Mr. Soane's mansion. The very contemplation of that gentleman forces away some thousand leagues all recollection of epitaphs, tomb-stones, and death's heads, and makes our bosom glow with risilient humors approaching to vinous hilarity.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Croly's person need not be told of the eloquent cast of his face and the marked character of his features, now dealing destruction like a cloud of fearful omen —now, by the amenity of their smile and their dallying jocundity, irradiating and vernalizing whatever that smile and jocundity consecrate by tipping and touching—producing, in short, a miraculous illumination. His commanding stature was saluted with a universal shout of approbation:*

> "Like Maia's son he stood,
> And shook his plumes: that heavenly fragrance filled
> The circuit wide;"

and thus began:—

"*Sir, Ladies, and Gentlemen:*—I present myself to your notice on this memorable occasion, having, from the first, resolved to become one of the proud combatants in a struggle which I hesitate not to affirm will, in after times, have many an eagle-flighted Pindar for its historian. For what, in comparison to this, were the so-vaunted games held on the banks of the Alpheus?—a river the name of which you who are ignorant know nothing, but which we transcendental Grecians describe as 'serpentizing in most beautiful meanders' through the sacred territory of Elis. (*Immense applause.*) The advertisement by Mr. Fraser was very puerile in phraseology. Advertisements are most difficult things to manipulate—should, in fact, never be intrusted to breathing mortal save to him who by national assent is considered a genius of the first order. In application to genius, what the poet of Venusia has said of money will stand good:

* Croly's presence was very commanding, and his stature taller than that of ordinary "sons of men." The speech which follows is a good imitation of his declamatory style.—M.

'Et genus et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior algâ est.'

If, however, an application had been made to me (not that I arrogate to myself those indescribable attributes which genius can bestow, although my labors do stand recorded in no unworthy characters amidst the too many soiled pages of our native literature—(*hear, hear, and cheers*)—I would, in such case, without hesitation, have, *currente calamo*, given a few hasty lines, which, in the absence of every thing else, might have answered the purpose of congregating this superlative meeting. (*Cheers.*) Gentlemen, I will not speak of my own pretensions (*cheers*); my opinion on that head shall lie dormant in my own bosom (*cheers*)—*altâ mente repôstum*—ensconced in the cavities and lengthy depths of my own stomach. (*Hear.*) Gentlemen, I am well to do in the world; my fame is blazoned amongst all the town booksellers, and I can get the indicting of as many books as I choose to put finger and thumb to. The case, therefore, of

'Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides'

is not mine. Long did I contemplate transmigrating, with my household chattels and my Lares, to those Rhenane banks which Byron—the rhyming driveller and no poet, the fiend of the true Satanic school, the disgrace to his kind, the incarnation of infamy—which Byron—the moral Polyphemus—has, by some odd trick of fancy, so beautifully described. You may remember

'The castled crag of Drachenfels,' &c.

But if you elect me to the exalted station of Editor of this Magazine, I will settle amongst you, and be for ever your instructor and friend; or, as the woful Andromache says of her Trojan lord, you shall find

'A father, friend, and brother all in me!'—(*Cheers.*)

Not that I would exactly do all the laborious portion of the work—that is not the occupation of a scholar, who should be left in listless quietude, that fancy might roam unshackled from 'heaven to earth, from earth to lowest hell!'—but, if the salary were noble—which such a noble magazine as Fraser's could well afford—if I had two understrappers in the shape of—to use an Ameri-

canism—helps, I would take upon myself to give advice whenever it might be required, to write an occasional paper—for which I must, however, be paid; in fact, to be what Jeffrey was latterly to the *Edinburgh Review*—nominal editor of the work, but regular pocketer of the salary. (*Bravo, bravo, on all hands; immense applause, amidst which 'Croly for ever!' is heard 'as thick as autumnal leaves in Valombrosa.'*)

"Gentlemen, the style of composition for a magazine is of so peculiar, exclusive, and delicate a nature, that it is necessary I should say two words on the matter—they shall be *επεα πτεροεντα*,* but very different from those of that ruffian Horne Tooke. Each sentence should come forth as round as a turnip, and as hard as a cannon-ball; and should, moreover, follow each other with such rapidity, that the clatter of a troop of heavy dragoons crossing the broad expanse of the ice-ribbed Zuyder-Zee, should be but as the weak whistle of a child to the instantaneous fire of three companies of sharpshooters. Your single hit is nothing. What a paltry animal is your backwoodsman, although he may be an incomparable marksman, merely because he gives an occasional solitary fire!—but how great is the glory of a corps of British infantry, who can give nineteen rounds of popping in seventy-three seconds and three quarters! (*Cheers, loud and long.*)

"Gentlemen, here is an instance of fitting composition for a magazine. A magazine editor must be of all trades—he must treat of war and divinity, navy and army, church and state, worsted stockings and Wormwood Scrubs, Wellington and his fell assailant, *middys* of the fleet and dandies of St. James's street—hells, horse-races, and Hyde Park—knavery, foolery, and humbug. Such are among the *omniana* that a magazine editor should shower down with unmitigated ferocity on an attentive world. To 'watch for the wind that blows,' says an older orator than myself, and to be ready for every wind, that is the thing which gives 'the sailor fair weather wherever he goes.' The spirit of a weathercock should be the actuating principle of an editor. He should

* This philological work, commonly known as "The Diversions of Purley" (from the place where it was written), is the most important and successful literary production of John Horne Tooke, immortalized in, and sometimes charged with being the writer of, the celebrated letters of "Junius."—M.

be a politician, royalist, republican, or reviewer. No man alive ought to know the turns of the wind half so sensitively! If Nelson dies—two smart articles for the little midshipmen! the quartos are anticipated. If Portugal be at odds with Brazil—a fire and fury article for Miguel or Pedro, it matters little. If Wellington be in Spain—a Subaltern's correspondence. The great Captain is reposing upon his laurels—Sketches of the Peninsular War! If the Editor, like old North, should wish to have a slap at every thing and every one, a something like the Noctes Ambrosianæ. Write for the West Indians—write for the East Indians—write up Protestanism—write down Jerry Bentham.* The Methodists are an ungleaned field—a slap-dash attack on the sinners. Some old women have thought that the kibe of the Church has been trodden on—a philippic for the honor of the Church, by way of embrocation! Thus all times and tastes are provided for with a commercial keenness equally dexterous, practised, and profitable. This can only be done by those who have lived long in town; for thereby comes the practical knowledge. This it is that makes the fortune of the trader on the Guinea shore: cast gunpowder for the slave-merchant, Birmingham silver for King Joe, glass jewellery for the ladies of the harem, and Moses's gross of green spectacles for the general population. (*Tremendous applause—Mr. Soane's house nods assent to the popular voice.*) Thus it is, to take a nearer and more domestic emblem, that the Jew boy stocks himself with oranges for the winter theatres; valentines for February; sixpenny knives for the tender season, when young gentlemen carve young ladies' names on trees and summer-houses; and fire-works for the fifth of November! (*Applause repeated.*)

"Gentlemen, I will not much longer occupy your too valuable

* Jeremy Bentham, the constant butt of *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, was as much distinguished for his oddity of manners and eccentricity of style, as for his great ability and undeniable good sense as a law-reformer. He was founder of the *Westminster Review*, in which, with Bowring and others, he endeavored to advance his leading principle of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." He reached the great age of eighty-four, and, determined to be useful even after death, bequeathed his body for public dissection by Dr. Southwood Smith, at whose house, in London, it may be seen to this day, rescued from decay by a species of embalmment.—M.

time. (*Go on, Croly for ever!* &c. &c. &c.) Gentlemen, one main consideration for my thus offering myself for the editorship of Fraser's, was the difficulty you must of necessity encounter in a prudential selection. Lockhart would not do for your editor, because he is simple enough to fancy the Quarterly is more influential, because thicker and older, than the Magazine of Regent street, or REGINA, as I will call it. (*The Egyptian column is, from its 'muckle glee,' ready to cut a somerset from its fair foundation, being nearly annihilated by the applausive concussion issuing from the brazen, though sweet, throats of the multitude: Lord Nugent, Tom Gent,* and Yates's elephant, are placed against it for props: much confusion: Mr. Croly shews fear at his exaltation, but, the Columnus Ægyptiacus being brought to its senses, the speech is continued.*) I have named Mr. Lockhart, and given a future appellation of endearment for the Magazine, and let me continue. Macvey Napier will not do for the editorship. (*Macvey Napier faints from vexation.*) Macvey's nose is too long. Bowring will not do: he is a Benthamite, and, therefore, a materialist. (*Bowring is seen sneaking off.*) Pierce Gillies of the *Foreign Quarterly* will not do: he smokes, and smoking is not the thing. (*Gillies takes his meerschaum from his mouth, and squalls out with open jaw:*

Am Rhein! am Rhein!
Da Wachsen unsre Reben, &c. &c.

but a missile brick-bat aimed at the cavity occasioned by the labial retraction, it goes plump down the thorax, and spoils his singing.) Fraser—no relation of the publisher, but he of the *Foreign Review*—will never do, because he curls his hair, keeps a cab., and is a dandy of the first magnitude. (*Fraser looks beautifully irate, his gills taking the delicate hue of the rose, and appearing, as to his whole person, very like a frog in a convulsion.*) Buckingham (*a general hiss*), he, I say, will never do, for he is a

* Lord Nugent, brother of the first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, was for many years a Parliamentary politician of the Whig school, and held the office, for three years, of Lord-High-Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. He was author of "Memorials of Hampden and his Times," and died in 1850. Thomas Gent was a verse-writer, who had been a printer, and contributed, at the time of this "election," to several Annuals.—M.

quack of supremest order. (*Applause.*) Old Kit North will not do, for he is not sedate enough, and is too gouty; besides, the old fellow is getting into his dotage. Tom Campbell will never do, for he is both Cockney and old woman, *breviter*—Old Cockney Queen. He of the *United Service Journal* will not do, for he knows nothing of the principles of grammatical construction. Jerdan it would be a pity to take away from the *Literary Gazette*, for he does his work in so peculiarly superior a manner, that his rival or successor could not easily be found.* There remains but one magazine unmentioned—the *Monthly;* on that head I shall be silent—I stand before you. (*Uproarious cheers.*)

"*Sir, Ladies, and Gentlemen:*—The editor of a magazine should be a divine, a Grecian, a Latinist, a dramatist, an historian, a poet, a novelist, a politician, an orator, an honest, honorable, independent man, a thorough-going ultra-Tory. Under this conviction I have presented myself to your notice, and entreat your support." (*Cheers for forty-five minutes.*)

As Mr. Croly descended from the rostrum, he kicked down Mr. Henry Baylis, who, at the outset, had fainted away against the column, and had continued there in a trance. When the reverend gentleman had taken his seat by the side of the venerable chairman, Mr. Richard Bentley having sidled up to him, and, having plucked him by the ear, whispered, "Mr. Croly, Mr. Croly, don't join Fraser's, we'll make it better worth your while; better write for the first publishers in London, No. 8, New Burlington street,† than for any one second;" at which Mr. Croly, in

* To understand the personal allusions in this paragraph, it must be remembered that, in 1830, Professor Macvey Napier was editor of the *Edinburgh Review* (in succession to Francis Jeffrey)—Lockhart, of the *Quarterly*—Dr. (now Sir John) Bowring, of the *Westminster*—Robert Pierce Gillies, of the *Foreign Quarterly*—Fraser (not the publisher) of the *Foreign Review*—James Silk Buckingham, of the *Oriental Herald*—Wilson, of *Blackwood*—Thomas Campbell, of the *New Monthly Magazine*—Sir John Phillipart, of the *United Service Journal;* and William Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette.*—M.

† For some time Richard Bentley and Henry Colburn were partners (in New Burlington street, London), as publishers. The former founded *Bentley's*, first announced as *The Wits' Miscellany*, and, on mentioning to George Cruikshank that, as the original title might lead the public to expect more wit than its contributors could always supply, received the uncomplimentary reply, "So, you will call it 'Bentley's Miscellany!' I saw, from the first,

indignant fury, gave him a kick, which, raising Colburn's partner from the ground, sent him with a flying curvet right over the immediate heads of the multitude into the great square, where, falling in the midst of a set of mischievous boys, they seized hold of him, and tossed him well in a blanket, and then pumped upon him,

> "And filled his paunch with water like a bag
> Of goat-skin — so the fellow could not wag;
> Had he but been a *duck*, the lymph profuse
> Had harmed him never — Oh most simple Goose!"

Matters were thus situated, when the distant squeaking of a sonorous penny trumpet came reverberating against the pillars tall and stately porticoes of Mr. Soane's mansion. The sound proceeded from exactly the opposite side of the Square, where, our readers may remember, is an immense and massive building called the Surgeons' Hall, or the Hall of Surgeons, having a magnificent portico in front, surmounted by the rueful escutcheon of that slaughtering profession, and accompanied by an inscription in Roman capitals as full of fear as Dante's writing on his hell-gate, *i. e.*

COLLEGIUM REGALE CHIRURGORUM.

On the top of the escutcheon Mr. Thomas Moore had perched his figure, in order that he might the better see the company; but at that altitude his naturally small person was so diminished, that it was indeed, as Milton says, "in size the smallest dwarf." The trumpet was blown by his own "sweet lips," and attached to his own sweet person by a sweet-scented, broad, brinded, bran-new green riband, the ends being clasped together like a true-love knot; while a harp of barbarous and outlandish construction, otherwise Irish, was attached with a gold horse-girth to his back. He preluded on the squeaking penny instrument of melodious sound, and was about to commence an oration to the throng, when Mr. Coleridge arose, in a fit of wonderful enthusiasm, with his eyes in a fierce frenzy rolling, and these were the words he spake:

"Oh heavenly influence of seraphic music!"

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that it would never do to call it 'The *Wits'* Magazine'—but *why* run into the opposite extreme, and give it your own name?"—M.

"In the ancient mythology, it was told that Orpheus, the son of Calliope, having, by the sting of a serpent, inflicted upon his wife Eurydice, as she fled through flowery meads, to avoid the urgent overtures of Aristeus' suit to her, the beautiful and beloved, determined, by strange rites and uncouth incantations, to open the way, as Milton has it, 'Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell.' Having there arrived, by means, the consideration of which I for the present pretermit, he, by the harmonious melody of his instrumental performance, aided by the melodious harmony of his vocal execution, drew, as Mr. Alexander Pope says, 'iron tears down Pluto's cheek.' This very phrase being a proof that the said Mr. Pope was no poet—a man not possessed of the vision and the faculty divine—who never could have written the *Emblems of Quarles*, or the other great poems in which the soul of poetry lies entranced—how could ever such a person as Mr. Pope, whom I have proved to be no poet, say that tears ran down Pluto's *cheek?* Did the God of Hell, therefore, weep only from one eye, which rained the siderous torrent of woe—the iron sleet of *teary* shower—while the other was dry and juiceless as an essay of my friend William Hazlitt.*

"But to depart from the mean consideration of persons who could not write poetry, to go back to the topic from which first I started, namely, the power of the Orphic music, so let me remark is every music. The wonder-working notes of the Orphean lyre drew after them beasts, and brutes, and savages, and trees, and stocks, and stones, dancing like Abyssinian maids, singing of Mount Abora;† and by this is prefigured, that the soul of man, raised by high and holy emotions—I wish I had a glass of brandy

* One of these Essays was an eulogistic account, entitled "My First Acquaintance with Poets," of the commencement of Hazlitt's personal knowledge of Coleridge. Hazlitt died in 1830, leaving behind him the reputation of having been the best dramatic critic of his time.—M.

† Coleridge's poetical fragment, called "Kubla Khan; or a Vision in a Dream"—composed (he averred) in sleep—has the following lines:—

> "A damsel with a dulcimer
> In a vision once I saw:
> It was an Abyssinian maid,
> And on a dulcimer she played,
> Singing of Mount Abora."—M.

and water—(*it appears in the hand of a plebeian—body unknown—Mr. Coleridge drinks*)—thank you, sir—high and holy emotions, to a participation with higher powers above, at last, rising by prescribed degrees, as in the notes of the gamut, ascends from harmony to harmony, until the transcendental philosophy of the ages of thought, soaring through the misty cloud of time, should envelope it by the music of nature, that

> 'Divinest potency
> Which, from the earth upsoaring to the heavens,
> Fills the whole concave; and the angel clouds,
> Dimming the north horizon to the south,
> Spread radiance.'

So that—I wish I had something to drink—(*the hand presents a glass of brandy and water—hand vanishes—so does brandy and water.*)—So that—when I was editor of the *Morning Post*, and the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte said that he declared war solely on my account,* and I, like the illustrious John Dennis, was the sole excepted person from a party, of which the characters were—(*another glass of brandy and water*)—but I desist—for when, as Plato says, fact is reason, reason is not fact. I am dumb now—silent—because I know of old that my brains have been sucked for articles. I mention nobody but Pygmalion Hazlitt.† However, when the sun arises to-morrow, and with its beam gladdens town and tree, and field and hill, and when the little birds, opening their cheerful bills, cry—(*another glass of brandy and water—supplied as before*)—open their cheerful bills, and cry forth their cheerful sounds indicative of spring, then do we think of music—the heavenly maid that was young when Collins, a very middling poet, because his books sold, wrote about her."

* One of Coleridge's delusions, begotten of self-conceit and opium, was that Napoleon's antipathy to England sprung from his indignation at sundry anti-Jacobin leading articles which he (Coleridge) had contributed to a London newspaper called the *Morning Post*.—M.

† One of Hazlitt's later works, apparently written under some strong mental excitement and delusion, was a sort of autobiography, entitled "Liber Amoris; or the New Pygmalion." It was coarsely noticed, with considerable piquancy and virulence, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and other Tork periodicals.—M.

A vast clamor of Moore's countrymen, of the injured and abused, but most hard-working and hard-drinking, seven, or ten, or fifteen, or any other number of millions they please to call themselves, immediately arose. "Ay," said a gentleman of the press, redolent of gin and Galway, "thare's the rale janius! Thare you are Tom, my ould poet, small as you look, that's worth a carload of them other *feelughs*.* Ar'n't you the youth that writ of the glories of Brian the Brave, ere her toothless sons betrayed her, when Malachi stole a bushel of gold, that he sould to a Dublin glazier.† Open your potatoe-trap, Tom, my ould wizzened John Apple, with the red strake and the deep wrinkle."

"Why, then," observed another operative from the sister country, "if you want the gentleman to spake, you might as well hould your tongue. Ar'n't you come here for to ripport?"

This observation of the hod-carrier, for such he was (his name is Larry Sweeny), silenced the man of the quill, and Mr. Moore was allowed to commence:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—The honor to which I aspire would make even the dumb eloquent, as the sea-shell, mute and tuneless upon the shore, when brought close to the ear of beauty or of wit, breathes forth the murmurs of exquisite music. Between us and the booksellers there should be an intimate union of that sort as there is between the elk, whom I have mentioned in one of my poems, and the insect which fattens upon his brains.‡ Not that death always ensues from the connexion, for often has the graceful fable of antiquity been verified in my own instance; the gold showered by them into my lap has produced that which could arm

* Inquire of Dr. Dinnish Lardner.

† Moore's countryman did not *exactly* quote Moore's words. He probably alluded to the Irish melody commencing

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader."—M.

‡ In the "Lines on the Death of Sheridan":—*ex: gr.*

"In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
On the brains of the elk till his very last sigh:—
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die."—M.

itself with the hissing malignity of the serpent, and endeavor at least, by the borrowed qualities of its stony glance, to strike into dumbness and inaction the princes at whose table its owner had enjoyed the eleemosynary banquet. You know, ladies and gentlemen, I allude to the fable of Danaë and her son Perseus."

A murmur arose among the Hibernians. "As for Danahy," said the gentleman of the press, already eloquent, "I knew the Widow Danahy well. She was a very dacent, drunken sort of woman, who kep' the sign of the Cock and Breeches, in Tralee; and kep' it well too; but the devil a shower of goold I ivir hard of her getting, barrin' the tenpennies, when they'd come thick and threefould upon her, in 'lection time, or the like. Faith, I see, Tom's romancing upon us. But he spakes fine — them's purty sintinces, only they've no maning, which is the beauty of all."

Tom, of course, did not from his airy elevation — (his high *clift*, as Mr. Rogers called it out of compliment to the curator,* who, as indeed is his son also, is a very good little fellow; truth extorts this panegyric) and continued:—"If I be perched aloft, so is a weathercock, 'turning as the turning wind, with shifting most sincere.' Where can you find any body, who, like me, has sung praises and poured forth slanders with equal impartiality on every party? Who has kept secrets and betrayed secrets with the same facility and for the same reason? Who has written prose and stolen poetry all for the one motive? Who has published the life of a friend to his disgrace, and who has suppressed the life of a friend to his disgrace,† stimulated by the same desire? In a word, I am what I said Sheridan's mind was, a peacock's tail, green from the original color of my politics, but most decidedly colored by gold in every particular feather." (*Loud applause.*)

The Gentleman of the Press.—"Well, if that ar'n't as good a sintince as I ever hard"—

Another Gentleman of the Press.—"At the Ould Bailey."

First Gentleman.—"Hould in your wit, my polished-off shaver. If it a'n't as good a sintince as I ever hard at the Historical

* Of the Museum in the Royal College of Surgeons.—M.

† "Taking the Life" of Sheridan (as George IV. said), and burning the autobiography of Byron.—M.

Society,* I'm contínted to be called a soft-horned bull, which is, by interpretation, a jackass."

Third Gentleman.—"I'm feared as how he prigged that ere out of his Life of Sheridan."

First Gentleman.—"Which was as thieving a life as ever was writ; and there's Charley Sheridan, the rispictible individle that he is, that has never laid so much as the thong of a horsewhip over Tom's shoulders; which, considering all things, shews him to be a Christian youth, and one who does not wear black, or blue, or green, or yellow, or red feathers in his cap."

A tumult here arose.

Mr. Moore having lost his balance, fell smack on the ground, and fractured his skull; happily for his friends and the public at large, without loss of brains; so that his Life of Byron may be completed.† Here Mr. Jerdan gracefully offered to read a letter which the publisher of the Magazine had placed in his hands for that purpose, apologising, with low bow, for his imperfect pronunciation of the Scotch.

Mount Benger,‡ first of April, 1830.

"Mr. J. Fraser,

"Dear Sir—I sit down to endite an answer to your very civil notification addressed in general to all the literawtee and men of genios; which is to inform you, first and foremost, that I am at present in good health, thank God for it, hoping these few lines will find you in the same.

"Before I proceed to the pith of my particular biziness, I must tell you, Mr. Fraser, that really ye have putten out a most extraordinar clever Magazine. How in the worl hae ye managed to get up a cookery of such clever writting, when it's weel known that there is no soul out of the Modern Awthens can make the least scart wi' a pen? Ye maun hae got clever fallows either in or frae Embro' to write every word o't, that's what every body here says, for naething can be done, as all mankind admit, but

* The Historical Society of Dublin, long the cradle of Irish eloquence.—M.

† In May, 1830, where the above was written, only the first volume of Moore's Life of Byron had been published.—M.

‡ The Ettrick Shepherd went to reside on the farm of Mount Benger, soon after his marriage (in 1820), where he continued several years.—M.

what we do ourselves just here, or rather there, as I am now at the Mount, in that wonderfu' place o' lair an' smeddum, the great Awthens: and so, Mr. Fraser, in spite o' my besetting failing, that lamentable back-standing, back-o'-the door mim modesty of mine, that has sae lang keeped me hinging wi' my hinder-end to the wa', I am determined to come forward with the lave, and not only to write for your new Magazine, but I am sure ye'll be most delighted to get me for your Yeditor. As for my qualifications, Mr. Fraser, and my tawlents, and my jenios, in every particular o' the literary line, frae the simple penning o' a bawbee ballad to the drawing up of an able article on Houghmagandy, it's perfectly oonneecessary for me to say one single word. Ye hae na lived to this time o' day, Mr. Fraser, without some knowledge of what I'm gude for.

"But there's a word or twa that I hae to say to you, Mr. Fraser, but it must be entirely *ankther noo* (that's gude French) —for it is specially aboot my ain affairs, and which, as ye ar o' the Fraser's clan, an' can, of course, keep a secret, ye'll be sure not to allow to spunk out on ony consideration. Ye see the plain fack is, Mr. Fraser, that I am very badly situated about Embro', for there are a wheen wild fallows that cohabit thegether, round aboot a certain Magazine, that hae really been using me very ill of late. A *leetle* freedom I like myself, but when thae blackguards can get a catch of me, an' get me hawl'd into Awmrose's public-hoose, they set upon me with such tricks, and talk to me such misbecoming language, an' make such a perfect deevil o' me, that neither man nor mortal can stand it any longer.* Besides that, they are apt to get so beastly drunk, and often gavaul about the room in such an unseemly manner, that I am perfectly black ashamed to be in their company; and, in short, I perceive my character to be going fast, as any one may see with half an ee, if I don't speedily get out from amongst them. So, Mr. Fraser, if ye can encourage me to go up to Lunon, by making me the Shepherd o' thae literary sheep that have already begun to bleat so bravely about your Magazine, I'll do my best to lay lustily

* Hogg occasionally complained of the liberties taken with his name, as well as the words put into his mouth, but was rather proud than otherwise of the prominence given to him in the NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.—M.

about me on its behalf, and to kick and cuff away all the small fry of literary dogs and puppy curs that yelp and bark about a decent Yeditor, to the annoyance and bamboozlement of the regular sheep.

"As for what we ca' the terms o' the bargain, an' the emoluments, an' so forth, I think, Mr. Fraser ye'll find me not ill to deal with. My way is, that if ye gie me plenty o' praise, I'm no to say extraordinar greedy o' siller. An' then ye see, as to my keeping, I'm not at all nice about my meat, if I only get plenty o't. But I maun aye hae a drap o' gude Scotch whisky in the greybeard in the corner: however, I'm a sober man, an' if the aqua be strong, I can do with a single anker in the week for my ain drinking; but company days an' wat nights will require, as ye know, an extra steeping. For the matter o' my on-putting, ye see, Mr. Fraser, I maun aye hae twa pair o' tap boots at a time, the taen to relieve the tither, an' a rough Dandie Dinmont coat, in good repair, for the slabbery weather. But as for the indispensables, I can assure you that one pair o' leather breeks will last me an enormous time, although they be apt to get gleeted at the knees—unless, indeed, such a mishanter should happen them as fell upon my last pair, the like of which I hope never to encounter again. The fack was, it was on one night that I was going home from Awmrose's (it's no for me, Mr. Fraser, to be very particular about the condition that that villanous squad had put me into), but, in wandering hameward, where would ye think I should happen to fall, in crossing a waste-looking place, but plump to the neck into a tan-hole!—and by the time I had got scrambled out frae 'mang the hides, and the stuff began to dry on me, the tan and the leather had such a mutual effect, that, in order to relieve my unfortunate hurdies, I was obliged to uncase myself with a pen-knife, and that was the end of my gude leather breeches.

"But to bring to a close this longish letter, which I have used the freedom, Mr. Fraser, to write out to you so fully, I would really wuss ye could make me your Yeditor, an' get me out o' that vile Embro'; for, to tell you the plain truth, Mr. Ebony himsel is a shabby perendioughty body, an' I dinna like him, an' him and me are aye casting in an' casting out, an' flyting an' glunshing at ane

anither; an' though that self-conceited, auld, doited body, Maister North, whyles gets us brought together ower the bottle, an' to make a fine fracaw an' kiss an' embrace ane anither when we're fou, yet ye ken, Mr. Fraser, that's no exactly like a cordial reconcilement. But when I come to Lunon I'll tell you a' about it; an' so I remain your's, "JAMES HOGG."

Mr. Allan Cunningham,* on behalf of the publisher, now arose, and begged to read the following communication:

"TO THE PROPRIETOR OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

"SIR—Having seen an advertisement in this month's Number of your Magazine, for a competent person to fill the office of its Editor, and that the election will depend upon the qualifications of the candidates, I presume very boldly to put myself forward, and do assert, without fear of contradiction, that my abilities and qualities fully justify me in saying, that I am the fittest person of any who may now, or ever shall offer themselves; and if you miss this opportunity of filling the office, you will ever rue it. I don't know who may come forward, and I don't care, for I am your man; for, take notice, I am a great liar, a barefaced blackguard, and am superlatively versed in the low-lifed slang of *John Bull*† and *Blackwood*—I have the impudence of the devil, and, as you may suppose, will lie through thick and thin; in fact, I am the counterpart of old Christy North; need I say any more? As to terms, we shan't quarrel about *them*. A line left at your publisher's will be sufficient. You will, doubtless, close with me quickly, in order to have my aid for the June Number, or else, I doubt, you will find a greater falling off than ever.—Yours, lovingly, "MEPHISTOPHILES."

(*Tremendous hissing. Mephistophiles was discovered skulking in the outskirts of the crowd, when some Billingsgate fishwomen*

* Allan Cunningham, who was poet, novelist, art-critic, and biographer, was a Scotchman, scarcely less remarkable, as a self-taught literary man, than Hogg. He died in 1842.—M.

† The *John Bull*, a London weekly newspaper started in 1820, to attack Queen Caroline (then under trial for adultery, at the instance of George IV., her husband), was most scurrilous, on personal character and party politics, under the editorship of Theodore Hook, the celebrated wit and novelist.—M.

caught hold of him, and used him so roughly that his tail was finally rooted out of his fundament. On this the furious, though impotent devil, roared like a mad town bull, and took to his heels in a westerly direction, followed, however, by the shouting Billingsgate fishwives, who pelted him all the way with mud, until he dived down the area steps of the publishers in New Burlington street, and hid himself in the coal cellar. Presently the little owner of the house made his appearance, and assured the fishwives, with much stammering and stuttering, that the gentleman whom they sought was, on his honor, not in his house. It appeared that the hunted devil and this gentleman were friends. After much delay, the mob dispersed.)

"Mr. Chairman," said a gentleman in a blue military coat, deeply frogged, and an incomparable specimen of the art of that great artist Burghart, of Clifford street. "Mr. Chairman," said he: he was a tall, thin gentleman, with a broad face, and most luxuriant curls, the former the gift of nature, the latter of art.* "Mr. Chairman, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, and awe-struck as I feel by the galaxy of genius which I see conglomerated around, it is not wonderful that the national diffidence of my country should co-operate with the natural diffidence of myself in rendering me nervous and confused. It is one of my maxims — my name, Mr. Chairman, is O'Doherty — my Christian appellation, Morgan — my style that of baronet — in plain English, or Irish, for I shall not stick at trifles, I am Sir Morgan O'Doherty. (*Tremendous cheers from all sides.*) Sir Morgan O'Doherty, whose name is *super æthera notus*, known beyond the Isle of Sky. You want an Editor, you tell us, sir; as my friend Byron used to say, 'an uncommon want,' when every rascally magazine and review can furnish one cut and dry, salted and packed, wholesale, retail, and for exportation. For my own part, I have written for all sorts, kinds, manners, and persuasions of periodicals, and I find them all pretty much the same — very considerable damned deal of humbug in the internal regulation of their affairs. *Experto*

* This description of Sir Morgan O'Doherty (the peruque excepted) was that of a person exactly the reverse of Maginn, "the original Jacobs" of that *Eidolon*. The speech is also as much *out* of Maginn's manner as it is *in* that of the standard-bearer — of the Magazine.—M.

crede. Aye, by the God of War! *expertissimo.* If I wished to swear, which I do not, I'd take an affidavit before Birnie, a very decent sort of man, and a particular friend of mine—I remember him a journeyman sadler, when I was in the 88th; and I patronized him for a bridle, for which he has several times asked me to pay him, and always, in the most gentlemanlike manner, taken my bill, and renewed it. I say I'd take my *davy* (Hibernicè—I talk St. Giles's) that the management of these concerns is what, in the classical language of the Holy Land,* would be called six of the one, and half a dozen of the other. There's North, a drunken old dog, coming rather toward his last legs: he has seen a damned deal of life though, talks big and blusters; but, what's the real matter in hand amongst gentlemen contributors? Listen, open and erect your ears, prick them up skyward, and, by Jove, if you are the fellows who write magazines regularly, you have them of sufficient extent—long measure, as they say in the Psalms. (*Disapprobation.*) Wait, you plebeians! I say what is the main question? How does he pay? (*Thunders of applause.*) Ay, ay. (*Hear, hear! from Ainsworth, Austen, Miss Bowles, Crofty Croker, Croly, Crowe, Dunlop, Doubleday, Galt, Rev. T. Hughes, Mrs. Hemans, Captain Hamilton, Lord Lowther's Johnson, Lockhart, James Macqueen, Doctor Maginn, Delta Moir, David Robinson, Rev. Mr. ———,† Alaric Watts, Charles Molloy Westmacott, and others.*) How does he pay, my cocks, my castors, my covies, my quill-driving ladies and gentlemen? Shall I answer in a word, or rather in two words? (*Aye, aye.*) Why, then, hear the answer, he pays DEVILISH BADLY—it will out. (*Loud shouts from the indignant contributors—a d—— shame.*) Then there's my friend Colburn, a nice little fellow, who rubs his hands and talks half-sentences, a worthy little man, whom I remember meeting in Hampstead with as neat a piece of goods, on the sly, as a man could wish to see of a summer's day, or a

* That part of London, now known as New Oxford street (an extension of De Quincy's "stony-hearted" into Holburn, by a straight line), was cut through that part of St. Giles's called "The Rookery," *alias* "The Holy Land"—because it was a vast den of vice, like *lucus a non lucendo*—long and densely colonized by the lower class of Irish.—M.

† The Rev. G. R. Gleig, whose first work ("The Subaltern"), was published, as a serial, in *Blackwood.*—M.

winter's night. And Bentley, a stout, square, double-rigged Cockney, talking Fleet street against the world—a respectable man, for whom I have a great esteem. What do they pay? (*Hear, hear! from Ayrton, Banim, Miss Browne, Bulwer, Lady Charlotte Bury, Tom Campbell, Dixon, Forbes* (*William Henry Hay*), *Billy Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, Morgan the Knight, Mother Morgan, Oliver, Patmore, Paul Pry Puddle, Cy. Redding, Penenden Sheil, James Smith, Horace Smith, Count Tims, and the remainder.*) Again, I reply, shy and shabby. (*Adhesion from the left centre.*) Once more, finally, and to conclude. There's Baylis, put him to the test. (*Hear from Ambrose, Apicius Arnot, Geoffery Burge, Croly, Deacon, Harriet, Hook, Leeds, Mac Entaggert, Markland, Sir Richard Philips, Ikey Solomons, Ex-Sheriff Whittaker, Whitehead, and so on.*) Ay! bray away! louder, again! go it my British calves, as my friend Colonel Conyers called the Essexians. He pays *ill*, decidedly ill; and is as bad as Blackwood in taking *gratis* articles. (*Murmurs of shame, shame, from the extreme right.*) When I was a youth I read in books of rhetoric that a pause in a speech is conducive to grace. So it is. I agree with Aristotle. Here, boy (*addressing Jesse*), you are young, and have written a pretty book, half of it, I am told, polished up by my friend Wilson Croker: it is a good book, full of neat verses, without sense or reason, but in real rhyme, which gingles and rattles like a bunch of keys—you'll improve in time, Jesse, my father of David. Here, I say, Mary of Scots, go across to my friend Thomas Wood's late Macknevin's, round the corner, chuck between Clare Market and Clement Danes *Gravery*,* and bring me a pot of porter, mild, and not brewed by a Whig—d—— the Whigs. As for the coppers, Jesse, fork them forth yourself, my jolly poet—I carry no brass, except where it is ornamental as well as useful. (*Jesse, in great confusion, fumbles in his pockets, but without success.*) Ay, I see what Shakespeare remarks is true,

> "You may call coppers out of Jesse's pocket,
> But they won't come."

* This public-house, in one of the worst parts of London (but with the advantage of contiguity to the theatres and the principal newspaper offices in the Strand), really was one of Maginn's own favorite haunts.—M.

(*Loud laughter.*) Well, Whittaker, Teacher, and Arnot,* you must stand Sam. (*Hint taken, and Jesse being furnished with the pence produces the quaff, which is forthwith devoured by the Ensign, who resumes.*) *There* is a pause, a pause rhetorical—

'Now, with transition sweet,'

as the late Mr. Milton, of Jewin street, observes, I renew my speech. No tropes and figures—no balderdash of blarneyfied botheration; but plain matter-of-fact and reason. Here's what I say. What is principle? ask Goulburn. What is consistency? ask Peel. What is honesty? asked Dawson.† What is the government of England? ask ———, but I refrain. What is it I am talking about? I forget. Why should not I forget this my one speech, as well as our ministers forget all theirs? (*No razon in life, my trump, from Mr. J. W. Croker.*) Here, then, make me Editor, hand over the halfpence, post the browns; and if I do not make you an Editor fit for the prince of periodicals, you may call me Velluti, or Lord Ellenborough‡—a nobleman who is a particular friend of mine, for whom I have an especial respect, derived from a long and intimate acquaintance with his numerous virtues, public and private. Have I said enough? I hope so; for, by the God of War, I'll say no more. Here, little Planché, bring me another pot. (*Planché runs off like a hunted devil—applause from all sides, in the midst of which the voices of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Bishops Bloomfield, Burgess, Coplestone, Van Mildert, &c., Campbell, Croly, Lord Eldon, Rev. G. S. Faber, Lockhart, Tom Moore, Sir Walter Scott, Rev. G. Townsend, Dr. Wordsworth, Sir Charles Wetherell, and many other distinguished characters, are predominant.*)

After an hour's uproarious applause, PROFESSOR WILSON and HENRY COLBURN rose at the same moment.

* London publishers.—M.

† Henry Goulburn was Chancellor of the Exchequer in May, 1830; Peel was Home Secretary; his brother-in-law, George Robert Dawson, was Secretary of the Treasury. The trio had *ratted* on the Catholic question in 1829.—M.

‡ Lord Ellenborough, afterwards Viceroy of India, held office, at this time, under "The Duke," as a Cabinet Minister. There was malice, as well as mendacity, in associating his name with that of Velluti, ex-vocalist of the Sistine chapel at Rome.—M.

We were mistaken in saying that Mr. Professor Wilson arose with Mr. Colburn. The gentleman who made the simultaneous movement with the New Burlington publisher, was Mr. Christopher North, who mounted the column with the assistance of his crutch, and then commenced.

"*Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen:*—I rise to address you under feelings which are almost too overpowering for utterance. My name is Mr. Christopher North—that is, I am called Mister by those who are not within the circle of familiarity—Christopher by those who are but a few paces advanced before the line of demarcation that separates familiarity from distance; and Kit by those who sit hob and nob with me at Ambrose's, and get royally drunk in the blue parlor of that house of entertainment. Sir, you cannot be surprised to see me here—my duty to myself and to the ancient Ebony* calls me to this spot, and I am at my post to defend the character of both the one and the other.

"The fame of this meeting first drew me unto this southern district; and, without a sigh, I relinquished the delights of Ambrose, and the fascinations of Ebony; the bland conversation of the Tickler, the *tudesque* fumigations of the philosophy of the devourer of opium, and the rhapsodising extravagance of the Shepherd of the Mount of Benger. (*Disapprobation from Fraser the Publisher, Fraser, his namesake, Picken, Galt, Molloy Westmacott, Lord F. L. Gower, Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., Dr. Maginn, Barry Cornwall, Lord Glengall, William Jerdan, Mastigopheros Holmes, Parson Edwards, and other contributors.*)

* The idea of fixing the *sobriquet* of EBONY on the publisher of "Blackwood's Magazine" (who lived at 17 Prince's street, Edinburgh), originated with the Ettrick Shepherd, one of whose verses, in the opening chapter of THE CHALDEE MANUSCRIPT, ended thus, "And I saw his name, and the number of his name; and his name was as if it had been the color of ebony, and his number was the number of a maiden, when the days of the years of her virginity have expired." Blackwood died in 1834. Professor Wilson ("Christopher North") so long the main support of the Magazine, survived him nearly twenty years. "The Tickler," mentioned in North's speech, was Mr. Robert Syme, his maternal uncle, who contributed to Maga under the signature of "Timothy Tickler," and died in 1844, at the ripe age of ninety-four.—M.

"I beg pardon—I find I have offended where I should, after the manner of Ebony's Magazine, have endeavored to please and to tickle the humor of the fastidious. I shall, therefore, speak in more seemly terms of the excellent Shepherd, and treat him always hereafter with more respect at our Ambrosian Debauches. (*Bravo, bravo!*) Ladies and Gentlemen, give me your patient hearing for the exposition of my grievances.

"I have received hard usage of this Fraser's Magazine. I have been betrayed and insulted. Old dotard has been the name bestowed upon Christopher North, of the Ambrosian Triumphs.* Old dotard! and—O ye Gods and Goddesses! O Nelson's pillar and Arthur's Seat!† O Ebony's holy countenance and munificent hand! and O Buchanan's wiseacre and wooden head and shoulders,‡ affixed to Maga's dowdy cover!—the sky fell not on the head of the miscreant who applied to me that word of abuse and infamy! Why, Sir, not to trace up Maga's brilliancies to too distant a source—what number of any magazine, past, present, and to come, could, has, shall, might, would, should, can or may rival with even the last fasciculus of that excellent, superlative, incomparable, incomprehensible journal. (*A sudden, general, and overwhelming guffaw, and Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, he! Ho, hu! He, he!—burst forth from the whole company, followed by a sisserari and cries of "Hear the old laker, by goles!" "No blarney!" "No hoaxing!" "Down with the old prig!" "Toss over the old literary coxcomb!" "Douse his glims!" "Have at his bread-basket!" "Knock out his grinders!" "Uncork his claret bottle!" These vociferations were accompanied by a volley of missiles, which broke every window of Mr. Soane's stately mansion, and did considerable damage to Christopher's nasal promontory. The old fogey is dislodged from his elevation. Every indication of a popular tumult. The Duke of Wellington, who was seated at one of the windows, enjoying the motley scene, rose up immediately, and, first leaping on the back, crawled to the shoulders of*

* The "Noctes Ambrosianæ."—M.

† A public monument in, and a somewhat lofty hill close to, the city of Edinburgh.—M.

‡ Every reader of *Blackwood* will remember the effigies of old George Buchanan on the olive-tinted cover.—M.

Sir George Murray, in order to gain as commanding a height as possible; whence, grinning in bitter malice, like a baboon from the back of a mountebank's bear, he waved his hand to his understrapper, the Baronet in attendance on the other side of the Square. The Baronet instantly charged on the bellowing mob with a set of the new police. After a furious battle, silence was once more obtained; when the Great Captain of the age exclaimed, "Mount again, North!" and behold North mounted again, spite of his gouty leg, and as nimble as a cockchafer.*)

"Sir and Gentlemen—I really know not why the mention of Maga should have occasioned such a loud and universal laugh. Is not Maga's fame as wide as

'The vast Pacific to th' Atlantic joined?—'

Is not its fame comparable to the celebrity of that Trojan of many woes, whose name was, as Maro informs us, 'super æthera notus?' (*A "Ha, Ha, Ha!" commenced by the crowd—the great Commander held up his little finger, and the laugh was stifled into a subdued titter.*) Aye, I say it again, 'super æthera notus;' and I may well say so, and proudly, for I—I am the man who have achieved, for Maga, all her most memorable victories. 'Adsum qui feci.' (*Hear—hear—hear!*) I assert, in the words of the mighty Roman, set forth in the Eton Latin Grammar—'Meâ unius operâ rempublicam esse salvam.' I have put annually into Ebony's pocket the sum of seven thousand pounds sterling.

"It is well known that the dispersion of his Magazine is Ebony's grand and only care; and it is also well known that that dispersion is calculated at fifteen thousand copies. (*Hear, hear!—Bravo! what a clencher!—fudge!—hear, &c.*) I say again—coolly—deliberately—conscientiously—and if Ebony were here (*Ebony slily slips away from the foot of the column*), he would, no doubt, take his affidavit (as Old Bailey witnesses do when they mistake their thumb-nail for the book.)—(*Aside.*) Hem—

* Sir George Murray, one of the Peninsular commanders under "The Duke," and Colonial Secretary in his government in 1828–'30. He died in 1846. "The Baronet" so contemptuously mentioned here as "in attendance on the other side of the Square," was Sir Robert Peel, who had succeeded to the title of Baronet early in May, 1830.—M.

he—e-e-em. Where is Ebony, to take his 'davit?—ah! he is not here—he is 'non est inventus,' as the sheriff's officers have it. However I am the maximus Pelides, the Ανηρ Ανδρων, as saith the blind Mæonian—of Maga the great, the illustrious, the magnificent, the jovial, the witty, the poetical, the best of periodicals: of Maga, which to give you entertainment, hath ranged over every land, from the Alleghany altitudes and the Andean steeps, to the Himalaya mountains and the Siberian wilds, and, leaping over the narrow channel of the Baltic, hath embraced, in its critical ken, the whole distance from the ice-ribbed shores of Spitsbergen, to the laughing loveliness of the Mediterranean waters. (*Cheers.*) It has been every where, and dared every obstacle and hardship.

'Quidlibet audendi semper fuit magna potestas.'

"It has been the champion of the liberties of Englishmen; it has thwarted and exposed the measures of political oppression; it has been the never-wearying, ever-earnest antagonist of infidelity and atheism; it has been the corner-stone of our church establishment; it has denounced the subverters of the rights of Englishmen, the prostitutors of honor, the base, knavish, lying sycophants of power, the shameless tricksters, the ignominious trimmers, the vile shufflers, the rogues, the scamps, the idiots, the bullies, the insensate politicians, and the hoary-headed, venerable, and would-be-reverend bench of traitors to God and to man, who have, severally and collectively, been the sorry theme for the boastful trumpet of fame during the last year of our political existence. (*"Hear, hear!—Go it, North!—Twist away, my fine fellow!—No blarney!—Question, question," &c. &c. from all sides.*)

"Question, question, do you say? I am coming to the question, but it must be in my own manner; I must do it by expatiating largely and twaddling, as is Maga's custom, not of an afternoon, but morning, noon, and night. Speak as you will, vociferate as you may, but Maga's unprecedented sale of eighteen thousand, (*hear, hear!*) proves it to be of the right stuff; and not such wishy-washy, low, contemptible, dirty, filthy, abusive trash as you may see in every page of every number of Fraser's Magazine,

which the writers have been pleased to name Regina—by the flowing beard of Edrehi the Jew, whom I see cheek by jowl there, with Robert Grant,* the friend of Jews—Regina, did I say, or rather, do they say? Pish! a crowing cock on its own fine dunghill, rather; or as much Regina as the Duchess of St. Alban's is Queen of the territory of Almack's.† (*Hissing, disapprobation, and uproar.*) You may hiss and bray, but I care not, I am bold in my integrity—my innocence—my strength. Have I not been abused? has not the term dotard been flung in my face? and by whom? Ah! "that was the unkindest blow of all." By the Signifer!‡—Aye, by all our past potations of glowing and heart-expanding toddy, by all our past hours of innocent tricks and gambols, of innocuous exhilaration and exceeding mirth—I have been abused by him whom I honored for his capacious maw and expansive gullet—by him whose power of consuming the substantial dainties of the table—roast beef and boiled beef, tripes, collops, and broiled kidnies, goose and green gosling, fowls roast and boiled, and capons of larger and smaller degree, with those other winged and volant creatures, with plumage glancing with emerald sheen when kissed by the slanting rays of the sun, whether orient or at its zenith, or ere it plunges its sweating limbs into the refrigerating and refreshing bath of the occidental wave—that is to say, ducks, whether tame, or wild, or full grown, or in the tender state of ducklingship; and partridge, snipe, pheasant, grouse, ptarmigan, black cock, and cock of the wood, and cassiowary:—whose power of annihilating these substantial dainties (though I have said nothing about fish, pastry, or kickshaws), as well as of also consuming liquids of all kinds and characters, from humble port to imperial tokay—from London porter to the

* Robert Grant (brother of the present Lord Glenelg, Colonial Secretary under the Whigs), had made a vain effort, in the House of Commons, to obtain the removal of the civil disabilities to which the Jews are subjected in England.—M.

† The Duchess of St. Albans (formerly Mrs. Coutts, and an ex-actress) possessed the wealth of princes, but found herself scarcely tolerated by the *haute noblesse* among whom her marriage with a pennyless Duke had placed her.—M.

‡ O'Doherty—the standard-bearer. At this time Maginn was on the editorial staff of the *Standard*, a leading Tory newspaper in London.—M.

punch of Glasgow, the queen of cities—not only excited my esteem, but my veneration; not only riveted my heart to him in the closest links of good fellowship and brotherhood, but compelled me to look upon him as the glorious pattern for my career of life, and the illustrious example in all matters of cœnic revelry and tipsified jollification. Yes, I say it with sorrow, I have been abused, insulted, betrayed, called ugly, scandalous names by the great Dohertiades. *Heu pietas, heu prisca fides*, and let me add, *invictaque dextra raisendo ad throatum pocula!* The truth of the standard-bearer is departed for ever, and, in the emphatic words of one who knew human nature wofully and well—I mean the great Bombastes Furioso—let me add—

'Man's boasted constancy is all my eye!' (*Cheers.*)

"Even if I had not been joined formerly in friendship to the man whom I have named, I could not have expected this treatment at his foul-tongued mouth. To be called a dotard!—I, Christopher North, who have written up Ebony's Maga to a circulation of twenty thousand copies. (*Hear, hear! and loud laughter. Duke gives a look, and laughter instantly subdued.*)

"Infirmity of limb does not argue infirmity of mind; even the podagra and chiragra, however severe, have not incapacitated the intellect or shorn the beams of my ambrosian genius. If so, the pleasant Tickler, and the Eater of Opium, and the Shepherd of Ettrick, would never have allowed me to continue chairman during our mænadic jollifications in the blue chamber of our cœnic displays:—if so, Edina would not still take pride in being the birthplace of Maga, and Maga's praises would not be shouted from pole to pole and around the wide girdle of the earth; nor would anxious and expectant nations devour five and twenty thousand copies of each one of her matchless numbers! (*Hear, hear! and cheers, mixed with titters and stifled laughter.*)

"And now, having, according to my usual custom, said one word in praise of Ebony, and twenty in praise of myself; having, by this very address vindicated my intellect from the charge of dotage; I shall descend from this column with that secret satisfaction which is the best reward for the honest discharge of duty. Had I left the accusation uncontroverted, it had been a libel on

Ebony, whose intelligence is wonderful, for a bookseller; whose munificence hath passed into a proverb. 'He hath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity.' So that men mention his name with reverence: indeed they shall speak in the same breath, of Alfred the Just, and Howard the Philanthropist, and Edina's Ebony the Munificent! The unrefuted accusation had also been a libel on yourselves, whose great intelligence has upholden Maga in so unprecedented a degree, and who monthly devour the astonishing number of six and thirty thousand of her copies. (*Hear.*)

"As for the Standard-bearer, he *was* my friend, but I tear his image from my heart, and cast it from me. And yet the recollection of our boon-companionship was sweet to dwell on. It has been with me as with the immortal poet of our own land.

> 'Still o'er the scene my memory wakes,
> And fondly broods with miser care!
> Time but th' impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear.'

"But our friendship is in the predicament of the city of Troy—'Troja fuit!'—I bury the name of Dohertiades in oblivion—I trample our former intimacy to the dust. I will not honor him with my scorn—but will extend to him the boon of my contempt. (*Hear, hear! Cheers, &c.*)

"It is in vain for the miscreants of Fraser's Magazine to aim their bravo-blows at the glorious Maga of Ebony the Munificent, whose genius, gifted with superhuman energies, expands its resplendent wings, and, shaking off the dust and dross of frail and impotent humanity, rises aloft from the Finite to the Infinite, and loves to wander amongst the extatic meads of imparadised and immortal asphodel of a purer and blissful region; and then, after a short sojourn in that glorious clime, descends again (in charity) to the earth, to distribute its collected treasures of poetry and wisdom throughout the closely printed pages of Ebony's publication. (*Immense cheers.*) The bravos of Fraser's Magazine are powerless, as they are mischievous. The men are weak—the malice of their pen is defeated in its lack of gall and bitterness. They are like the hero of Dryden—

'Who was too warm on picking work to dwell,
And faggotted his notions as they fell;
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well:
Spiteful he was not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes *some thinking* to ill nature!'

"They may rail, and bluster, and abuse, and vilify, and bespatter with dirt, which would be thought of too befouling a quality for even the not over-delicate fingers of a Billingsgate fishwife. (*A huge dab of mud douses the sparkle of Christopher's left eye, and nearly upsets him from his eminence. Two or three Billingsgaters, returned from the pursuit of Mephistophiles, manifest an inclination to show fight, but are prevented by the Duke's police. Ebony having got a mop, cleanses the adhesive impurities from Christopher's sinister ogle, exclaiming several times during the operation, "Ma gudeness, Kit, wha could hae opined ye wad hae been sae treated in the service of ma Maggazine, whilk is sae considerable a public blessing."*)

"Thank ye, Ebony, this is according to your usual kindness. I shall say no more about Fraser's Magazine or Billingsgate fishwives, but conclude with speed. Sir, Ladies and Gentlemen, there stands Ebony, the modern philanthropist, the most munificent of men, the public benefactor of England, with its surrounding isles—its colonies—its oriental possessions and their dependancies. Ought not the greatest of honors to be reserved for him who has so nobly comported himself for the public benefit? For myself, I say nothing. Like Bacon, I leave my reward to posterity; for (I beg to say that I speak with all diffidence and reason, and not to insult the present company), I am in the situation of those mighty intellects generated once in a century, but who anticipate the age in which they are born, and, therefore, are ill understood by that age, on account of its general ignorance. This is, perhaps, the reason why so many of the Ambrosian pages appear so obscure and difficult of comprehension. I await, in all resignation, my remuneration of honor from posterity. I hope Ebony, best of men, will not have to wait so long. The greatest of distinctions should await him, who, by his taste and talent has raised the circulation of Maga to fifty thousand copies, (*Hear, hear! &c. cheers.*) and who, for his manifold liberalities, stands unrivalled in

this most liberal of all the nations of the earth. Could I, weak man, dispense his destiny, I would, according to the examples recorded in the beautiful mythology of the Greeks, translate him, with a bound volume of his Magazine, in one hand, and in the other, the big punch-bowl from Ambrose's blue parlor (whilst his breeches pockets hung on either side puffed out with such gold guineas as he has often distributed amongst his contributors) to the most distinguished part of the heavens, because that situation is the best adapted for one of so many virtues, that all men may in their upward gaze admire his happy destiny and emulate his example. I would place him, Sir, close under the tail of Ursa Major. (*Cheers.*) Ursa, no doubt, would fret and be stung with a growing jealousy at the surpassing brilliancy of the new constellation,

> 'But Ursa Major may both sweat and labor,
> T' eclipse the glories of his next-door neighbor,'

to no avail. Those glories would remain undiminished for the wonder of ages yet in the womb of time." (*Much cheering. Christopher hobbles down carefully and slowly, leaning on his crutch, and finally takes his seat on the left hand of the chair. At this crisis some confusion arose in the crowd, when some one, near the railway, was heard to say, once or twice.*)—

"Gentlemen, I conceive"—(*Cries of, "who is this conceiving?"*)

"Gentlemen, I conceive"—("*Mr. Campbell! Mr. Campbell!*" *shouted several.* "*He is aiming at conception, but his conceiving time is over—or if any thing is brought forth, it must be such a conception as his Letter to Tom Moore.*" *Hisses and noise.*)

"Gentlemen, I hope!" said Mr. Campbell, in a loud voice—(*which was followed by cries of "Bravo!—Bravo, Campbell! He is the Bard of Hope after all! Hear him! Hear him!"—"Hop to the top of the column, Mr. Campbell," cried a voice, "we cannot see you." A possé of the members of the Literary Union**

* In 1829, Thomas Campbell, the poet, established "The Literary Union," the object of which was to bring the literary men of London into habits of more social and friendly intercourse than had been accomplished by other clubs. It did not succeed—chiefly through inefficient management under a spirit of cliqueism.—M.

having elevated Mr. Campbell to the column-head, he addressed the meeting as follows:)—

"Mr. Chairman!—Gentlemen!—I hope you will hear me quietly, and behave yourselves as you ought when I address you. I need not remind you of the claims I have upon your respect, which are such as I may, without vanity, say, ought, at least, to insure me a favorable hearing; if not, that success in the application I am about to make, for which my long services to the public may entitle me to hope. (*Cries of "Hop down again!—No twaddles!" and other exclamations of impatience. After a little, he went on.*) I trust, Gentlemen, you will permit me to state my pretensions to the Editorship of this new periodical, at least, without interruption. I am not accustomed to be interrupted in my speeches—at the Literary Union I am listened to with attention. You will consider the feelings of one whose taste has been refined by such studies as I have given myself to—of one, the texture of whose mind is somewhat too delicate—too sensitive—(Damn this ricketty column! Confound you!)—(*in an under tone to those just beneath him*)—(you'll certainly have me toss'd over the rails into Mr. Soane's arena.)—(*Then aloud*)—Aye, as I said, of too delicate a nature for the circumstances in which I stand.—(Keep the column steady, Tom Gent and Lord Nugent. If you want assistance, send for Yates's elephant.*)—Excuse me, Gentlemen, I am not accustomed to address crowds. To be sure, when I had the honor of being chosen Lord Rector of the College of my native town, a thanksgiving speech to my constituents was perfectly indispensable—though I confess I did not much like the looks of the rabble of boys, who, on that celebrated occasion grinned upwards in my face, and I was really almost stifled with the smell of oaten-meal porridge, but sweet breath ought not at all times to be expected by a public man; and you know that, for twenty years, I—(*loud cries of "Down, down!"*)—Gentlemen—(*he went on after some confusion*)—in one word, my pretensions are known to you all—(*laughter, and cries of,*

* Frederick Yates, then manager of the Adelphi Theatre, in London, had introduced an elephant, called "Mademoiselle Djeck," to do "the heavy business" in certain quadrupedal melodramas. The "half-reasoning elephant" exhibited wonderful docility, and drew great houses.—M.

"*So they are!*") Have I not formed the taste by which that gallant work, the New Monthly, has even been distinguished? Have I not founded an University in this Metropolis?* Have I not patronized novel-writing ladies, whenever I delighted in them? Have I not written and given my opinion of a noble lady whom I need not name, defending her with all my might, although the ill-natured world has given me no thanks for the same? Yet, do I not know that all mankind were waiting until I should say something of the affair?—(*hisses and cries of "bah!"*)—do not hiss me, my good friends; you hurt my feelings. I may have spoken a little out of joint in that letter, but to confess the truth, I wrote it when I was drunk.†—(*Cries of, "Bravo, Campbell!"*) Gentlemen, you are all considerate persons, and know that a man *will* get drunk sometimes, and then he naturally thinks of the ladies. But to return to the main point, I need not say who is the fittest person in England for the honor of this contested Editorship, modesty forbids it. As for Editorship of a genteel periodical, my notion of it is this—never let any thing go in to your Magazine that has the least chance of being displeasing to any one whatever—(*a voice from the crowd, "Then it will be sure not to be worth a doit;"*)—nor should it excite any thinking, for that is troublesome. Above all, beware how you give the least umbrage to any person of *fine taste*, and upon this point my maxim is that of the Scotch Schoölmaster: whatever may be prevented from going *in*, you can never be wrong in blotting *out*. Always take care that your contributors write prettily, and mind their syllables and stops. I wrote my Theodoric on Whatman's finest double pressed, and with a silver pen. Some verses in that popular poem cost me three weeks labor before I had decided upon the claims of each individual word. My life of Sir Thomas, which I am now writing,‡ I do in kid-gloves, and

* Campbell was *thrice* elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University—proposed and had a large share in founding London University—and was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* for ten years, 1821–'31.—M.

† On the publication of Moore's Life of Byron, Campbell volunteered to be the defender of Lady B., published a letter from her relative to her quarrel with her husband, and hurled a very abusive missive of his own, on the same subject, at the head of his quondam friend Thomas Moore.—M.

‡ Campbell, who was advertised as the author of an "in the press" Life of

with red ink (black is filthy and vulgar); and my paper I have glazed to my own order. That is the way to write well! Sometimes I get through three pages in as many days, when I am not interrupted; but you know how much a poet and a public character, as I am, is liable to interruption, by Literary Unions and other great affairs of the nations. (*Tumult and expressions of impatience among the crowd.*) Gentlemen, will you not even hear me? I am known to you all!—I am known to all the world! I hope you will not use me as the Gower Street University-men have done.* Gentlemen, I am an ill-used man! I am beginning to be a rejected poet. At the University they won't hear me speak, and hardly will let me have a seat to sit upon. My Theodoric was damned, after all my pains.† The New Monthly is, I am sorry to say, sick, and in a delicate state. I shall never survive it, and that will be seen. (*Here the poor gentleman was overcome by his feelings, and began to rummage for his handkerchief; but his pocket having been picked before he mounted the barrel, he seemed sadly at a loss; upon which an ill-colored clout, bedaubed with snuff, was handed up to him by one of the members of the Literary Union, with which, having cleared his eyes, and, descending from the bad eminence on the column, mounted a barrel-head, he thus went on:*)—I hope, Mr. Chairman—(*cries of "spoken, spoken—down from the barrel-head, &c." and a voice having vociferated, "Let the Scotchman speak," Mr. Campbell went on:*)—Gentlemen, I beg you will not call me a Scotchman. You hurt my feelings. I trust I may get credit for a little civilization after having been thirty years in London. Barbarism either in language or manners, is not at all suited to my taste. With all respect for that hungry country in the north, which all Scotchmen leave as soon as possible, believe me, gentlemen, it never could have produced such a work as the New

Sir Thomas Lawrence, shrunk from the labor, and handed his materials to Mr. Williams (known as writer of the democratic letters signed "Publicola," in the *Weekly Dispatch*), by whom the work was executed, in rather a clumsy manner.—M.

* The London University is located in Upper Gower street, St. Pancras. London.—M.

† It was Campbell's weakest poem.—M.

Monthly. (*Cries of "true, true."*) But I have done. I need say no more. I confidently await your suffrages."

At this crisis a great bustle was observed in the outskirts of the crowd near Holborn Bars, and in due time an enormous red-haired figure was seen struggling and elbowing himself forward to the focus of the assemblage. He was dressed in a large loose surtout, or rather great-coat, for it was of a mongrel fashion between the two—the color was, *ci-devant*, bottle-green, deficient in the nap, and in the left skirt, which had been torn off in the struggle. A considerable ventilator was open under each arm. His waistcoat was of dingy black velvet with yellow buttons, several of which had departed, but his linen was bright and clean, of a gentlemanly quality; the open bosom shewed, however, a flannel waistcoat, which, if there be heat in hair, might have been dispensed with, considering the shaggy natural mat of rusty wire beneath. His head was thatched with a huge racoon cap, and his throat was bare, though his collar was tied with a remnant of an old black silk handkerchief.

As he came wriggling onward, if such a word may be applied to the activity of such creatures as this personage, or whales, or elephants, he all the while was cramming his nostrils with snuff by handfuls from his waistcoat pocket.

When he had reached the corner of the railing in front of Mr. Soane's house, he roared aloud with a voice like a chain-cable running through the hawse-hole of a first-rate man-of-war, coming to anchor:

"Hollo, I say, lower yourself from that altitude, and make room for your betters." All around the rostrum capital were astonished at the sound—some fled, others stood aghast, and the Duke of Wellington, who was standing near, looked around to see what masked battery of twelve forty-two pounders had opened behind him. It was manifest by the coolness with which his Grace heard the first of the explosion, that he considered the affair as some incident of the ordnance, but when he beheld the red and fiery roaring volcano, he betrayed visible trepidation.

"I say you aloft there, come down," subjoined the rubicund phenomenon, without taking the slightest notice of any one around; "Come down, Tom Tit, I want to speechify a bit." Mr.

Campbell on the pedestal not obeying with sufficient alacrity, he raised his arm, which, in power and magnitude, might be compared to the beam of a hundred and fifty horse power engine, and with his finger and thumb took hold of the little man like an insect, and dropped him behind him with a benediction. "Off with you, ye rapscallion!"

The Red man then ascended the rostrum, and at his appearance aloft great joy was expressed by some of Blackwood's gang: Professor Wilson, Tom Moore, Sam Rogers, Lockhart, Zachary Macauley, Galt, Dr. Maginn, Lord Francis Levison Gower,* Mr. Owen of Lanark; all pressing towards him, while Sir Morgan O'Doherty shouted, "The Tiger, the Tiger!"†

"What do you say?" exclaimed Lady Morgan in alarm, and turning pale.

"The Tiger—the Tiger!" was the responding shout.

"A tiger!" screamed her ladyship, gathering up her petticoats, and preparing to fly.

"Where—where?" was the general cry of the crowd, partaking of her terror; and all were on the point of scattering themselves, when, with another tremendous roar, like a powder magazine blowing up, the rosy Lord of Sagur arrested their flight by calling, "Order!"

After a short pause, and again taking a vehement inhalation of snuff, he looked around over the multitude, and seeing amidst the crowd several of his acquaintances, called to them by name, and spoke to them familiarly. The multitude, not relishing such instances of partial distinction, began to cry out, "Speak up, speak up!" which recalled him to the recollection of his duty; and, taking off his cap, his exordium was to the following effect:

"When I was an editor in Calcutta, for I do not come here a Johnny raw, such as your bog-trotting reporters, and the other

* The present Earl of Ellesmere, who visited the United States in 1853.—M.

† "The Tiger" was a *nom-de-circonstance* bestowed by *Blackwood's Magazine* on one of its contributors, Dr. William Dunlop, who had been to India, and used to give narratives more marvellous than credible, of his tiger-hunting feats there. He finally emigrated to Canada, of which province he published a clever volume of "Sketches by a Backwoodsman," became a member of the local legislature, and died only a few years ago.—M.

pewter lifters belonging to the Daily, I knew how to serve up the curry."

"No cookery!" exclaimed Mr. Cosmo Orme, from the Row.* "An Editor—it is an Editor we have come to choose."

The look with which the speaker scorched him into a cinder is indescribable—it was not contemptuous, nor indignant, nor angry, nor any modification which ire can assume; it must have been seen to be appreciated; but, like all manifestations of intense energy, it was of brief duration.

"Quench that spark!" was the vocal accompaniment to the withering scowl, and, in the same moment, the orator vigorously blew a handful of Lundyfoot mixed with cayenne over the intruder, which invested his own head like that of cloud-compelling Jove in a thunder-storm. When the dust which rose from it had passed away, he looked out like the morning sun from the mist, and Mr. Orme was seen no more.

The orator resumed, "My grandfather was the biggest man you ever saw. I am passable myself in that way, but he was enormous; compared with him I am as a pint pot beside a gallon stoup, or a half-pint at the foot of a magnum. By-the-by, this is dry work, can't you, Billy Maginn, tip us a horn, and, as I have got a touch of hydrophobia, no water, but some concentrated fluid, of which a drop is as good as a gallon. I say, you, Professor Brande, what have you been about that you do not make brandy concrete, that we may carry drams in our pockets like pectoral lozenges. Make the invention, and I'll patronize you."

"Vell to be sure, he's a rum 'un'," exclaimed Mr. Morgan, the philanthropist, and author of *the Reproof of Brutus* † But the crowd now growing impatient, cries of "Begin—speak to the point!" were vociferated on all sides.

"Hold your tongues, and be d——d to you, I'm going to begin," was the reply, "and I will speak to the point; but to what point shall I speak? Didn't I tell you that I was an Editor in Calcutta? And, talking of speaking to the point, by-the-by, puts me

* Cosmo Orme was a member of the great London publishing house of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown.—M.

† A poem, republican and socialist, which the critics had severely handled.—M.

in mind of a story of my friend Dan O'Brien there, a devilish good fellow, and his clerk, Bailie Liddel. Dan's instructions to the Bailie were, that he was to do exactly, and without remark, whatever he ordered him to do, and in all things the Bailie was most particular. It so happened, however, that Dan had a dispute with the Alexanders, in which he, of course, thought them in the wrong; and being of that opinion, when they made him a proposition to settle the business, he desired the Bailie to write them, that he would be confounded before he accepted any such terms. The Bailie did as he was bidden, and wrote—'Gentlemen, Mr. O'Brien desires me to say, in reply to yours, before he accepts your terms, he will be confounded. I am, gentlemen, &c. &c.;' which I say was sharply to the point, and doing Spartan with a vengeance."

The noble Premier was observed to smile at this, evidently pleased at such an example of discipline and an epistolary style, so much like his own Laconics. But, turning up the cool corner of his eye from under his smart, dapper, well-in-order, brief-brimmed game castor to the elevated Colossus, said—"Had you not better now proceed to business?"

The orator looked down and replied, with a Celtic—"Oomph!" muttering—"Confound your impudence!" He then, raising his voice, addressed himself to the crowd.

"My aunt Sally had a cat, which an old wife stole, that she might get a reward for finding it. As she expected, my aunt offered a shilling. Another crone, of parallel integrity, on hearing notification, knowing where the cat was occulted, went and restole it, carried it home, and received the reward, which caused the first thief to say that her—'impudence was large.' Now I appeal," and looking down at the Duke significantly, and taking a handful of the Tiger mixture, with exaggerated indifference, he said—"I say that it may be said of every man who interrupts the intentions of another, that his 'impudence is large.' (*"Bravo! hear, hear! That's a brave tiger! a docile tiger!"*) This plain dealing was manifestly to the heart's content of the Duke, who smiled and retreated—awed but not discomfited—a Torres Vedras retreat; and the orator prepared himself to resume; but at that moment he happened to forget the elevation on which he was standing, and

making a false step, fell to the ground. Being taken up senseless, he was carried into the house, where, after Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Campbell (generously forgetful of the indignity he had suffered) each with a glass of brandy-and-water, soon recovered him, but the shock he had received in the fall rendered him unable to return to the pedestal.

(*A shout now arose from another quarter among the crowd, and the words "Mr. Hazlitt! Mr. Hazlitt! the King of Cockaigne!" were plainly distinguishable through the noise. Immediately his Majesty of Bow-bell dominion was seen scrambling up for distinction upon the hand-barrow of a pork-butcher, from Pudding-lane, who was, as it appeared, deeply interested in the literary contest of the day; and who, along with certain other gentlemen of the provisional government, who inhabit the mansions in Pye-corner and the Poultry, kindly assisted the King to his present elevation. When, therefore, the cockney potentate was fairly set upon his end on the barrow, he coughed three times in an audible voice, and thus began:*)—

"This Magazine is the property of a Scotchman;* it can never thrive. The Scotchmen are narrow-minded and a prejudiced set; because they exert their talents in this country to the exclusion and starvation of deserving men like myself. (*Hear, hear!*) Their country is too beggarly to afford them subsistence; they, therefore, come here, like hungry vermin, to eat up the very fat of this land. (*Hisses.*) You may hiss, but I care not. The Scotchmen are no better than the scum of the earth; because they hold all the literary situations in London, to the exclusion of myself. (*Disapprobation.*) Disapprove as you will. I will finish my say. A double curse upon Blackwood's Magazine, because it first brought the genius of Scotland into most prominent play. That genius received the cheers of society; it should rather have been hooted into obscurity; for its perfection was low slang, demoniac abuse, imbecile wit, and frothy sentimentalism. Such is the perfection of Blackwood—such is the perfection of Fraser.

"How a right-minded public can devour fifty thousand monthly

* Hazlitt's antipathy to Scotchmen, which was great, was manifested in a bitter article against them which he contributed to the Pisan periodical *The Liberal*, edited by Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt.—M.

copies of the former, or allow the latter to exist a day longer, is to me a mystery most unfathomable." (*Here the noise became almost insufferable, and Ebony having given Hazlitt a tremendous clout on the chops, and knocked him down with his mutton fist—ascended the barrow, and thus commenced.*)

"What is't ye say aboot ma Mawgazine? Wha'll offer to play pieu at Maga in my hearing? Is it you, Willy Hawzlitt, that attempts to speak aboot ma Mawgazine? You! ye dirty, filthy, Bow-bell-bred body! Ye puir trifflin creature! Ye impertinent cockney, that dinna ken nae mair aboot gude writing than a cow kens aboot a bad shilling. Ye'll pretend to speak against ma Mawgazine! an' Scotchmen too, forsooth. Ma faith! I'll get a fallow or twa in the modern Awthens that'll roast you, an' toast you, an' baste you back an' sides, till ye'll was yoursel in ony change-hoose aboot the Lakes, twa hundre miles awa, or in ony Grub street garret writing anither *liber awmoris* concerning filthy sculduddery and houghmagundy, rather than coming here to speak against ma Mawgazine. But I've mair to say than that, if it was worth my while—gude faith! (*Shouts of "Bravo, Bailie!" mixed with cries of "Down with the Scotchman, and Hazlitt for ever!" during which the Scotch authors present began to gather into a knot, and then to get into close and angry confab. Beyond the knot, in which were most conspicuous Lockhart, Galt, Jerdan, William Fraser (who calls himself a Scotchman), Pierce Gillies, James Wilson, Allan Cunningham, John Black, taking notes for the Chronicle, a voice was heard crying out, several times, "Play up, ye deevil, for the honor o' the nation!" which proved to be that of Dominie's Legacy Picken,* who, with a smirk on his countenance, was urging on an outlandish-looking wretch of a highland-piper to play up a pibroch for the encouragement and heart'ning of the Bailie. In another instant the piper's cheeks were distended, his bags began to fill, and he had no sooner struck up on his screeching instrument the air of "Up and waur them a', Willie," than the Scotchmen set up a shout that rung through the whole Square—a dreadful row took place among the crowd,*

* Andrew Picken, author of a collection of stories entitled, "The Dominie's Legacy," contributed largely to Fraser. He died in 1833.—M.

during which the Chairman's voice was completely drowned. Allan Cunningham, standing like Saul among the people, knocked down Leigh Hunt merely with the wind of his fist, which he flourished in triumph. Pierce Gillies lost a large silver ring, which he had long worn on his little finger in the most gentlemanly manner—John Galt lost the spectacles off his nose in the fray; and Dominie Picken waved his hat so lustily that it flew out of his hand, and lighted almost on the opposite side of the square, where it was observed to be instantly picked up by a person in shabby silk-stockings, supposed to be one of the contributors to the New Monthly, who forthwith took it to the nearest pawnbroker's, and there obtained a few shillings by the God-send.)

Order having been at length somewhat restored, Mr. Coleridge being by this time as hoarse as a crow, Bailie Blackwood was hoisted on to the barrel-head; and having made a bow to the people, in that elegant manner for which the Edinburgh magistrates* have ever been distinguished, he threw off his travelling great coat, and, waving his lily hand, thus began:—

"*Mr. Chairman*, I really did na think to hae come here, and to hae presented mysel before you, for the purpose o' making a pawrliamentary speech to this present company, being just, as ye see, come aff the tap o' the coach frae Embro'; but hearing, on my way, that there was to be a rabbling meeting to be gathered here aboot this impudent new Magazine, that's setting up its crockets to the manifest injury o' me an' mine, I could na help just slipping in amang the crowd, an' when I heard the fallow begin to abuse ma Mawgazine, flesh an' blood could thole it no longer, an' so here I am on the barrel end, just to mak a wee bit pawrliament speech as I said, in defence o' country, an' king, an' church, an' state, an' ma Magazine, which, as ye maun be perfectly sensible, must a' stand or fa' thegither. What could possibly induce ony body in their right senses, to attempt to set up an opposition to ma Mawgazine here in Lunon, is perfectly beyond my comprehension; for as for the puir drumorky watery, calf's-meat stuff o' the New Monthly, that never was ony real opposition to me. But for ony body to think to make a Mawgazine

* At this time, Mr. William Blackwood was one of the Bailies, or city-magistrates of Edinburgh.—M.

worth speaking aboot after mine, I tell you, Mr. Colridge, on the deafest side o' your head, there whaur ye sit on a cauld stane in ane o' Johnny Soan's outside cuppboards, like an auld saunt in a nich, that sic a scheme will never succeed. Ma gracious! its perefet trifflin. There canna be twa visual suns in the lift, shining an' glowing wi' splendor at the same time! Nae mair can there be a periodical out o' this confused Bawbel, that'll ever come within ony reasonable comparison wi' ma Mawgazine. Has na a' the great events o' the last fifteen years been clearly traceable to the extraordinar cleverness o' ma Mawgazine. Did na the King himsel come down to Scotland for no other actual purpose but to get a smell o' the sweet scent o' the auld toon o' Embro,' an' to get a sight o' the place that put forth to the world such an oon-speakable periodical, such an important organ o' the national machinery, as ma Mawgazine. But I see the world's gaun clean gleid, an' I dinna ken what to mak o't. Church an' State, an' ma Mawgazine are in eminent danger. The march o' intellect has putten me into a perfect bamboozlement, for auld common sense has coupit her creels, an' the vera worl's turning tail up, like an' o' Captain Parry's sea-dogs. My auld friends dinna seem to ken me, while here I'm obliged to stand speechifying on a barrel-head, aboot my ain Mawgazine, to an unruly crowd, just such another as was at the hanging o' Lucky Mackinnon in the High street o' Embro.' Oh! ye funny deevil, is that you? (*Observing the face of Dr. Maginn in the crowd.*) Ye musleert neer-do-weel creature! do ye really daur to girn up in my face, after deserting me among the rest. Dog on't! How dare ye? O, if I had a grip o' you, I would gar you gansh. Scotchmen indeed! If it werna for Scotchmen what would become o' the peppery speerit o' Mawgazine writing in this mighty nation, as weel as the general concerns o' literawture in the whole ceeveleezed ierth, frae Johnny Groat's house to Japan. Hilloa! keep aff the barrel! (*A great row, with cries of "Down with the Scotch fiddle!" "God bless the Duke of Argyle!" "Wha wants me?" &c., during which the Bailie loses his hat, and makes the most violent gestures to obtain a hearing in vain. At length we could hear him say, or rather gasp.*) Will ye no hear me speak? I appeal to the chair. Have ye no respect for a magistrate of Embro'? How dare ye offer to

fling dirt at the powers that be? Is there no one here to read the riot act? Stand out o' the way till I jump doon aff the barrel. Oh!"—(*Here a most astonishing thing happened—a large crow, carrying a billet of wood for the building of its nest, mistaking the up-standing hair of the Bailie for one of the trees in Lincoln's Inn-fields (as is supposed), and his mouth, which now stood wide open, for a convenient place wherein to build, flew directly into the tempting aperture, fagot and all, to the great consternation of the spectators, leaving the billet in a perpendicular situation within Mr. Blackwood's mouth, by which he was completely gagged. Every body must remember the feat of Baron Munchausen with the whale—This was of a similar description. Indeed it was considered a black business by all the wondering spectators, who affirmed that the rook had actually flown down the honest gentleman's throat. We cannot positively vouch for the truth of the last-mentioned circumstance; but the gag having been taken out of the mouth of the Bailie by some of the Scotchmen who now crowded round him, he was assisted to the Somerset Coffee-house, in the Strand, where a hearty bumper of raw aqua vitæ having been administered as a general cure, the worthy magistrate was restored to his usual dry equanimity.*)

(*A loud bustling and splatter was heard from the south-eastern corner of the fields, towards the region where Horace Twiss used to poison various unhappy individuals once a quarter with sham-champagne and pestiferous port in his crib; and, upon investigation, it was discovered that it came from Sir Charles Wetherell, the Ex-Attorney-General.** *He had just emerged from his cham-*

* Sir Charles Wetherell, who was made Attorney-General when the Duke of Wellington became Premier, in 1828, entertained such high-tory views, in politics and religion, that he indignantly resigned office, early in 1829, when "The Duke" and Peel introduced the parliamentary measure which is called Catholic Emancipation. In 1831, as Recorder of Bristol, he narrowly escaped with his life, on endeavoring to hold his court for the trial of prisoners in that city, when the populace were infuriated on account of his opposition to the Reform Bill, then before the legislature. He died in 1846. Sir Charles was most eccentric in his personal manners, dress, and conduct. His oratory is scarcely caricatured in the burlesque of his manner of speaking here introduced. As an equity lawyer, he was one of the ablest of his day, and accumulated a vast fortune at the English bar.—M.

bers, and was attired in an ink-spotted and weather-beaten night-gown. In his haste to address the audience, he had forgotten to array his nether person with that inexpressible but very necessary integument specially provided for that region, and as he gesticulated in the course of his oration, the effect that his sudden reelings and curvettings sometimes produced, were more diverting to behold than decorous to relate.)

"My Lud!—Mr. Speaker!—Poh!—Mr. Chairman!—I mean to rise to urge my claims in this heterogeneous and multifarious rabblement—*vulgi stante coronâ*—to the eminent and inappreciable dignity of the Editorial *Cathedrâ* of your *facile princeps* of magazines. I really do not know what to call it—but when I look upon the miscellaneous farrago of entertaining matter, the *satura lanx* of all things delectable that it affords in its monthly appearances—in short, to speak plain English, its omnigenous and ollapodridical character—I may call it the Omnibus Magazine!—and the name is particularly applicable when we reflect that it carries every body with it. (*Laughter.*) Sir, my zeal for the liberty of the press may give me a claim for the honor, as also may the internecine and flagrant debellation which I have had with that *monstrum horrendum ingens cui lumen ademptum*—I mean Sir James Scarlett. (*Loud applause.*) I have grappled with that Briareus of the King's Bench—ex-officio Jemmy,* as he is called, and if he thinks he has had the best of it, why, I can only say, good luck to him! If, like the parson in Joseph Andrews, I should ask him even the plain question, *Pollaki toi*, what's your name? he would stand dumb—*mutus in curiâ*—not a word in his jaw. I need not recommend, in his case, the *peine forte et dure*, however, because he is *pressed* to death as it is. (*Laughter.*) *Hic jacet Jacobus*, is his epitaph—here lies Jem Scarlett. My literary qualifications I need not dilate upon—the helluosity of my reading, and omnivorous voracity with which I digest and deglutinate all manner of languages into one harmonious *pasticcio*, which forms a tongue that may be

* During the administration of the Duke of Wellington, Sir James Scarlett, who succeeded Sir C. Wetherell as Attorney-General, filed more *ex-officio* informations, on the part of the Crown, against the London newspapers, than had been issued since the Anti-Jacobin times of Pitt.—M.

called a *tertium quid*. You smoke what I mean. (*Laughter.*) Fear not, Mr. Chairman, if you put the Editorial onus upon my shoulders, that *humeri ferre recusent*. No, I shall do my duty in person, *propriâ personâ*, not like folks who shall be nameless—*tace* is the Latin for a candle—there shall be no Jack Rugbys in my case. The New Monthly may be

Diversum confusa genus Colburno camelo.

The genius of Colburn is then bothered and confused by the diverse plagiarism, or the indolent and hallucinatory oisivity of Campbell. I shall indulge in none of these heteroclite and derogatory proceedings. No one shall have it in his power to say that I wrote one article to-day, and another, on an opposite tack, to-morrow. (*Cheers.*) That, for ten pounds a sheet, I defied, and for ten pounds ten deified, the Pope—that I held one doctrine in Brevier, and asserted another in Bourgeois—or that I denounced in Italics, what I hailed in Roman. (*Cheers.*) I leave these tricks to the Nestors of the Magazines—they may fit the Pylian school of politics, but not me. Sugden may be a Whig—his father was more, for he was a wig-maker*—he was to his son what Warwick was to the kings of his day—but I have no capillary attraction. (*Laughter.*) There shall be no circumbendibus of oscillatory gyration in me. Let those gallopade it that will—they may twist a Mazourka if they choose—or if they please to call their mazy dance a Lyndhurst,† that is to say, a constant shuffle, this foot this

* Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, raised to the office of Lord-High-Chancellor of England, by the Derby administration of 1852 (when he was created Baron St. Leonards), is the son of a hair-dresser, in Bond street, London. His Treatise "On Powers," published a year after he was called to the bar, immediately established his character as a good lawyer, and his progress was rapid, successful, and profitable. Neither in nor out of Parliament has he ever been any thing but a Tory. In 1835, and again in 1841–'46, he was Lord-Chancellor of Ireland. Lord St. Leonards is one of the most learned and profound of modern British lawyers.—M.

† Lord Lyndhurst, Irish by extraction and American by birth (son of Copley, the painter), certainly did make "a constant shuffle" in his political opinions. He commenced life as a strong Liberal, became a convert to Toryism on entering Parliament, strongly opposed Catholic Emancipation for many years, as strongly supported it, when Wellington and Peel determined to grant it, and has subsequently been the bitter opponent of

way, t'other foot t'other way—see-saw and coupée—dos-a-dosing on old principles, and cutting capers *ad arbitrium, Duce magistro*—let them do so. My motto will be *Qualis ab incepto*—that is to say: To Old Nick with the rats! Or, as Virgil hath it, *in ratibus ignes*—put the rats in the fire. As for literature, it shall be my effort to keep the well of English undefiled—not polluted by xenological verbiage, or the ragamuffin intromission of bathotical slang; and having thus made you a brief but lucid exposition of what I desiderate and why I think myself fitted and adept thereto, I conclude with a valedictory peroration. *Valete et plaudite. Calliopius recensui.*"

(*Sir Charles Wetherell had scarcely concluded, when a thin infirm-looking gentleman, with rather a reddish hue of face, and an antique suit of garments, oddly fashioned and oddly put on, ascended briskly up the ladder. He had not, however, attained many rounds toward the summit of the Egyptian column, when a Police Constable, letter* D., *No.* 769, *of the* 68*th Squadron of the Western Division, stopped him, and requested to know what he was carrying in his hind coat-pockets, as they were bulging out in a most extravagant manner. The gentleman replied in a shrill and croaking voice,*) "Oh, nothing, Mr. Constable, nothing whatever."—"But I must examine you," said the man, "for I never in my life saw a more suspicious looking fellow; you hold down your sheep's face as though you were ashamed to look up at an honest man; added to which, you stick your fore and middle finger diagonally across your mouth, and there they remain as though they were absolutely stuck to your upper lip by glue or pitch." "That's because I had a bad cold, and my lip is swollen, and I stick my fingers before my mouth for two reasons: first and foremost, to prevent the cold going down my throat; and, secondly, that the animals called flies, may not pop into my mouth and

Ireland and her prevailing faith. He has been Master of the Rolls, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and has held the office of Lord-Chancellor five times, viz.: under the Canning, Goderich, Wellington, and (two) Peel administrations. Able as a lawyer, he is still more gifted as a politician. He has not his superior, as an orator, in the House of Lords, and some of the best speeches made in that assembly, in 1855 and 1856, were delivered by him, long after he had become an octogenarian.—M.

tickle the epiglottis, which is bad, you know, Mr. Constable, for a cold. For you know—" (*Here, the Constable, seeing that his man had set in for a long-winded speech, cut him short by,*) "Come, come, my fine fellow, none of your palaver, the Field-Marshal Minister is looking on, and I must fulfil my duty. You have decidedly a sheep's face, to say nothing about your head. So let's examine your suspicious looking person." "In the right hand coat-pocket," squeaked out the individual, "you will find cigaros, fresh from Hamburgh, sent me over by my friend Von Schleiermacher, the archivarius." "And in the left?" cried the stern and immitigable police functionary. "Meerschaums and pipes of various kinds, which I brought from Frankfort am Mean. You see, Mr. Constable—" "No, twaddle," said the Constable, "turn out your breeches pockets." (*The pockets were turned out, and found to contain a steel for lighting pipes, a large silken purse, empty, and a bag of tobacco, on one side; and, on the other, a small circular and dumpy piece of silver, whith a hole near the edge, through which was run a broad piece of silk, grown greasy by use.*) —"Who the deuce are you?" quoth the Policeman. "I am a gentleman," was the answer, "and my name is Robert Pierce Gillies, Esq."* "You have been clipping and defacing a crown piece," said the Policeman, "and are guilty of an heinous offence;" and he seized hold of the round piece of silver which we have described. "Indeed, sir, I can assure you," answered Mr. Gillies, "you have misconceived its nature. I have from my earliest infancy been pursued by misfortunes, and this little piece of silver has uniformly been the talisman which has preserved me safe as you see me. It was blessed by Father Ambrosius, a Capuchin, with whom I became acquainted at Frankfort; and whenever I am in trouble, I take it in my hand thus, as you perceive, placing it flat in the palm, and tickling the surface during the period of suffering and mental anxiety, and ineffable is the

* Mr. Gillies, whose "Horæ Germanicæ" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, were among the earliest and most successful attempts to introduce German literature into England, was distinguished for the intensity of his devotion to the "Nicotean weed," against which the pedant-king, James I., fulminated his literary "Counter-blast." At the time when he was introduced as a candidate for the Fraserian Editorship, he had just lost that of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.—M.

relief I acquire from it. You see this large silver ring on the marriage finger of my left hand. I wear it for the same purpose." "You may go," quoth the Policeman, and Mr. Gillies went up the steps of the ladder, and looked like a sweet cherub just liberated from the lurid atmosphere of "Il Purgatorio." (*Applause, on his appearance, from three or four individuals, who said that he had given them a devilish good dinner the day before.*) Mr. Gillies at length opened his mouth, and spake as follows:—

"Mr. Coleridge, I am glad to see you, and hope you are well. I have got a cold myself, and my lips are swollen, but you are looking superbly. How are Mr. and Mrs. Gilman?* I shall be happy to see you at dinner to-morrow, and shall be happy to give you a taste of some Asmanshäuser that I have just received direct from my friend Bucher, at Frankfort. (*Speak up—Question—Question.*) Question?—bless me, bless me, I had forgotten. Ho, ha, he, hi—i—i—i. (*His laugh was like the prolonged yell of a dog in affliction.*)

"This Magazine of Fraser's will never do—never—no, never. The writing is bad—yes, decidedly bad; slovenly—crude—indigested; slovenly! yes, slovenly. It will never do; but I think I said that before. Yes, I did—did—did—before—before. It's not of the quality of the writing that I am now speaking, but of the thought—the conception—yes, conception. A piece of writing should be like a painting; yes, yes, it should. First, one part of it should be touched up—(by-the-by, the general outline and distribution of the action should be first made—made—) and then another part of the painting should be touched; yes—hem—hey—touched—yes—hem—yes, touched. At length, the conception could be wrought into one grand—undivided—well-blended whole. If the articles in Fraser's Magazine had been placed in my hands, I think—I am certain indeed of it—I could have wonderfully improved them; for Mr. Coleridge, you perceive, if I have any talent, and indeed it is nothing to boast of, I

* During the last eighteen years of his life, Coleridge was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Gillman, at Highgate, one of the beautiful suburbs of London. By them he was treated as a brother, and Mr. Gillman, some time after the poet's death (which took place in July, 1834), published a volume of recollection, entitled "Memorials of Coleridge."—M.

can improve whatever piece of writing has ever been composed by mortal man. It was I who gave Sir Walter his first idea of Ivanhoe. I had collected the German novels (of which, Mr. Coleridge, I have a considerable and valuable collection, which after much misery and anxiety of mind I have at length effectually secured from the harpy fangs of my friends in Scotland, and any or all of them are at your service), from which my friend copied the incidents. Sir Walter wrote his novel, however, in too great a hurry. So did Wilson his Lights and Shadows, and Galt his Sir Andrew Wylie, and Lockhart his Adam Blair and Matthew Wald, and Hope his Anastasius. If they had severally advised with me on their labors, I should have counselled them, and said—yes—said—hem—hey—Yes, counselled—counselled—'Take time'—and if they could not have taken time, then I would have rewritten his novel, for any one of these my friends; —Friends—yes—ay—yes—friends. The only man in England that ever yet wrote consistently—has been Dr. Lingard." (*General and loud laughter. "Bravo, bravo, Gillies! Go it, my cove!"*)

"Thank ye, Gentlemen, for these marks of approbation. I thought I was right in saying—yes—hem, he—yes, in saying that Dr. Lingard is the greatest writer in ancient or in modern times*—that every fact in his admirable volumes has been duly weighed (*laughter*), and fairly—honestly—eloquently narrated. (*Laughter.*) He belongs to the true Catholic Church, of which I am a follower. By-the-by—yes, hem—by-the-by—I am ready to prove that the Jesuits have been the greatest men in the world —the truest friends that the human race have ever yet possessed." (*Bravo! and general laughter.*)

Some one hollowed out from the crowd—"And what were the Jansenists?"—"I don't know," was Mr. Gillies's reply. (*Shouts of laughter.*)

"Gentlemen, I propose myself for the Editorship of Fraser's Magazine, because I know it is in want of an Editor, and I am in want of a situation. (*Bravo!*) I will do as much as I can; I cannot promise to do more. I am the most hard-working man

* The Rev. Dr. John Lingard, the Roman Catholic historian of England, who thrice refused a Cardinal's hat, died in 1851, aged 80.—M.

that ever lived, and the most praiseworthy man that ever took hard work in hand. I had heard that Fraser, the Foreigner, was the Editor. I beg your pardon, Mr. William Fraser; do not look so scowlingly upon me—hem—he—ha—hey—no offence—no, no offence; but you know I am not so gay as you are, Your gaiety ought to incapacitate you for writing for the Magazine, and I can supply your place—yes, yes, supply your place. I do not think any one will say that I am either gay or a dandy—no, no, neither gay nor a dandy.* (*This the gentleman said several times, whilst he turned himself slowly round to show all his quarters and points to the multitude. General laughter.*) Do not, gentlemen, I beg, laugh at me, for that will make me laugh, and this is a serious matter. Ha—ha—he—ho—he—ho—ha—hi—hi!"

Mr. Gillies sat down in the midst of shouts and laughter. Mr. Lytton Bulwer now rose with general and enthusiastic acclamations. On beholding the graceful gentleman we could not help exclaiming, with Hamlet (the quotation is new, and therefore we give it):—

> "See what a grace is seated on this brow:
> Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
> A station like the herald Mercury,
> New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every God did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man
> Fit to be called the modern Novelist!"

(*The gentleman mounted the ladder with a half-pay military air, nodded with an air of nonchalance to two or three well-rigged dandies near the Columnus Ægyptiacus—waved, with a solemn and imperious air, a branch of cyprus, in imitation of the orators of old, while a man, who was well known as a street-minstrel, took his station at the foot of the column, and blew on a Pandean pipe, by way of pitching the proper note, at the close of every one of Mr. Bulwer's periods.*)

* William Fraser, editor of the *Foreign Review*, as Gillies had been of its rival the *Foreign Quarterly*, was as certainly "gay and a dandy" as the other was not.—M.

"*Mr. Coleridge.—Ladies and Gentlemen*," thus spake the Author of Pelham and Paul Clifford, "it is well known to you all that I have been shamefully abused in this Magazine of Fraser.* Yet, as money is the true elixir vitæ of the present time, I have determined to offer myself for the editorship, that I might get a handsome addition to my income. Chrononhotonthologus, the philosopher of the Stoa, has left a remarkable saying on record: "Send," says he, "all anger to the devil;" and Carl Jacob Schwæghäuserius, the Syndic of Gotha, has a grand comment on that remarkable maxim of philanthropy, inculcated by those golden words of Flaccus: "*Compesce mentem—Ira furor brevis est.*" I have been angry with the writers in Fraser's Magazine—the paroxysm is past—I have Christian forbearance within me, and I extend it to those poor, miserable, half-starved, asinine M'Grawlers, who, for paltry lucre, will sell their own fathers to infamy, and have souls spotted with all the disgusting leprosy of rascality. (*Bravo and cheers.*)

"There has been a general cry against me for portraying myself in my novel of Pelham. Pelham, the dandy, is brave, learned, warm-hearted; a man set against the ebon locks and pale-faced sentimentalism of modern fashionables; a man whose bosom rings with the harmonies of eternal poetry; who is fraught with super-exquisite feeling; who, under the guise of foppishness,

* From the commencement of *Fraser's Magazine*, in 1830, until a comparatively late period, Bulwer constantly was attacked, satirized, libelled, and ridiculed. Maginn had taken a prejudice against him, and was unsparing in his sneers and condemnation. Mr. Thackeray, not only in *Fraser* but in *Punch*, descended to personal sneers against the author of "Pelham," resorting even to such a miserable substitute for wit, as speaking of him as *Bulwig* instead of Bulwer! Many years after this contemptible personality, when Mr. Thackeray collected his Magazine-papers, he announced that, when he had sneered at Bulwer he did not know him—as if a man may attack another because he had not been introduced to him! It is strange that if (as would appear by this apology), Mr. Thackeray was ashamed of what he had written, he did not avoid perpetuating it by reprinting it in his collected works. Bulwer's expectation of entering Parliament was realized in 1831, when he obtained a seat, as member for the borough of St. Ives, by purchase from its "patron," Mr. William-Pole-Tylney-Long-Wellesley, now Earl of Mornington. He also represented Lincoln from 1832 to 1841, and has been one of the members for his native county (Herts), since 1852.—M.

conceals the true spirit of a philosopher. I am proud of having drawn such a picture of myself; and as I am not abashed at all the laughing of knaves and idiots, especially as I can always get from Messrs. Colburn and Bentley whatever price I please for my novels—why let the knaves and idiots laugh, as Rutilius the poet says, and Albeficonderidos the Sage has recorded: "those who win have the best right to cachinnate and be joyous." (*Cheers.*)

"Gentlemen—I shall make as much money as I can previously to my entering the House of Commons, in which I mean to be the Pelham in dress; the Canning in eloquence; the Burke in assailing oratory; the Pitt in reply; the Brougham in sarcastic buffoonery; the Demosthenes in the use of words forcible as stones from a Balearic sling. I gave myself two years in the country for the investigation of philosophy, and the thorough cultivation of the mind. Those years of probation have passed—I await the next general election, when I shall get into the House—and then, as Bobadildo the Centurion says, and then—and then!—But first I would be editor of Fraser's Magazine, and I claim your suffrage." (*Descends gracefully amidst enthusiastic cheers.*)

"Sir," said a small gentleman of the name of Colburn—(*the moment he opened his lips there was an immense shout, a tremendous puff. "Hear Mr. Colburn, Mister Colburn, Mister Colburn!" exclaimed four thousand voices at once. "A real gentleman!" said Lord Normanby—ditto Bulwer—ditto Lister—ditto Lady Charlotte Bury—ditto all and sundry the sham-dandies of the various tribes. "Hear Mister Colburn!" shouted forth a miscellaneous tribe, in nankeens of several colors—a fragrant amalgamation of gentlemen*

> Unshaven, unshorn,
> With their pen and inkhorn—

the unwashed fraternity of onionized ragamuffins who manage the puff department. "Hear Mister Colburn!" shouted those men of the plume—"Hear HIM! Hear the man wot pays! Hear Mister Colburn!" cried Sheil, Mother Morgan, M. of N. M. (a ruffian), O'Hara, Gregoribus, the Parson of Sligo, Banim, Fundipickorum, the Wandering Jew, the Angel of the World, Shaugh-

nessy the Great, Rue Chaunterine, and all the Irish. "Hear Misthur Colburn! 'Tis there you are, you purty little man, with your wizzened face, rubbing your fists together! If we dooen't stick to ye 'tis we's the bastes—brute bastes, and worse than the heretics, whom God of his grate mircy (here they crossed themselves), may be plased to sind to Hell for evermore. That's the laste that could be done with the villains—the Pope-denying thieves! O, Misthur Colburn! who the divil would print and publish, and, best of all, pay for what we write, except yourself. If you were dead, you duck of a man, which we hope you never will be until your life is over," (hear! hear!) "there would be an ind of the Irish janius in this country, and we'd be left to waste ourselves on the Morning Ridgisthur or any other of them prents that's all for pathriotism and nothing for pay.")

"*Pay!*" said Ogreman Mahon,* "why don't you spake jintill, as I do, and say the word like the English, which is *pee?*"

"I wish the crew of you would hold your tongues," quoth Doctor Maginn, "and listen to Colburn. He is the kind of fellow worth hearing, and you are keeping him from speaking, with your balderdash. Go on, Coby!" (*Encouraged by this serene patronage the bibliopole commenced anew.*)

"Sir†—The occasion—indeed—upon my word—you understand—that is to say—because—if—you know—it is not that—but—I wish to be understood—the thing is—I am of the opinion, that—the same—no matter—if the thing—(*Hear, hear! Loud approbation*). There is no necessity. I shall be more expli—because—the fact is—you understand—Mr. Campbell—a clever man—if—I don't say—that is—to be sure—he

* At the Clare Election, in 1828, when O'Connell was returned to Parliament, one of his most staunch supporters was a young gentleman of fine presence and undoubted ability, called James Patrick O'Gorman Mahon, who, as claiming to be head of one of the septs of Clare, generally received the distinguishing title of "The O'Gorman Mahon." Honorable mention of his zeal, ability, and boldness, is made, by Sheil, in his "Sketches of the Irish Bar." He subsequently was elected to a seat in Parliament.—M.

† The late Mr. Henry Colburn, one of the shrewdest and most enterprising (if not adventurous), publishers of his time, was a timid, shrinking, small-sized man, who invariably spoke in a hesitating manner, and seemed as if a loud word would affright him, or a strong puff of wind blow him away.—M.

did write the Exile of Erin, not Nugent Reynolds,* (*"Randles, my hayro," said the O'Hara family—"that's the wagabone's name, a low-liv'd, thieving, lying, skaming scoundrel he was, more betoken —but no mathur, for the remainder is personal—Here's your helth, Cobrun, my buck! long may you triumph in age!"*) and if —another periodic—that is—why—the novels, works—you understand—hum!—they are—(*Loud applause from the Irish upon the left. "Go on, masthur—go on, your worship! Stick to that—By all that's bad, we are yours. Impartiality for ivir—so we stick to the maxim—Here's the hand that helps us to the potatoes; that's the thing to stick to! Proceed Coburn, my old poet—go on, beauty of Burlington Street—Sissirara was a fool*

* This alludes to a claim (first made in 1830), of the authorship of "The Exile of Erin," a lyric published in the Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell, and expressly declared to have been written by him, at Hamburgh, in 1800, having been suggested by meeting Anthony MacCann, one of the Irish political refugees of '98, walking on the banks of the Elbe, "lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation." It was alleged that George Nugent Reynolds, who certainly wrote a song called "Green were the Fields," had composed "The Exile of Erin" as its second part; that he had shown it to, and sung it for, several parties (still living in 1830), long before his death, and prior to Campbell's publication of it; that, at Easter, 1799, one of these parties read it in Reynolds's handwriting, and committed it to memory; that, later in the same year, Reynolds's sister made a copy of it, from his dictation, being then told by him that he had written it in the Autumn of 1798, in order to be sent to John Cormick, an expatriated Irish rebel; that, after Reynolds's sister took the song down from his dictation, she gave away over one hundred copies of it, by his permission; and that, in the winter of 1799, this song, known to have been written by Reynolds, was taken as a subject of instruction at the Belfast School of Music. Against these charges the following statements have been made in reply: that Campbell, indisputably a man of genius, and a productive one at the time, had no occasion to risk his reputation by stealing from another person; and that Nugent, though he lived in England fifteen months after Campbell published the song, and must have seen it or heard of it, never claimed it. In a private letter, dated December, 1800, addressed to an intimate friend, Campbell says, "The Exile of Erin" pleases Tony MacCann and his brethren," thus fixing the date of its composition. In autobiographical notes, written in 1837, Campbell very earnestly denies Nugent's claim to the authorship. It is fair to add that, "The Exile of Erin" is a far better poem, in all respects —sentiment, expression, and melody—than Nugent's "Green were the Fields."—M.

to ye.") for — then — there — though — not — I hope — if — I am — you see — therefore — hum! — so —

(At this period of the debate, a gentleman, whose name is variously reported as Napier Macvey, or Macvey Napier, arose. His intrusion was general'y voted highly impertinent. All the novelists were indignant. "Is it?" said Bulwer, "because the slave is manager of a paltry periodical culled after a town in an unknown country; or, if I must confess the disagreeable fact that I do know somewhat about the fellow's trade and admit that I have cognizance of his being what they call Editor of a work in a distant village named Edinburgh — Is it, therefore, that he dares to interrupt THE *publisher. In the King's Bench, an institution which must be familiar to most of my literary auditors——")*

The publisher, however, blandly remarked that if Mr. M. N. or N. M. had any thing to say, he would hear it. Any thing said the great man — any thing but publish what he writes. If — then — that — there — no — no — hum.

The Bacon-fly opened his mouth and uttered one of those sounds which pass for speech in the North; but before they had reached the circumfused multitude, an harmonious voice (it was Mr. Coleridge's) was heard from below.*

"Of Cape Tænarus, in Laconia, we have in all times heard memorials, and of the properties of the Peak of Teneriffe, accounts are extant which describe its enormity. But, Sir, your nasal proboscis so far exceeds what we read of these celebrated excrescences, that I feel I here suffer winter under its shadow, while the rest of the world are in summer. O destroyer of the fame of Bacon! O thou whose length of nose is in inverse ratio to thy depth of understanding, lift thy elephantine proboscis, and let thy ratiocination be the admiration of the company."

"No, Mr. Coleridge," said the long-nosed and long-eared reviewer; "no, I must speak myself, because——"

"Give *me* leave, however, first, for a moment," cried a burly, lusty, jolly bespectacled gentleman from the north. "Give me

* Macvey Napier had published, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Scotland, a heavy "Essay on the Scope and Tendency of the Philosophical Writings of Lord Bacon," which the wits of *Blackwood*, in their earlier volumes, lost no opportunity of ridiculing.—M.

leave," quoth Mark Macrabin, the Cameronian.* But why should we not call him by his own true appellation—why suppress the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of PATRICK ROBERTSON? Most magnificent of orators, and most jocular of men, far be from us the guilt of hiding thy candle under a bushel! "Give me leave," said he—"the dey of Algiers is eclipsing—the Porte has come down to negus—the Emperor of China drinks brandy, and the Hong-merchants are insolvent. Why do you speak to me of the Copernican system, or adduce, with a show of gravity, the example of Simon Stylites? Is not Don Miguel going to marry his niece, while the people of Huddersfield have but twopence halfpenny a day, and Edwin Atherston has published the Fall of Nineveh?† The comet that scorches the air adust is coming from the Cape of Good Hope, and Mr. Dawson assures us, in the House of Commons, that mutton is no more than five-pence a pound. Strange infatuation! as if we did not recollect that the Hugh Lyndsey arrived at Suez in less than thirty-three days from Bombay, although she stopped twelve days on her passage to take in coals, an inconvenience that a little previous arrangement might have remedied, and will, to a dead certainty, be satisfactorily accounted for, when it is brought before Parliament.

"Sir—closely connected with this subject is the general state of literature. I shall not diverge or digress into extraneous matter, nor take up your time with long disquisitions on the

* A continuous story of lowlier Scottish life, bearing the name of "Mark Macrabin, the Cameronian," and published in the sixth, seventh, and eighth volumes of *Blackwood*, was originally affiliated on Allan Cunningham (though possessing little of the poetical feeling of his prose fictions), but was finally declared to have been written by "Peter" (actually Patrick) Robertson, who was made a Scotch judge, and died recently. "Peter" Robertson was a sound lawyer, an eloquent advocate, a staunch Tory, a lively humorist, and the personal friend and companion of Scott, Lockhart, Hogg, Syme, and the conservative *literati* of Edinburgh.—M.

† Edwin Atherstone wrote a novel, called "The Sea-Kings of England," an article on Sir Thomas Lawrence and Martin in the *Edinburgh Review*, and two blank verse poems, entitled, "The Last Days of Herculaneum" and "The Fall of Nineveh." The latter was severely reviewed by Wilson in *Blackwood's Magazine*.—M.

cosmogony or the creation of the world. I leave that to Ephraim Jenkinson and the other geologists of his school. But, is the country ruined or not? Are we destroyed and annihilated from the face of the earth? Is there such an island as Great Britain? I talk not of Ireland, since the passing of the Roman Catholic Bill. All these questions require answers, which, however, it is possible they may not receive. In order to discuss them temperately we must come to the inquiry with a quiet mind, not discomposed by faction, nor clouded with the crapulous fumes of superabundant fluid. Let me remark that Mr. Goulburn's tax upon whiskey will be signally defeated. Scotland has risen in arms—the universal spirit of Caledonia is aroused—a cry has gone forth from the waters of Tweed to the Grampians, from the Grampians to Cape Wrath, which is as irresistible as that cape itself. Methinks I see Wallace again in armor, as depicted by Miss Porter in her celebrated historical work. The Bruce floats before my eyes in the shape of Braham, singing "Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace bled"—Galgacus rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm—Locheil comes forth in unbreeched glory, and shakes his kilt in all the majesty of war. In vain are the machinations of the Chancellor,* to no effect the resolutions of cabinets and decrees of councils. Scotland insists that every man shall do his duty, and, to use the words of the beautiful song, I have quoted, "we shall drink or die."—*(Tremendous cheering.)*

"Sir, it is in vain to deny it, that poetry is a drug. Who are in that line at present? None of them, I venture to say, as eminent in mixing his verses as Mr. Davis of Philpot-lane (to whom the Quarterly Review gave the classical title of Molly Coddle) was in mixing Bohea and Souchong, Pekoe and Hyson. Speaking of this reminds me of the odious monopoly of the East India Company, of which I am a zealous partisan. Why should they have vessels of 1,200 tons burthen trading to Canton, while nobody reads the pamphlets of Rickards or Crawford, and nobody will put money into the purse of Buckingham, who holds forth his eleemosynary paw. This must be inquired into. What is Robert Montgomery?—An ass. What is Edwin Atherston?—An ass.

* Lord-Chancellor Lyndhurst.—M

What is Creation Ball?—An ass. What is Traveller Maude?—An ass.* So on of the rest. I could speak upon this subject for a day, and yet not add a word to what I have said, nor give a more complete, just, and accurate description of these gentlemen than I have done in this our pretty and poetical word.

"Sir, there is not a man in the House of Commons worth listening to, except Brougham, and Huskisson, and Sadler. Mackintosh is a bore, so is Lushington, so is Lord John Russell, so is Althorp. Tom Macauley is a failure, and so is Dan. O'Connell. Peel is done—Goulburn is a donkey.† The march of mind is in progress, but, as it would appear, out of the country. The appointment of Peyronnet, in France, will not conciliate the liberals, and Dopo Nigoro holds the field in Java. Where shall we end? Is beer still to be five pence a pot? Beer, do I say? alas! the day of beer is past—it has gone to its bier, and we drink a mixture of capsicum and devil's dung, quassia, and gentian stewed together in the water of the Dolphin saturated with the bodies of interesting young women drowned from love, or able-

* Edward Ball, author of "Creation," now a forgotten poem, and Thomas Maude, who wrote some "dead-and-gone" Continental Travels.—M.

† This slashing criticism on the British Parliamentary speakers of 1830 must be taken *cum grano*. No doubt Brougham was then the best—perhaps the only orator in the Commons. His force carried every thing before it—like a freshet. Huskisson was a heavy speaker, whose array of the statistics of commerce gave him weight. Sadler had made one or two (closet-prepared and memory-committed) anti-Catholic orations in 1829. Sir James Mackintosh was simply a wearisome reciter of what would have made passable articles in a Review. Dr. Lushington ought never to have spoken, save in his proper place, a court of law, where he might be dull. Lord John Russell hesitated in delivery, and had then a double allowance of the usual English haw-haw parliamentary affectatious manner. Lord Althorpe could rarely express himself intelligibly. Macaulay had just commenced his career and won great and merited praise by two or three striking speeches. O'Connell, from the first, commanded attention, no less by force of language than of position, literally being "member for all Ireland." Peel, so far from being "done," never broke into any thing like eloquence until 1831, when he astonished even his admirers, by rising with the national [and party] importance of the occasion. Goulburn, it must be conceded, was "a donkey"—his oratory reminded one of the flat and far-extending plains of fenny Cambridgeshire, the University located amid which he so long represented in Parliament.—M.

bodied gentlemen reduced to despair. And yet when I look to Ireland, do not I there see the finest peasantry under the sun, the most verdant soil, the most graceful mountains, the most moving bogs, the most clear-shown harbors, the most noble rivers, the most delightful orators, the most excellent olla-podrida of tropes and figures ever served up to an oppressed, a bewildered, an unfortunate, an enslaved, and a hard-drinking nation.

> Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
> Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?"

(*Loud applause.*)

"Sir, Fraser's Magazine is the best Magazine ever published—I should rather indeed say the best work that ever irradiated the globe. In wit facetious—in learning profound—in argument conclusive—in poetry pathetic—in comedy diverting—in tragedy rending the soul. I hate exaggeration, nor do I quote poetry. Yet the strains of my favorite poet, the simple Wordsworth, supply me with a simile. Fraser's Magazine is

> 'Like to the swan whose majesty prevails
> O'er breezeless waters on Locarno's lake,
> Bears him on, while proudly sailing;
> He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake.
> Behold!'

"But what are we to say of the movements in the Court of Session? Is not the sacred number of Fifteen* invaded?—Can these things be?—I do not pretend to answer, much less do I pretend to say that the river Aspropotamos is the fitting boundary for the Greeks;† for the inhabitants of the country to which we owe the wonders of the glorious strains of Homer—where Themistocles counselled, and Pausanias fought—where Pindar was born, and where Byron died—(*"hear, hear!" from Tom Moore*)—where the Acroceraunian promontory shoots proudly into the air with the peaks of Pindus and the Parnassus of the

* Some time after this, the Lords of Session [judges of the Scottish Supreme Courts] were reduced from fifteen to twelve, their present number.—M.

† The settlement of Greece into a kingdom was then under discussion.—M.

bards—for a country where Leonidas defied at Thermopylæ the gorgeous millions of the Persian king, and whose inhabitants have given their name to a numerous and honorable tribe that saunter in the mazes of the Stock Exchange, and bask in the bowers of Crockford. Shall I say further, is Aspropotamos a suitable boundary for that land, the chief town of which has bequeathed its appropriate name to the modern Athens.—(*Loud cheers from all the Auld Reekies—"Verra judeecious that observe o' Peter's—he's a bra' haund at a crack that bodie Robbyson—ye'll mind the Dundonnel case, and a' his daffin aboot the cocks and hens—it was gay funny yon."*)

"Sir, THE GENERAL QUESTION—*(loud applause)* but I conclude; thanking you for the attention with which you have heard me, and shall now retire, to let you reflect upon what I have said, while I refresh my wearied person with a no thinly cut slice from the sitting part of the ruminating ox, garnished by the pungent vegetable of Spain, flanked by the favorite food of Ireland, and moistened by alternate draughts from the vats of Meux, and from the casks of Antigua, mingled with the waters of Thames, and sweetened by the produce of the toil of the unfortunate negro, who, exclaiming that he is a man and a Christian, is still held in cruel bondage, and smitten by the unsparing cartwhip!" (*Hear! from Zachary Macaulay.*)*

(*Mr. Robertson here pulled up his breeches, erected his spectacles over his brow, twitched his wig into its proper position, and departed. After which, however, deep silence immediately prevailed. Even the ladies held their tongues; such was the strange and mysterious effect of the heart-searching eloquence of the last speaker. No person could now doubt upon whom the choice would fall; and already the name of Peter the Great was on the lips of the impatient spectators, burning to unbosom themselves, and by heaven-rending exclamations to promulgate the honor due to the bold aspirant. At some distance, however, a faint and tremulous voice was heard. For a moment it lasted, then died away like the*

* Zachary Macaulay (father of the historian, orator, and poet), actively co-operated with Wilberforce *against* the slave trade, but was accused, by several Tory writers, of having previously made a considerable fortune by it. He died in 1830.—M.

breathings of a summer air; once more a sound like the distant flowing of a brattling stream, fell on the ear; and the crowd, turning an anxious gaze toward the spot from whence the noise proceeded, saw the door of Green's Hotel suddenly yawn, and a gentleman, with graceful step, availing himself of the avenue the people opened, advanced close to the railing; then springing on the slight and uncertain support, with one hand holding the lamp-post, and with the other tossing aside a cigar, which fell like a shot-star, among the entranced group, whose anxious countenances betrayed the intense interest the stranger's appearance had excited.)* —"Up I go, as Ranger says," observed the new candidate for the offered honors. "And why not? Who are there here that in the pride of their hearts dare compete with Noll Yorke? Aye, I say it; I Oliver Yorke, once of Shoreham, and Moreham, and Boreham, and half the other Hams in the fair county of Kent; but we'll let that pass, as the lands have. So here I am honest Noll Yorke, with as many acres as surtouts, when I first saw the world some seven and twenty years ago."†

"What a sweet purty young gentleman," observed an orange-woman, with four blue eyes; two by nature, and two by art. "He is so clane and dacent."

(The fair Fruiteress was correct in her sentiments; Oliver Yorke was altogether of a different make, calibre, and all that is embraced by the phrase, "outward man," from any of his competitors. His black hair fell partially over his pale forehead, and curled and fretted on the collar of an Indian dressing-gown, which, in the excitation of the moment, when first the idea of contending for the prize had entered his mind, he had hastily thrown on; a black silk neckerchief clung, by the aid of a large gold ring, to a neck that vied with the contour of Apollo's. He drew on a lemon-colored glove, and, turning his bright and enquiring eyes to a bouquet of lovely women, who had gathered on the adjacent balcony)—Here first, he said, let me pay my adoration. If Cæsar

* Green's Hotel, at the corner of Lincoln's Inn Square, was a great resort of country lawyers and litigious squires.—M.

† Oliver North, of *Fraser's*, was as real a personage [and no more], as Sylvanus Urban of the *Gentleman's*, Christopher North of *Blackwood's*, or Anthony Poplar of the *Dublin University Magazine*.—M.

demands tribute, what is not due to the conquerer of monarchs? Give me, ye blessed spirits of this sublunary earth, but one encouraging smile—let me hear, or fancy I hear, but one soothing sigh, and who shall be the rash caitiff that shall disturb or impede me in my career? Shall it be Bony Cobbett, or Potatoe Doherty, or Trumpet Moore?—*(Then the crowd raised their voices and answered, "No.")* Shall it be St. Bernard Croly?*—*(There was a moment's hesitation.)* Look at *me*, ye syrens, whose lips shame the coral and the young rose. Think of *him* and *me*—can you hesitate?—*(And the beauteous daughters of Eve loudly shouted, "Noll Yorke!" Then, as if afraid of the dulcet tones of their own voices, and alarmed at their own boldness, rushed in breathless tumult into the house.)*—Shall it be Naso Napier?—*(Here a negative alarum peal was raised that might have been heard at the Antipodes. The cry, like the roar of many waters, floated into Holborn and the Strand—rung along the street—deafened King Charles—turned sharply down Whitehall Place, and died away, in faint echoes, in both houses of Parliament.)*

(Oliver stood more erect—his face flushed—he raised his arm.)—"I would," he continued, "rather live on the vapor of a dungeon than be the vain herald of my own good qualities—the wretched boaster of virtues and acquirements. Truly, of the first I have none—nay, Naso finish your damnable grimaces, and listen. I have none but those worthy of a gentleman. I don't cog and lie to steal away a lovely woman's heart, and then cast her like a loathsome weed away. I rifle not of happiness a fond parent's heart, (I except gouty contumacious uncles,) because the sole solace of his age is also to be the heiress of his fortunes. I do not breakfast on gunpowder and lunch on bayonets, to astonish witlings and Desdemonise old dowagers. I creep not into the confidence of the unsuspecting husband, and root up domestic felicity, to win the idle title of a man of fashion. I dip not my pen in gall to bring chilling disappointment and hopelessness to the timid claimant to scientific honors. I crush not the youthful poet. I rob not of sleep the fair authoress who has poured forth her lays redolent of love, and confided to unperishing fame the

* "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," by Dr. Croly, attracted nearly as much attention on their appearance as his Hebrew romance "Salathiel."—M.

first strugglings of the overflowing heart. I wallow not in the produce of the racy butt, and high-scented flagon—except on occasions. I pink no friend, and return no scowling look, because poverty and oppression have reached those who had been, in better days, my companions and my best comrades. But still I am not cold as the icicle in Dian's temple, my eye never rests on one of heaven's fair creation, but my breast throbs as if the last breath of life were struggling to escape. I am beauty's slave—I avow it. The small hand, the tiny foot, hold me in fetters; the smooth round arm, is cordage which enthralls my very soul; the taper form, the heaving bosom, the gorgeous neck, the dimpled chin, the rosy lips, the eye of fire, and brow of snow, bring to me a death which never dies—an extermination which knows no end. *(Here twelve old maids, who were sojourning at Green's, and were straining their long, cranish and shrivelled necks from the four garret windows, fainted, and sunk down in a paroxysm of delight at the devotion thus paid to the sex, of which they composed a dozen.)* "Oh, Tommy Moore! Tommy Moore!" said the youngest, before she dropped, like an aged lark into a furze-bush, turning the only eye that would look in that direction, "hide your diminished head, your light is quenched, your small lamp extinguished. You, who were once the Triton among the minnows, are now but the minnow among the Tritons; Oh, little Tommy Moore." *(Here the sweet and amiable creature, blooming like the yellow asphodel, borrowed the waiter's handkerchief, and, removing her wig and flannel skull-cap, wiped the large streamlets of powdery perspiration which meandered down her head, and hopped like a trickling rivulet on the ground. They were like the tears of Niobe, with a little more color.)* "I speak not," continued Oliver, "from the excitement of a glowing fancy. It is my memory which supplies the picture. She once lived—and, I once loved. She was a daughter of my own county—an orphan. I wooed her—she consented. Her churlish uncle, from base mercenary motives, refused. He tried to force her into the arms of another. She agreed to fly with me—we were in France. Her kinsman had power—I was charged with espionage—was seized—pinioned—driven to the coast—embarked in a vessel, and told that I was then at liberty, and that the white cliffs of Old England

were my destination. The flapping sails were hoisted—the cordage whistled—the streamer flew in the wind. The hoarse pilot gave the word. The knot by which we clung to the shore was slipped, and as the rolling wave eddied and swelled at our stern, she—yes, she rushed furiously along the pier. Her cheeks were tinged with the leaden hue of death—her eyes cast the flickering light that speaks the unseated and shivered heart—the hope that has waned into desperation—the night which has no morning. Tossing aside the ruffians who dared with unhallowed hands to oppose her flight, she shouted to me for help, and with outstretched arms bounding into the waves, struggled to reach the flying bark.—'My Jessy floats upon the watery plain.'

We must do Naso Napier the justice to say, that he here sneezed repeatedly, and drew a long flat hand across his eyes. He had no handkerchief.

"What then," continued the animated speaker, "was the world to me? I ever eschewed a base death by my own hand—the low and rascally cowardice of sinking even under the worst of all the world's worst ills. Give halters and pistols to the dogs—I'll none of them! I sought refuge in the most boisterous tumults of over-excited life—I drained the overflowing cup, and I clung to the rattling dice and devil-procreated cards. I gloried in the maddening hallooing of the field. I mixed with the most ruffianly of the creation. I courted all dangers. I thought that it would be heaven if I were but so insulted that I might die with my hands red with the proofs of gratified revenge. My temples burned—my blood shot throbbing through my veins—I cursed existence, and at length I awoke from a dream of years, beggared in fortune, shattered in constitution. All but the powers of mind impaired, and alas! one faculty increased with maddening force—my memory. So here you have me—my best and worst. I want employment for my thoughts, to bring deep sleep to my recollections. I fear not competition. Is there one of the miserable pretenders before me who dare to raise their feeble voices and say they hope to live till a second sun arises, in possession of the world's fair opinion, if they enter into the lists with Noll Yorke? I once more appeal to that fair jury *(the angels had re-*

approved;) I abide by their decision. They are the queens of our creation. I—you—all—are bound to obey their decree."

But suddenly darkness came over the land, and Oliver disappeared. In vain the lovely arbiters of his fate strained their swan-like necks to discover what awful visitation of nature had caused this portentous calamity. Their quick eyes could perceive no trace of the interesting stranger. He seemed as if swallowed by the earth. Suddenly, however, he re-emerged, and was restored to the weeping eyes of the heart-stirring mourners. The truth is, that Naso Napier, stung with the contemptuous manner in which Oliver had spoken of the pretensions of the various learned and erudite competitors for the great prize at stake, had in the utter desperation of his feelings, and forgetful altogether of the melancholy exhibition he was about to make, leaped up on the railing. The immediate consequence of this change of locality, was the interposition of Naso's nose between the fair judges and Noll:—thus creating a total eclipse; of which all astronomers had, until this moment, been utterly ignorant. How long this obscuration might have lasted Heaven only can judge, as Naso had begun by observing, that he meant to repose his claim for the public's approbation on the article he intended to write for Blackwood, consisting of seventy-two heads curiously divided and subdivided into fractional parts, to suit each day of the year. Luckily, however, for Fraser's Magazine and the world, the four-eyed fruiteress, enraged at her "swate boy" being after this unseemly and invidious fashion obscured by Naso's gristly trunk, seized him by the pocketty termination of a pair of Monmouth trowsers,* dimly and dingily seen through the separation of his swallow-tailed coat, which hung in that ignominious direction; and thus plucking him down, restored light, happiness, and consolation. The last intelligence we were able to obtain of Naso, was, that Plimpton, the celebrated optician of Lincoln's Inn, had him conveyed to Tom Wood's coffee-house, and after binding him (that is Naso) down with the necessary quantity of good brandy punch (flavored with marmalade, it is truly excellent), proceeded by

* Monmouth street, in London, long the abode of Jewish dealers in second-hand wearing apparel.—M.

quadrant to measure the altitude and extent of the offending member. It was found to be equal to a surface (we can't say plane surface, because there arose on the proboscis sundry protuberances of no inconsiderable compass) of three acres, and a trifle of surplus, which scarcely deserves computation. The height was, about the "bittock," generally attached to a Scotch mile. Mr. Plimpton has given to the scientific world a very curious problem on the subject;—"If Naso Napier's nose be erected, with the elevation of 45°, and stands looking N. N. W., what is the color of Madame Vestris's garters?" We have not yet heard the solution.

But we forgot ourselves, in our love of mensuration. Only a few minutes elapsed after light was restored, before the bevy of beauty, which had adorned the balcony, descended, as with one accord; and while the most lovely of the group led the way, the rest, with gentle violence, pushed Oliver Yorke forward; the crowd, with cheers, opening to let this comet of light pass.

"We beseech," said the lovely supplicant, "the honor for Noll —who is worthy of the garland of merit but Yorke?" (*Here the faint tones of a little trumpet were heard, like unto the youthful wailings of a Lilliputian kitten, in a chimney-sweep's hat, two leagues off.*)

"It's Tommy," said the Fruiteress. "Goodness take the cratur into his own keeping!"

"Tommy the Moor, this is no day of all jeers for you, you varment."

"Abominable," observed Rogers.

"We implore for Noll—our Noll!" again entreated the lovely arbiters of our fates.

"Then," said Coleridge to the bystanders, "speak; that which ye say I shall pronounce for doom."

Instantly all the people with one voice, shouted—

"Noll Yorke and Regina for Ever!"

And again all London echoed with—

"NOLL YORKE AND REGINA!"

"NOLL YORKE AND THE QUEEN OF MAGAZINES!"

"Now," said Coleridge, "since fate has thus fulfilled her destined circle, and that the head of the victorious candidate is to be bound with laurel, with bay, with oak, or with parsley, as in the games of Greece, I think the festival should commence. I move then that we all retire to the Freemasons' Tavern."

"I second the motion," said Jerdan, "it is the first sensible word I have heard spoken to-day." [*The company adjourned to the Freemasons' Tavern, and we left them eating.*]

THE DINNER.

So many false statements respecting our famous dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern have got afloat, and the report which appeared in *The Times*, though sufficiently ample (extending to seventeen columns) being so tinctured with party bias, in some instances of a malevolent kind, it is, we think, incumbent upon us to devote some pages to giving a true and circumstantial account of all that happened. It is a duty to the public in these times, when the Funds all over Europe are so easily affected by great events, that those events should be delivered minutely, and with a scrupulous regard to truth, from the highest authority. We shall never forgive ourselves if Metalliques sunk to 98¼, in consequence of our suffering to remain uncontradicted the stock-jobbing rumors consequent upon our dinner.

Friday, then, the ———— 1830, was the day fixed upon for the election dinner of ourselves. We had been appointed, by unanimous acclaim, Editor of *Regina*, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, to the overthrow of many of the most potent competitors. In our case there had been no bribery and corruption — we were guiltless of the sin of invading the wine-vaults of London, and letting loose a flood of pestiferous port upon unsuspecting and thirsty congregations of free-born Englishmen. Not a riband of ours,

"White, black, or grey, in all their trumpery,"

had dangled from a bosom, or waved in a bonnet. We had not conferred the pleasure of an eleemosynary postchaying upon a single individual: and if Sir Robert Wilson deserved (as we confess he did) to be crowned, as he was, with a numskull namesake of the editor of the *Literary Gazette*,* as an appropriate

* Jerdan.—M.

emblem of his purity and sterling value, we assuredly may claim the merit of bedecking our brows with an ornament of foolscap. Enough, however, of this. We were elected, and are Editor.

There were many reasons why we chose the Freemasons' Tavern as the place of our dinner. Every one is or ought to be acquainted with the style and the excellent fare with which our friend Cuff contrives to please the eye and tickle the palates of his patrons the public. The situation of the house, moreover, was convenient in the extreme, from its contiguity to the scene of action in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Independently of the distance, the other great houses in the metropolis would have little suited our purpose. The Albion is the resort of those low bipeds who are called booksellers, with whom we have nothing in common, and for whom we have an ineffable contempt. These fellows, we understand, congregate together at what are called "publishers' clubs," and "trade sales," and there they stuff their deep sinks of paunches, and circulate nonsense by the sale of novels, and spread abroad idiotic ravings and treason by the circulation of political pamphlets. Long's would scarcely have suited our purpose, because of the dandies and mustachioed jackanapes who throng the door and the passages, and prevent the ingress, egress, and regress of all respectable and decently-clothed and conducted individuals like ourselves. Tom Woods', in the corner of Clare Market, was little adapted for the occasion, for he had not a room large enough for our festivities, though the porter there is of the most fragrant and exquisite taste, and the viands such as would have made old Apicius, or Tom Gent himself, smack his lips with stomachic delight. Stevens's, notwithstanding all Theodore Hook's puffing, was not likely to give us pleasure on so momentous an occasion; for Stevens's day of *ton* is almost passed by, and we, Oliver Yorke, are rather particular in our place of dining. The Clarendon was under repair; the London too snobbish; the Salopian wanting in sufficient accommodation; the Saracen's Head enough to turn our stomachs sour with his ugly phiz; Grillon's too crowded for our convenience. Cuff's, then, was the fittest place for the occasion, and to it we repaired in all merriment.

Aware of the likely termination of our election meeting (and this

was not difficult, for the sons of England have but one way of terminating all matters of joy or of sorrow, and that is by a good and sufficient dinner), his most gracious Majesty — on whom may blessings multiply, full and heavy as the dews of Hermon! — sent us two of his fattest and most seemly bucks from his park of Bushy. My Lord Folkstone, though he be the sourest of Radicals — and we are incapable of being bribed — transmitted for our mastication some of the finest turbots that epicurean eyes could have set their desires on. Our friends from the West Indian Club House despatched half-a-dozen turtles for our soup; and in the train of these came groaning some score of porters, carrying lemons and sugar for punch, and pine-apple and ginger preserves for dessert, while the Horticultural Society forwarded for our use apricots, plums, peaches, and other juicy fruits in abundance.

The chair was filled by the redoubted though stern form of Oliver Yorke. O'Doherty was the Croupier,* and the tables were crowded to excess by a most goodly company. Shortly after the cloth was removed, the Chairman arose and spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen!—A huge bumper. You anticipate that I am about to give the health of our gracious Sovereign. It may not be known that he and I were, for many years, midshipmen together, and both admirable adepts in splicing the mainbrace. We were together in the action against Langara, where his Majesty so especially distinguished himself; and, by an odd coincidence, it happens that a pair of old brother messmates find themselves in the one year advanced to such high stations as he and I. God bless his Majesty! I am not inclined to be sentimental, but I have drunk his health in grog many a day, and have come, at last, to drinking it in claret.

"Gentlemen—The language of adulation shall never pass my lips. The rascally rabble of radicals, Burdett and the rest, talk about their devotion to the King—and palaver about his being a heaven-born prince, and all that. Don't you think, gentlemen, that the King despises that lingo from the bottom of his breeches? It is all very well to stuff a complimentary address from the

* It may be necessary to say that *Croupier* is a Scottish term for vice-president.—M.

House of Commons, or any other spouting club, with soft nonsenses of the kind. When we have whipt-cream served up, we must have froth too. But among men, among Englishmen, among brother sailors, ought it to be the order of the day? No. The Duke of Clarence—I beg a thousand pardons*—his Majesty is a man above such stuff. He knows that all true Tory-men stick to the King out of principle—and he knows how to make them stick to the man, too, out of affection. (*Loud cheers.*) I do not say a word against George the Fourth. I fought for him—I spoke for him—I wrote for him. I never let any body abuse him in my presence, without knocking him down, or trying to do so, because I was always in favor of free discussion. (*Hear! Hear!*) But then, somehow or another, my heart never warmed to him. They told me he was a gentleman, and I always maintained it, without knowing whether he was or not; for that I considered the duty of a good subject. But then I could not help thinking that a gentleman was not the sort of a king for this country. (*Cheers.*) Do not mistake—I mean a gentleman of the tailor's making; for a gentleman of God's making is a different matter, and one of them we have upon the throne at present. George IV. was said to be good at a bow—I had rather it were a shake of the hand. However, of that no more.

"There is a custom of toasting the Queen apart from the King, which I think is bad taste. I am sure Queen Adelaide—many a pleasant day I passed in Saxe Meiningen, her native ground, with Tieck, a jolly dog, Jacob Morgenstern, the old Dorpat professor, and his pretty wife, and Spieker, the sham-Englishman of Berlin, with other night-rangers—I say, I am sure the Queen has no fancy for being so parted. Let us, therefore, drink them together, and flinging, like a *union*, in one cup, the rest of the Royal Family. Drink, with all the honors,

"The King, the Queen, and the other Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family." (*Uproarious cheering.*)

"In drinking such a toast," said Sam (*Rogers*), "we ought not

* The Duke of Clarence, eldest surviving brother of George IV., had succeeded to the throne, as William IV., in June 1830. His wife was a strong Tory, while his own politics were then of the liberal school.—M.

to stand upon ceremony; I move, therefore, that we stand upon the table."

As the lightning darts from one end of the heavens to the other —as thought speeds from pole to pole—as (*many similes here omitted*)—so did the company bound electrically upon the festive board, and with glasses previously drained with peculiar care, brandished high in air, did they utter the toast that rendered homage to their monarch and his family.

Mr. Braham, who had received a special retainer of three shillings and sixpence for this evening, sung the following song to his own popular and vulgar air, "The King, God bless him!" The words being written in plain English, puzzled the vocalist a little at first, but he got on tolerably well.

Song.

Fill up your bumpers, lads, brimmers all round!
This world's a queer world, you may think;
And, faith, so it is, as we've most of us found,
And *that's* why I wish you to drink.
D'ye wait for a toast?—then I'll give you "the King!"
And, while we've such cause to caress him,
With hearts just as full as our goblets, we'll sing,
Here's "William the Fourth, God bless him!"
God bless him!
Here's "William the Fourth, God bless him!"

Again, my lads, fill to the health of a king,
Who roughed it right bravely when young;
And, when but small profit her service could bring,
To the pure cause of Liberty clung!
'Tis the king, who's now called by his nation—but hold!—
I see by your eyes that you guess him—
Then drink to a name with the proudest enrolled—
Here's "Philip of France, God bless him!"
God bless him!
Here's "Philip of France, God bless him!"

Oh, proud was the day, when the spirit of France
In the might of its energy rose;
And, teaching a new sort of national dance,
Astonished old tyranny's toes!
And such be the lesson by nations still taught,
When Despots shall dare to oppress 'em.

Then fill up once more, lads, and drink as ye ought,
"The People of France, God bless 'em!"
God bless 'em!
"The People of France, God bless 'em!"

"Come, Mr. Robert Pierce Gillies," quoth the Chairman, "don't be sitting there, mute as a fish—do something to pay for your drink, my good fellow. If nothing else—give us a song." Mr. Gillies cleared his throat, and brought out the following German effusion.

Song by Mr. Robert Pierce Gillies.

Nieder trinkt die Politik
Und die Zeitungsleser
Lieblicher tönt die Musik
Angestoosner Gläser
Von der Tafelrunde sey
Weggebannt die Plauderey!

Chor.

Von der Tafelrunde sey
Weggebannt die Plauderey!

Weggebannt gelehrter Streit
Werden wir drum besser?
Lasst Geshicht' und Bücher heut,
Und studiert die Fässer.
Freunde stimmt in Sprichwort ein:
Wahrheit, Wahrheit liegt im Wein!

Chor.

Freunde stimmt in Sprichwort ein:
Wahrheit, Wahrheit liegt im Wein!

(*Thunderous applause, and table-thumping unutterable. When something like lassitude had succeeded the excitement produced by the song, Lord Francis Leveson Gower rose, and, with much gravity and earnestness of manner, made the following ridiculous proposal*)—"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—Nothing, I assure you, could afford me more deep delight than the way in which you have expressed your admiration of the song just sung—and, feeling that such admiration must be materially increased by your comprehending the words of the said song, I propose to translate"—(*Here his Lordship's voice was drowned in a combination of*

indescribable sounds, such as we verily believe were never heard, save on this great occasion. The hooting, the howling, the hissing, the groaning, the moaning, the roaring and, high above all, the loud, loud peals of laughter, may, as the Morning Papers beautifully express it, be much more easily conceived than described. His Lordship, like a man coming suddenly to himself, sat down, looking insufferable things—and up popped O'Doherty—the actual Standard-bearer in person; and instantly you might have heard a toper's swallow.) "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," said the veteran, "Lord Gower can't translate the song, and he knows it. I can, and I will." (*Hear! hear! Bravo, Brevity! translate that, or what you will! you're the boy! no Lords for us! teach him a bit of German, my cock of wax, &c. &c.*)

O'DOHERTY *sings his translation.*

Drink and drown your politics!
Curse the trash of Colburn!
D——n "New Monthly's" greasy wicks,
Dimly as the *whole* burn!
Banished from our jovial board
Be the lack-a-daisy horde!

Banished be the leaden lore,
Worse than edgeless razor!
Heavy fools! who fain would soar,
Go and study Fraser!
Still *Regina's* rule be mine—
Wit and Wisdom's fount is wine!

(*Magnificent applause; table-thumping—glasses jumping—as before.*) Lord Gower again placed himself on his pins, and said:—"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—Since you did not receive my proposal for translation as I could have wished, perhaps you will have the kindness (*here the speaker was much moved*) to listen to a song by me in the German language. It has a capital chorus." (*Loud cheers—then mute attention.*)

Song by Lord F. L. GOWER.

Vom hohem Göttersitz ward uns die Freude
Ward uns die Jugendzeit gewährt;
Drum, traute Bruder! trotzt dem bleichen Neide
Der unsre Jugendfreuden stöhrt,

Feierlich schalle der Jubelgesang
Freulicher Freunde beim Gläserklang! (*bis.*)
(*At the chorus his Lordship waved his glass with a Bacchanalian air, which equally surprised and delighted us.*)

So lang es Gott gefällt, ihr lieben Brüder,
Woll'n wir uns dieses Lebens freun;
Und endlich wenn der Vorhang fällt uns wieder
Gesellig zu den Engeln reihn.
Feierlich schalle der Jubelgesang
Schwärmender Freunde beim Gläserklang. (*bis.*)

Tumultuous approbation followed this song. Whereafter his Lordship was again on his legs, and, a hearing obtained, spoke as follows:—"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—The song you have just applauded so strongly, and I may say so deservedly, I will, with your permission, now translate." Here—but we scorn to attempt any thing above our powers. As soon might his Lordship entertain a hope of truly translating from the German, as we of truly describing the yells and noises which answered his egregious proposal.

The call for Mr. Jesse's song now became very loud and general, and in obedience thereto he struck up the following:*

Mr. Jesse's *Song.*

From that pure author, Nature, came
One article without a heading;
You stare—but I'll just prove that same—
She manufactured Cyrus Redding!
Witless Cyrus,
Born to tire us,
Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

And, knowing what he'd have to do,
She gave his roof an inside leading;
And said—"Wit's shaft shall ne'er pierce through
The thick lined top of Cyrus Redding.

* *Fraser's Magazine* having attacked the Literary Union (the club founded by Thomas Campbell), of which Cyrus Redding was Secretary—he was also sub-editor of the *New Monthly*—he would not allow the offending periodical into the reading-room, for which *Fraser* repeatedly attacked him.—M.

Silly Cyrus,
Born to tire us,
Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!"

Then Cyrus grew a lanky lad,
Few notions in his brains imbedding;
"Much thinking," thought he, "drives men mad."
Well, *there* you're safe, sweet Cyrus Redding.
Lanky Cyrus,
Born to tire us,
Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

"But though not born, it seems, to think,
My stomach can't want meat and breading;
Nor must my throttle thirst for drink—
I'll be a scribe," said Cyrus Redding.
Scribbling Cyrus,
Born to tire us,
Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

So he began to scribble trash,
Nor gods, nor men, nor columns dreading;
Till something whispered—"Cut and slash,
And fawn and slaver, Cyrus Redding."
Slav'ring Cyrus,
Born to tire us,
Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

He heard the voice and joined Reviewers,
Their tea-cup twaddle widely spreading,
With minds as bright as Barclay's brewers'
And hearts like that of Cyrus Redding.
Twaddling Cyrus,
Born to tire us,
Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

Until he gained King Campbell's grace
We scorn to track his tortuous threading—
Judge they who 've looked upon his face,
'Twixt Jerry Sneak and Cyrus Redding.
Sneaking Cyrus,
Born to tire us,
Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

And now he reigns, the L. U.'s See.,
The bottle's blood profusely shedding,

Oh, that a rope but held the neck
And we the heels of Cyrus Redding!
That thought — Cyrus,
Shall inspire us!
Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

And be d——d to him!

(*Multifarious applause — and shortly after a most outrageous roar of laughter.*)

When silence was obtained, the Chairman arose and said — "Gentlemen, in convivial meetings like the present, we have deemed it fit not to be so nice in our politics as to exclude gentlemen who are not exactly of our way of thinking in every respect. It is unnecessary for me to say that I am anti-ministerial; but this room, nevertheless, contains some of the most influential members of the ministry, attracted hither merely by a desire of paying homage to our literary talents. In a word, the three principal literary supporters of the present administration have done us the honor to dine with us to-day. I need not say that I mean Lord F. L. Gower, Mr. William Holmes, member of parliament for Queenborough and Haslemere, and the Right Honorable John Wilson Croker.* The talents of these truly great men are too well known to the company to render it necessary that I should occupy your time by a detail of their eminent virtues, or their distinguished modesty — a qualification which, indeed, they have imported from their native or adopted country. (*Hear, hear!*) Without wishing to make any invidious preference, I must give the greater and more influential gentleman first. Mr. Croker, in the grand figurative language of the late Mr. Canning, may wield the thunderbolt of the British navy; but Mr. Holmes wields the thong-whip of the House of Commons. (*Loud cheers!*) I therefore give you Mr. Holmes, and the rest of his Majesty's Ministers, and may the nation do ample justice to their merits ere long!" (*Cheers.*)

Air — *The Forty Thieves.*

When the noise had subsided, the great Flagellifer arose. He was dressed in the costume of his profession; a jacket close to his

* William Holmes was the Tory "Whipper-in" in 1830. John Wilson Croker was Secretary of the Admiralty, and Lord F. L. Gower Secretary at War.—M.

shape, a pair of leather breeches, and top-boots, and a long lash-whip in his right hand. What the color of his jacket was we could not accurately distinguish, it having been worn in so many weathers as to give it a sort of chameleon hue. He looked hale and hearty, and well able to attend many a stiff brush for many a day to come. Clearing his throat with a long-view holloa, he thus addressed the company:—

"Mr. Speaker—Mr. Cheerman, I mane—I return my hearty thanks for the civ'lity wherewith ye have spoken of me. True it is that none of the Ministers has more to do with managing state affairs than I have—for what is the maning of state affairs but raising money? and how do ye raise the money but by manes of the House of Commons? and how do you keep the House of Commons but by me? Here is the instrument that governs the country. (*Cracks his official whip.*) It is I that keep them together, and up to their work. To do them jeistice, for, God bless the dumb craturs! I'd scorn to wrong them, I have as purty a pack as ever snuffed up the scent of any thing worth running after. Then they come in, the dear bastes, with their noses down so close together that a handkerchief would cover 'em. It is a pleasure—a rale pleasure, to see 'em in full cry—a body can't help loving 'em as if they were a body's own child. It can't be doubted that they'll sometimes run wide; but that's when they haven't confidence in the gentlemen that hunts 'em. If the poor brutes a'n't fed riglar, too, who can think they've always the sperrit to run?

"As for me, genteels, (*here the whipper-in scratched his head,*) I an't trated well this last season. I had my own pack asy enough in hand, but there was the Whig beagles put upon me, that Duncannon had the handling of,* and the devil would not sometimes guide 'em. It was not smooth at all times, even as it was, for there was a cross-breed before that, who did not come convanient, when we run down by East Retford. So I went to the huntsman. 'Duke,' says I, 'how's to be? here we have Old Husky, one of the laders of the pack, running right, and Ratty Bob, the other lader, running left; and the scent laying beautiful

* Lord Duncannon, afterward Earl of Bessborough, was the "Whipper-in" of the Whig party.—M.

—one dog or the other's to go.' 'Hang Husk,' said Duke, for he's always kind, and as good a master, marciful to his baste. So we hung him up to dry, and there he is the blessed day.* But the present time is still harder upon us poor Ministers—of which no more at present. As for politics, sure the likes of me knows nothing about them. Hoicks—hoicks—ya hip—ya hip—hilloo—in—in—tally-ho—tally-ho! A'n't hunting hunting? And who cares who hunts the country, so the game's run down? Mr. Spaker, and the rest of the gentlemen, your most amazing good health. Suppose I sing you a song."

A unanimous acclaim, signifying the extreme delight the company would feel on hearing any of the musical experiments of a gentleman whose oratory had already so delighted them, burst from all around: "Mr. Holmes and song!" "The whipper-in's song! "Song, song!" "Mr. Holmes's good health and song!" So on the call rung through the company. Mr. Holmes waited merely until he had mixed and swallowed a glass of

Whisky mixed up with water,
Quenching his thirst,
With three parts of the first,
Moistened off with a part of the latter:

—an operation which occupied a minute and a half; when he burst forth with a sonorous and far-sounding voice, much resembling that of Lablache, in the following—

Lay of the Whipper-in.

You all knew Bill Sligo, the Whipper-in, well—
'Mong a thousand his crack you'd be certain to tell;
On the night of division his voice would be *hard*,
From the North to the South of yon Old Palace Yard.
"Hark—hark!—in and in—hither come to the vote!"
And so old Bill Sligo kept straining his throat.

When the moment appeared that the game was at bay,
And the thing should be settled at once, "aye or nay,"

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* This was published in September, 1830. A few weeks after, Mr. Huskisson (who had been turned out of the Wellington Cabinet for insubordination, in 1828) was killed at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad.—M.

Old Bill shewed his face, dashed the thong all around —
From each lurking spot he sure brought up his hound.
"Yoicks, Bathurst — Dundas, halloo! — Squeakum, ho! Wynn —
Hark to Old Billy Sligo, who's whipping you in.

Ho! whelps out of Ireland — Ho, hounds North of Tweed!
High, close to the cover — or else no more feed.
Hollo, Croker — Ho! Murr — Mangy Georgebob, Twiss, haw!
Bloody Jem, Scruffy Franky, whelp Tommy Macaw;
Keep up, keep ye up, steady there, Sturdy Bourne!"
So sings Old Bill Sligo to each in his turn.

When at last shall ill luck put him out of his *sate*,
O, think of him, lads, on the night of Debate;
Think how well he his whip, my dear bastes, had applied,
How so long he had kept you from running all wide;
And his place in the writ as the Speaker shall fill,
Give three hearty view hollows for poor Sligo Bill.

"I say dittho, dittho, to Mistha Awms," said the Right Honorable John Wilson Croker; "tha pwensapul of gawvawmunt appaws to me to consist sawly in raising the wind faw peepl in paublic aufises. The young youths in Thwinity, Twinity I mane, meen, waw going to thaws me in a blanket, which show'd their bad teest."

"Why, then," here interrupted Mr. Holmes, "can't you say taysth, as I do; but your clipping the King's English will be the death of you."

Here the musicians in the gallery struck up, and the remainder of the oration was lost.

The Chairman then arose and said: "Gentlemen — charge your glasses. Although we are honored by the presence of his Majesty's Ministers, let us not forgot that we have amongst us a dignitary of the Church of England, who has shifted and veered about, in a manner unprecedented in her annals; but who, in all his choppings, changings, turnings, and shufflings, has only had in view the furtherance and prosperity of our Protestant faith. I give you the health of Dr. Philpotts! (*Cheers.*) Every man has a right of shewing his integrity and his worth in his own peculiar way. The way assumed by the Dean of Chester, was novel, but it was his own; and may the credit which he has thereby acquired never be forgotten by every true-hearted Protestant!

Dr. Philpotts, gentlemen, and may his name be handed down to posterity*—as it deserves!" (*The toast was received with loud acclamations, and some laughter.*)

Song.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think that RATTING will thrive,
And that we may leave old friends in the lurch;
That the Duke to his brother-apostates will give
High station and rank in our Protestant church!

Dean Philpotts, perchance, had been always a dean,
Had he stuck by his High Church and old Tory pals;
So a traitor he turned, and a RAT he has been,
In the hope of obtaining the pontificals.

Then, ho to apostates!—'tis pleasant to think
That your only wise men are apostates and knaves;
Though their names in posterity's nostrils should stink,
Will a trifle like this disturb them in their graves?

The Song upon so prolific a subject as the Dean was not sufficient, wherefore Mr. Theodore Hook requested permission to favor the company with one of his extemporaneous effusions. The Chair having consented, Mr. Hook broke out into the following rhapsody:—

Tune—*The Vicar of Bray.*

In Liverpool's good easy times,
When church and king no harm meant,
I stuck to old Shute Barrington,†
And so I got preferment.
By Scarlett's help, the radicals
O' the Durham press I stampt on,
And on the hustings, day-by-day,
I bearded yellow Lambton.‡
And this is law I shall maintain,
And sure it is no vain hope,

* Dr. Philpotts, raised soon after this to the Bishopric of Exeter, had long pamphleteered against Catholic Emancipation, but suspiciously changed his views when Wellington and Peel determined to carry that question.—M.

† Shute Barrington, for many years Bishop of Durham.—M.

‡ J. G. Lambton, (son-in-law of Earl Grey,) afterward Earl of Durham and Viceroy of Canada. His complexion was of the color of the mustard for which his name-county is famous.—M.

That if I stick by powers that be,
I'll be the vicar o' Stanhope.

I wrote a letter very fine,
Frank Jeffrey all defying;
I knew the fellow would not fight,
And so I called him lying.
I published, too, a book so smart,
That all the Papists flouted;
Which sweet Jack Copley got by heart,
And in the Commons spouted.*
And, &c.

But under good Duke Wellington
The times are altered fairly;
His Grace has eaten all his words —
Belied himself most rarely.
And so Old Nick take Barrington,
To whom I owed my station;
Ascendancy the de'il may sweep
Huzza for 'mancipation!
And, &c.

O'Connell is a pretty youth —
Jack Doyle a lively scholar —
Old Eldon's creed, since lost his place,
I prize not half a dollar.
Gulph down — gulph down, old thoughts, old oaths,
Curse on each ancient bias;
And if 'twould get a bishoprick,
God save our Lord Pope Pius!
And, &c.

Mr. William Ainsworth here volunteered the following, accompanying himself on the hurdy-gurdy:—

The Wind and the Wave.

We go wherever the wind and the wave
May chance in their pleasure to bear us;
They may waft us to home, they may find us a grave —
From all that we loved they may tear us:

* The year before Catholic Emancipation was granted, Sir John Copley (now Lord Lyndhurst) had made a speech against it, the main arguments of which were taken, in a wholesale manner, from one of Dr. Philpotts' pamphlets —M.

But where'er the winds blow, and where'er the waves flow,
We cheerily, merrily, sing as we go,
The wind and the wave for ever!

Alike we 're ready to frolic or fight,
For pleasure no boys are more ready —
And we out with our guns if the foe come in sight,
Then "fire away, Lads, and stand steady!"
And spite of the number and force of the foe,
We pour in our shot, and we sing as we go,
The wave of Old England for ever!

When back returned we are safe on the shore,
Then smack go the lips of the lasses;
And the number of blessings this earth has in store
We count by the number of glasses —
Then sail off again, and where'er the winds blow,
We cheerily, merrily, sing as we go,
The wind and the wave for ever!

The last song had a prodigious somniferous effect upon the auditory: whereupon Mr. Samuel Rogers, feeling an internal movement of merriment, volunteered to sing the following delightful Latin ditty:—

Song by S. Rogers, *Esq.*

Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus!
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus!

Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Redeas ad inferos,
Hos si vis videre.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur;
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur!

Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ!
Vivant et mulieres,
Vivant et mulieres,
Bonæ, laboriosæ!

Pereat tristitia!
Pereant osores!
Pereat diabolus!
Quivis antifraserus!
Atque irrisores!

Here a tremendous crash—

* * * * *

THE SHERIDAN FAMILY.

The transmission of talent from generation to generation in the Sheridan family is really wonderful.* There was the Doctor, the friend of Swift, a joking,† smoking, drinking, jolly pedagogue, a Jacobite who lost his living for a jest; a maker of those whimsical verses and crotchets in which schoolmasters, and especially schoolmaster parsons, rejoice. It would require an essay of far more elaborate research, and more ample dimensions than we can at present afford, to discuss the causes of the universal bibacity of the tribe of pedagogues, (we never knew one who was not addicted to what Charles Lamb, in a rhyme, more *riche* than *suffisante*, calls

"Firking
The jolly ale firkin,")

—and another essay, more learned, but less laborious, would be requisite to explain why the grinders of gerunds, the sweaters of supines, the long and short men *ex officio*, the discussors of aorists and paulo-post-futurums, of dialects, and dochmaics, should, as it were of necessity, when they write (which of course is but seldom), fall toward quibbles and clenches, macaronic verses, whimsical parodies, odd rhymes, mock poetry of all kinds; and that

* This article, professed to be a review of "The Undying One," one of the Hon. Mrs. Norton's earliest poems, published in the autumn of 1830.—M.

† See, among a thousand similar *testimonia*, that of Mary the cookmaid

"Saunders the man says you are always jesting and mocking;
Mary, said he (one day as I was mending my master's stocking,)
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school—
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool," &c.

poetry, too, such as it is uniformly leaning toward personal satire. We pass by, therefore, such speculations, in order to give our adhesion to Lord Cork's character of the Dean's friend. He was a pleasant, good-humored, gross, funny droll, stimulated by Swift into literature: he played his part as commanded, and buffooned it up to the bent of the wayward and misanthropical mind that called him into the arena of squibbing.

This connexion with Swift seems to have given the literary bias to the family. A hundred years ago, the commentatorial spirit was very rife, and it was considered almost as good a thing to be acquainted with a great author, as to be one *in propriâ personâ*. It is rather amusing to see how carefully gathered are all Swift's fugitive pieces for instance, and with what a display of zeal the Orrerys and others of "that class and order of argumentators," have written notes *in usum Delphini*, upon the casual pieces of ribaldry that fell from his hand. As Sheridan's name was connected with these poems of the dean, and as Swift had written an immensity of nonsense about him, the doctor became at once as one of the classics. Had he existed now, he must have been content with the fame arising from a once-a-year article (and that a queer one) in some odd magazine—such, for instance, as Fraser's.

His son was a player, lecturer, spouter, &c. When people thought the affairs of the drama worth thinking about, Thomas Sheridan's merits were matter of as deep discussion, and as profitable as Sir Robert Peel's honesty, or Sir Robert Wilson's independence, are made now-a-days. We do not take as much interest in plays as our grandfathers, and occupy ourselves with a different class of mountebanks, whose personation of the parts they play is far clumsier than that of the heroes of the sock and buskin. Many a pleasant volume have we read—all histories of players by the way are pleasant—of the various "wars and battlings" of *this* Sheridan at Smock Alley and elsewhere—and many a stupid critique as to the comparative merits of his Hamlet, or something else, with those of other performers. Pleasant are the memoirs, and stupid the critiques, on one and the same principle, which is that the actual truth to life makes their memoirs pleasant, and its absence renders all criticism on acting stupid. Just think, for a

moment, of any body you please to mention — Kean — Young — Liston — Harley — O. Smith — Mathews — Grimaldi — Ducrow — Charles Kemble — Macready — Keely — Power — all clever people — think of any of them, we say, endeavoring to embody Hamlet the Dane. The idea, on reflection, must be given up as absurd, and the criticism thereupon consequent, ridiculous. The best and fairest character of Sheridan is Churchill's, in the *Rosciad*, and we copy it, because Churchill *could* write verse, and, therefore, what he says is worth reading. Yet it is hardly remembered at present: such is the fate of temporary poetry. "He flashed," as Lord Byron says, "the idol of a moment."

"Next follows Sheridan — a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the ranks of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit — this allows him none.
Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.
  Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforced with weight,
Was sheep-faced Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the color from his cheek:
But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Denied the social powers of voice and face;
Fixed in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:
In vain the wonders of his skill are tried
To form destruction Nature hath denied.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
  His actions always strong, but sometimes such
That candor must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the nailer vie,
And hurl the close clenched fist on nose or eye?
In royal John with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knocked poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame
To fight a king so harmless and so tame?

But, spite of all defects, his glories rise;
And art, by judgment formed, with nature vies.
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll.
View the whole scene — with critic judgment scan,
And then deny his merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 't is Nature's fault alone;
When he succeeds the merit 's all his own."

Poor Sheridan was a bankrupt in every thing. His theatre failed — his elocution lectures did not succeed — he begged assiduously, but not with any great happiness of mendicancy. And yet his industry deserved a better fate. It is easy to find fault with his pronouncing dictionary — to laugh at such directions as order you to pronounce "bayonet," "bagnet," or "merchant," "marchant," or "suicide," "shooiside," or "pronunciation," "pronunshashun," or "tutelage," "tschootilidzh," &c. &c.; but still, making every allowance and deduction, he may claim the fair merit of having laid the foundation of such a work for the English language, in which his followers, Walker and others, who, with the usual gratitude of pilferers, revile those whom they rob, have done little more than make some mechanical improvements, or petty alterations in compliance with the fluctuations of fashionable speech. These fluctuations, never very important, have been rendered of still less moment, by the fixity given by such a publication as Sheridan's dictionary.

His wife wrote various pamphlets in defence of her husband in his thousand and one squabbles — for he was always an ill-used gentleman; and committed, we believe, some pieces for the stage. She certainly wrote *Sydney Biddulph* and *Nourjahad*. The former of these novels, if we ever have read it, (a point that is dubious,) we altogether forget. The latter is a pleasant trifle enough, pilfered, we apprehend, from the French. The *spes gregis* of this couple — Hail! Richard Brinsley Sheridan! *His* history is sufficiently before the world, but a life of him is still to be written. As for Moore's work, to use the pun of old George IV., he basely attempted the life of his friend. What the spiteful little poet designed in that book, was to depreciate and insult the memory of Sheridan. In the elaborate and tawdry style in which he writes, he hints away every merit poor old

Sherry could claim. His wit is declared to be that of a commonplace book—his political integrity! (alas, the day!) painted as being no better than it ought to be—his private character is treated with the utmost indignity—all the blots upon his good name, and they were as numerous as the pimples painted by Gildray upon his nose, put in their highest relief—all his good qualities, the veins of nature running through his character, faintly depicted, or absolutely sneered down. The spite of an inferior punster, a second-rate diner-out, a fifth-rate political buffo, against a person who had borne the highest rank in these respective capacities, is visible in every page. The author of *M. P., or the Blue Stocking*, can not forgive the author of the *Duenna;* the tolerated witling of the Whig circle has no bowels of compassion for him who had reached to the very penetralia of that party, and become one of the circle itself. Then Moore had to consult the various antipathies of surviving Whigs, at whose tables he is summoned to feed—to visit with due vengeance the memory of one who had betrayed them in the tenderest point, their juggle for getting hold of place and pay in 1813, when honest Sheridan and honest George Tierney were intrusted by their equally honest friend, the honest Prince Regent, with the task of making *mistakes;* and to cover him with deserved insult for daring to have borrowed, or tried to borrow, money from the tenacious purses of his political associates. This task Moore has duly, as far as in him lay, accomplished, with curious propriety selecting, as the vehicle of affront and calumny against the author of the *School for Scandal*, a style of writing which has no parallel in human composition since the days of Lilly the Euphuist. How Sherry, if he could have revived, would have laughed on finding *his* mind compared to a peacock's tail! and chuckled over tropes and metaphors as incongruously introduced, and as mercilessly mangled, as the fine words he has put into the mouth of his own Mrs. Malaprop! A character sentence-making *à la* Moore, would be in fact a capital butt for a comedy, and in the acting of Liston, would bring down pit, boxes, and gallery, in one inextinguishable roar of laughter.

If *we* were to write a life of Sherry, we should keep our eyes firmly fixed upon him in the one light—that of a buffoon, a sort

of upper order of the Tom D'Urfey school; and with this clue to his character we should find no difficulty in depicting him harmoniously from beginning to end. His struggles, like those of Lazarillo de Tormes, were always directed to the one main point, of obtaining victuals and drink, and, like that eminent hero, he never was scrupulous in the way of coming at his object. The end sanctified the means. Starting in life without a farthing, we find that, without any exertion of the slightest consequence, he lived at the rate of five or six thousand a year for some forty years; that he obtained the command of a great establishment; that he got into Parliament, and kept himself there for many years; that he moved among some of the best, or rather the highest, company of England, and that, at his death, he left his family in such a position as to enable them to make connexions with the oldest families of the country. What was the secret of this? As Scott says somewhere, "my harp alone" suffices to raise its master to eminence, so Sheridan could say, "my buffoonery alone" was the talisman he found effectual. He joked, and drank, and sang, and wrote songs for the coterie of the Prince; he rolled and tumbled in many a tipsy period for the Whigs; he covered, with the shield of his jocular drolleries, the dull cause of his party, and he was caressed, puffed, despised, and starved accordingly. The end of his life makes us think of farmer Flamborough's character of Ephraim Jenkinson, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*—if he had exerted half as much ingenuity in any honest line as he had in scheming and shifting trickery, he might have passed through the world honestly and died a rich man; but then he would have lost the pleasures and the profits of roguery and buffoonery in the intermediate period.

How he got the money to purchase Drury Lane, is a question into which we do not wish to enter, although his *friend* Moore gives us hints that are not to be misunderstood as to one source of Sheridan's revenue in those days. We pause only to remark here on the truly christian spirit displayed by that eminent poet, Mr. Charles Sheridan,* toward the biographer. There are some

* Charles Sheridan was the only child born to the great orator, dramatist, and wit, by his second marriage. He published a volume of translations from songs in the modern Greek.—M.

persons among us who might have been so misguided on reading such anecdotes as those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mrs. Sheridan, told in the piquant style of the author of *Little's Poems*, in reference to one's own father, as to have suffered the corruption of our nature so far to have got the better of us, as to have made Moore taste the full benefit of a thong-whip, or experience the advantage of discriminating most feelingly the nature of Hoby's manufacture, as applied by us to his seat of honor, up and down St. James's Street. Some, we say, might have so misbehaved; but Charles Sheridan prudently, and as became a young gentleman of staid habits and orthodox piety, refrained from proceedings so outrageous and against the laws. Waving, then, all further discussion on the manner *how*;—after Sherry had got possession of Drury Lane, what a glorious picture of shift-making, of scheming, of swindling, of Jeremy Diddling, of joking and humbugging, to avoid payment or raise money—what an encyclopædia of hand-to-mouth financing, in all its branches, opens immediately before us! The very jests that this one branch of Sheridan's life gave rise to, would make a volume equal to the best edition of *Joe Miller* ever scraped together. The book giving a history of his management, would be admirable as a manual for gentlemen living upon the cross—it would be a perfect epic, consistent in its beginning, middle, and end, ever keeping in view the one main action, and the same great hero. A friend of ours used to sport the theory, maintaining it with a great show of probability, and supporting it by a long induction of particulars, that it was Sherry himself who set fire to Drury Lane. We shall not at present go over the proofs which our friend was in the habit of adducing, but he always considered it to be a touch worthy of Sheridan.

In the biography that we are now shadowing forth, we should say but little of his parliamentary exertions. In spite of what we hear to the contrary, Sherry never made any great figure in parliament. Nobody could believe him in earnest. It was impossible not to think of Gilray's caricatures; and you would as soon have paid serious attention to Joe Grimaldi, or Charles Mathews, if, sitting for the borough of Cock-his-mouth [a pun of Mathews's own, be it remarked], he spouted every now and then

a fine oration, written by Sheil, or Tom Moore himself, or any other of the persons of Historical Society eloquence. The celebrated oration in the case of Warren Hastings was no more than a flood of flummery. Could he—he, Sheridan, for we must never forget the man, have been sincere in his indignation against any illicit means of raising the wind, except, indeed, so far as his not having any share in the plunder might have roused his jealousy; or who imagines that he, or any body else, cared a farthing about the Begums, whose case afforded him an opportunity of making certain conundrums that pass for figures of speech? Who dreams that he ever asked whether the persecutions raised against Hastings were just or unjust, or that he gave himself the slightest trouble of investigating the truth of the facts he dressed up, as Moore would say, in all the colors of the peacock's tail? The stories we have of his humbugging the House of Lords, the various "witty passages" in his conduct as a manager of the impeachment, would do honor to Tom Browne, or any of the drolls of the day of Charles—they are sufficient to show that Sheridan looked upon the matter as a thing of party, and to be treated with the usual buffoonery in which it was his *rôle* to meet such matters.

True, Burke uttered a most magnificent sentence in panegyric of this speech; but it is equally true, that Burke was one of the most double-minded of mankind. *He* well knew what true oratory was, and we may see, even from the terms of the panegyric, that he was sneering at his friend's rhapsodies, while he was, to vulgar eyes, appearing to extol them; or perhaps he might have considered them good enough for the place in which they were uttered, and thinking with due scorn of the auditory which turned coldly away from his own speeches, that are now considered models of political eloquence, and left him empty benches, while

> "He went on refining,
> And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining,"

might have taken that method of conveying to them his feeling, that they were best addressed in a style which bears as much resemblance to real eloquence as Britannia ware does to silver. As we pass, we may remark that parliament had, about the date

of Warren Hastings' trial, reached the zenith of its spouting-club celebrity: had not Woodfall slipped in and introduced reporting, it is probable, that by this time it would have been a debating society of as much fame, wisdom, and political honesty, as the Union at the Freemasons' Tavern, or the defunct Robin Hood.

Now and then Sheridan's dramatic connection obliged him to follow the clap-trap of the day; his speech on the mutiny of the Nore is a case in point. All that Whiggery could do could not repress the buoyant exultation of the country over our naval triumphs. The navy was then, and may it ever be so! the favorite of the nation. We were beating every flag of every country off the face of the waters; and Dibdin, honored be his name! was the true Laureate of England. The theatre, of course, caught the infection, and sea-pieces, sea-songs, sea-allusions, sea-characters, were the order of the night. The manager of our greatest theatre could not avoid inhaling the maritime spirit, and Drury Lane prevailed over Brookes's. The speech on the Mutiny* was pretty much the same, in tone and manner, like that which he afterward put into the mouth of Rolla, and just as dramatic and calculated for the effect of the moment. We saw *Pizarro* not long ago, and heard, with cold ears and languid attention, that address to the Peruvians, which we remember in former days, ere

> "Time had thinned our flowing hair,
> And bent us with his iron hand,"

huzzaing and encoring in all the fervor of our Anti-Gallicanism, when thundered forth *ore rotundo* by John Kemble, on whose like we never shall look again. We fear that the speech in Sheridan's other theatre would have sounded equally stale and unprofitable; it was, however, well timed, and it drew a house.

Nor should we dwell much upon his literature; and least of all should we search with pimping eye into his papers, thence to draw forth the prima stamina of his thoughts, and to exhibit the inside of his mental workshop. There is, however, one very curious thing connected with Sheridan's literary career. He absolutely wrote nothing whatever for the last fifteen or sixteen years of his life; for the last thirty the compositions he produced, *Pizarro*,

* At the Nore.—M.

the *Forty Thieves*, &c. were mere compilations, and yet they appear to have cost him no small labor, and are in the worst taste. As Wilson Croker says, in his *Familiar Epistles*, it would seem as if in his latter days he was determined to produce plays exactly on the models which in his youth he had ridiculed in the *Critic*. His *Rivals*, his *School for Scandal*, his *Duenna*, were the compositions of his boyhood; his maturer and declining years did not bring forth even a squib worth recollecting. How is this? God forgive us! But the thought has often flashed across our mind, that Sheridan's early pieces were not *all* his own. We have so high an opinion of his integrity, that it would not be in the slightest degree impaired if we found our suspicions correct; and it would give us rather a more favorable impression of his ingenuity. Let us, however, conclude our brief discussion upon old *Oftener-if-need-be*, by saying, that if we were comparatively silent upon the figure he cut in parliament and the world of letters, we should be most eloquent and minute upon his convivial life, and with graphic pen describe some of those *noctes cœnæque Deûm* at Mother Butler's, (the Finish of days gone by,) where we chased away in his company the waning hours of morning over copious libations of brandy and water, and heard from the lips of him, whom the jealousy of Moore depicts as a commonplacer of his jests, more flashes of extemporary wit, more bursts of irresistible humor elicited by the moment, than would suffice to set up a score of such laborious pasquinaders as Tom Brown the younger.

My son Tom comes next. We do not remember that Tom wrote any thing,* but he was a pleasant fellow. The old man's speech in Covent Garden, when standing for Westminster, still rings in our ears—his declaration that he would rather be remembered as the father of Tom Sheridan than as the author of the *School for Scandal*. This was only a clap-trap, as usual, and old

* We may be mistaken in this. Since the above was written, we have seen in Lady Charlotte Campbell Bury's "Journal of the Heart," a poem by Tom Sheridan, on the loss of the Saldanha. Of this composition we can not approve: it is no great matter in itself; and it imitates Tom Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," in manner and rhythm, as basely as Tom Campbell's said Battle *imitates* the Danish song "King Christian: of which hereafter.

Sherry was maudlin moreover; but there was something affecting in its way, in the allusion to Morni, the father of Gaul. It was pleasantly versified by somebody whose name we forget; nor can we, for the lives of us, recollect the lines sufficiently to venture to reprint them. We have a vague reminiscence that the concluding verse was something as if the poet had said:

> "When you see me, quite done, laid all under the table,
> No longer commanding the glad ha! ha! ha!
> May some kind one exclaim, when no more I am able,
> 'There lies a good fellow — Tom Sherry's papa!'"

Some of the ladies of the family were literary — a Mrs. Lefanu, related, we forget in what degree, writes novels, which we have heard are as good as those generally given to the world by A. K. Newman; and Tom's widow has lately published a novel, named "Carwell, a tale of crime and sorrow." This book we have not read; but we understand it contains much matter about the inside of prisons, and displays some intimacy with the science of bill-drawing. The *Literary Gazette* reviewed it favorably; we own, however, we were struck with the *naiveté* of the critic's wonder, how the fair author should have picked up her knowledge of such matters. Why, Jerdan, man, the lady was Dick Sheridan's daughter-in-law, and Tom Sheridan's wife.

All this time we have been most ungraciously suffering Mrs. Norton and her pretty poem, the "Undying One," to wait, as it were, in the ante-chamber; but she will forgive us when she finds that we have been occupied in paying our respects to her ancestors, in our usual ceremonious fashion. Mrs. Norton's muse is of a much graver kind than any which dictated *their* works. The grand-daughter of old Sherry scarcely writes any thing but the deepest pathetic. She has here chosen no less a person than the Wandering Jew as her hero; and as in Mr. Croly's *Salathiel* he is all eloquence and sublimity, so here, in the hands of Mrs. Norton, he is all for love. In Mrs. Norton's hands indeed, it would be strange if any body could be otherwise.

In the original story of the Wandering Jew, he is only a cobbler; but those who invented the tale lived before the time when *Childe Harold*, and the rest of that brotherhood, had framed the

ideal of heroes. He is no cobbler here, but a Byronian of the purest pattern.

> "*He* stands before her now; and who is he
> Into whose outspread arms confidingly
> She flings her fairy self? Unlike the forms
> That woo and win a woman's love — the storms
> Of deep contending passions are not seen
> Darkening the features where they once have been,
> Nor the bright workings of a generous soul,
> Of feelings half concealed, explain the whole.
> But there is something words can not express —
> A gloomy, deep, and quiet fixedness;
> A recklessness of all the blows of fate—
> A brow untouched by love, undimmed by hate—
> As if, in all its stores of crime and care,
> Earth held no suffering now for *him* to bear.
> Yes; all is passionless: the hollow cheek
> Those pale thin lips shall never wreathe with smiles;
> E'en now, 'mid joy, unmoved and sad they speak
> In spite of all his Linda's winning wiles.
> Yet can we read, what all the rest denies,
> That he *hath* feelings of a mortal birth,
> In the wild sorrow of those dark bright eyes,
> Bent on that form — his one dear link to earth.
> He loves, and he is loved! then what avail
> The scornful words which seek to brand with shame?"

He wanders over the world, as Mrs. Norton makes him *say*, in ceaseless grief; but as Mrs. Norton makes him *do*, a very Don Juan among the girls. He falls in love with one who was

> "A light and lovely thing,
> Fair as the opening flower of early spring.
> The deep rose crimsoned in her laughing cheek,
> And her eyes seemed without the tongue to speak;
> Those dark-blue glorious orbs! — oh! summer skies
> Were nothing to the heaven of her eyes.
> And then she had a witching art
> To wile all sadness from the heart;
> Wild as the half-tamed gazelle,
> She bounded over hill and dell,
> Breaking on you when alone
> With her sweet and silvery tone,
> Dancing to her gentle lute
> With her light and fairy foot;

Or to our lone meeting-place
Stealing slow with gentle pace,
To hide among the feathery fern;
And while waiting her return,
I wandered up and down for hours —
She started from amid the flowers,
Wild, and fresh, and bright as they,
To wing again her sportive way."

Edith dies of grief on finding that she has married the Wandering Jew — and he goes fighting in the cause of liberty — and on the field of battle meets a widow of the name of Xarifa, singing sadly over her slain husband:

"My early and my *only* love, why silent dost thou lie,
When heavy grief is in my heart, and tear-drops in mine eye;
I call thee, but thou answerest not, all lonely though I be:
Wilt thou not burst the bonds of sleep, and rise to comfort me?
Oh! wake thee—wake thee from thy rest upon the tented field:
This faithful breast shall be at once thy pillow and thy shield;
If thou hast doubted *of its truth and constancy before,*
Oh! wake thee now, and it will strive to love thee even more," &c. &c.

A short courtship suffices, of course, to win over a lady who sings so much of her only love, and her undying constancy. Mrs. Norton puts into more flowing verse the old song of

"Would you court a fair widow of forty years," &c.

as follows:

"And so it was—our tearful hearts did cling
And twine together even in sorrowing;
And we became as one — her orphan boy
Lisped the word 'Father,' as his dark eyes gazed,
With their expressive glance of timid joy,
Into my face, half pleased and half amazed.
And we did dwell together, calmly fond
With our own love, and not a wish beyond."

This lady dies of a broken heart, because her husband is in "ceaseless woe," leaving him, however, a son, who, in due time, gets married.

He sets out travelling again, and sees many scenes of life, some of which are beautifully depicted, and at last he comes to Ireland, where

——"In the autumn time,
By the broad Shannon's banks of beauty roaming,"

he finds an Irish woman drowning her female infant to save it from dying, on which he rescues the child, and adopts it. The consequence may be guessed.

> "That little outcast grew a fairy girl,
> A beautiful, a most beloved one.
> There was a charm in every separate curl
> Whose rings of jet hung glistening in the sun,
> Which warmed her marble brow. There was a grace
> Peculiar to herself, e'en from the first:
> Shadows and thoughtfulness you seemed to trace
> Upon that brow, and then a sudden burst
> Of sunniness and laughter sparkled out,
> And spread their rays of joyfulness about," &c. &c.

This, it appears, happened in the first year of legal memory—

> "When the sacred remnant of my wretched race
> Gave England's Richard gifts to let them be
> All unmolested in their misery."

As she grows up, he recommends her a husband:

> "Answering, there came
> A deep, low tremulous sound, which thrilled my frame.
> A moment, that young form shrunk back abashed
> At its own feelings; and all vainly dashed
> The tear aside, which speedily returned
> To quench the cheek where fleeting blushes burned.
> A moment, while I sought her fears to stay,
> The timid girl in silence shrank away—
> A moment, from my grasp her hand withdrew—
> A moment, hid her features from my view—
> Then rising, sank with tears upon my breast,
> Her struggles and her love at once confessed."

They live together very happily; but it would seem as if the Irishwoman's fancy had infected him; for when he reflects that Miriam (an odd Irish name) must die a natural death, it grieves him so much that he murders her. He is tried—sentenced to be broken on the wheel—escapes by favor of a thunder-storm—is taken again—voted *non compos*, and clapped in a madhouse, where he is kept for a century.

> "Days, months, and years, rolled on, and I had been
> A prisoner a century; had seen
> Change after change among my keepers; heard
> The shrieks of new-made captives," &c.

How he escapes is not mentioned, and at the beginning of the book we find him in love with Linda. Her he carries off in the manner of young "Lochinvar, who came out of the west" from an expecting bridegroom. He gets her on board in Spain, we believe and

> "Graceful as earth's most gentle daughters,
> That good ship sails through the gleaming spray—
> Like a beautiful dream on the darkened waters,
> Till she anchors in Killala bay."

After the anchorage sad things occur. Isbal (the Wandering Jew) runs down the vessel containing Linda's brother and betrothed—his own vessel catches fire—he rescues the lady with difficulty; but she dies immediately after,

> "And the Undying One is left alone."

The verses, as the specimens we have quoted will show, are very graceful and pretty, and the poem is full of fine passages. We must not blame a lady, and so handsome a lady too, for making *her* Wandering Jew a lover. If he be exhibited in a higher flight of poetry, he must take another shape. How could an undying person continue to love a series of perishable beings with an affection that draws with it intense suffering for their removal? He must soon have become perfectly indifferent to the transitory creatures about him. The common picture which represents the Jew as being deeply religious, and abstracted from the ordinary cares and avocations of mankind, and moaning continually for the extended duration of his life, because of the continual temptations to sin, which abiding in the body necessarily exposes him to, is, after all, far more poetical, and capable of being decorated with the sterner graces of song, than the fine melodious rosebud sorrowings of Mrs. Norton.

The occasional verses at the end of the *Undying One* are in general charming. We can not say that we like Mrs. Norton's *fun*. Though she is of Irish breed, her song beginning "*Wirasthru then my beautiful jewel*," is *not* the potato.

Farewell, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton! and we hope soon to see you again.

HERRICK LATINIZED.

SONG.

By Herrick.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To morrow may be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

INTERPRETE GULIELMO M., JURIS UTRIUSQUE DOCTORE.

Rosas, dum possis, collige,
Nam citò tempus fugit;
Florem, qui ridet hodie,
Crastina dies luget.

Quò altiùs cœli lampas, Sol,
Per æther nitens pergit,
Eò citiùs properat, edepol,
Ad mare, ubi mergit.

Peroptima juventas, dum
In venis sanguis tepet;
Succedit hora pejor, cum
Senectæ pes obrepit.

Nunc tibi est ætatis flos,
Nunc nube sine morâ;
Sectaberis fortè pueros
Frustrà, si transit hora.

HORACE IN OTHER SHAPES.

By various Hands.

"To what base uses we return, Horatio!"

Lib. I. Carmen VII.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylene, &c.

Some say that the air is much finer in Paris,
Or puff Naples in strains all as soft as its soap;
Others laud in their journal the City Eternal,
The Piazza di Spagna, the Corso, the Pope:—
Some more waste their pennies in tumbledown Venice
Or beggarly Florence, where Burgherst* is queen;
And we've heard some dull villain bepraising of Milan.
Some, like mulligatawny, are stuck in Turin;—
It me very much puzzles to find what 's in Brussels;—
As for Spa or Liege, why that 's only a bam.
Their taste is not much, sir, who, lauding the Dutch, sir,
Speak well of that big-breechesed town, Amsterdam.

I 'd as soon read Tom Roscoe, as sojourn in Moscow,
Or in Petersburgh, frosty-faced home of the Czar;
And as for your Hamburghers, and all other d—— burghers,
God keep us from such cursed cattle afar.
Let them prate of the Prater, while others so great are
On Berlin, where Blucher I knew in old times;
But I vow unto you, Nick, that sooner than Munich
I 'd dwell in, I 'd listen to Ludwig's own rhymes.

In jack-boots or pattens, away off to Athens,
Philhells and bluestockings, dear women! repair;
While the Turcophiles ramble to Mahomet's Stambol,
But, by Allah!—dear fellow:—you'll ne'er catch me there.
As for Stockholm, in Sweden, (which Rudbeck thought Eden,)
I 'd as lief go to Boulogne or Botany Bay:—
He must be a Pagan, who thinks Copenhagen
A spot where a Christian could venture to stay.

---

* Lord Burgherst, then English Ambassador.—M.

My head I 'm not troubling about dirty Dublin,
Or Edinburgh city, small place in the north ;
The first in the Liffey I 'd pitch in a jiffy,
T 'other village might fill some thin creek of the Forth.
To conclude — To Madrid, sir, farewell do I bid, sir,
And garlicky Lisbon, strong town of Miguel ;—
So, on casting the tour up of all parts of Europe,
I conclude for the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.*

---

* This light paraphrase, signed "Samuel Rogers," but by no means in the style of "the bard, the beau, the banker" of Byron's satirical squib, was one of Maginn's earliest contributions to *Fraser.*— The last words ("The sweet shady side of Pall Mall"), have been often quoted, but so generally with little knowledge of their paternity, that it may scarcely be impertinent here to say that they occur in a poem written by the late Captain Charles Morris, one of the liveliest and best convivial Tory Writers of the last century Like Dr. Johnson, he greatly preferred London to the country, and, in a poem called *The Contest,* defended that predilection, by comparing city amusements with mere country existence, and summing up,

"In town let me live then, in town let me die ;
For in truth I can 't relish the country, not I.
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall !"

Morris, who died in 1832, at the advanced age of ninety-three, served in the British army in America, previous to the War of Independence. The accident of William Pitt having been fired at by a turnpike keeper at Wimbledon, for riding through the gate without paying, (*after dinner,*) in company with Lord Chancellor Thurlow and Henry Dundas, another Cabinet Minister, supplied Morris with subject for an amusing ballad which he called an "American Song"—perhaps on account of the local application of the moral in the last stanza :

"Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations ;
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations ;
Solid men of Boston, go to bed at sundown :
And never lose your way, like the loggerhead of London."

The excellent advice in the second line has certainly *not* been taken by the "Solid men of Boston."—M.

Lib. III. Carmen XIX.

Quantum distet ab Inacho, &c.

Do n't bother me with your old tales of Plantagenet,
Your stories of Richard, or Harry, or Ned,
Greater nonsense than such, why, I can not imagine it —
We have heard long ago what of *them* can be said.
Come, tell me the place where I 'll get the best bottle,
The strongest of tumblers, the mildest segars,
Or where I 'd most chances of wetting my throttle
By the fire of a friend, when the coppers are scarce.

I call for a bumper — here, waiter, clean glasses! —
Here 's the moon, or the stars, or whatever you please;—
Your health, Jack Mulrooney; so, off with "the lasses"
Why, thirty jugs more we 'd demolish with ease.
Let the poet, God help him! — I see he 's half muzzy —
Take no more than nine tumblers, that 's one less than ten;
And those who 've a fancy to shy getting boozy,
Should not venture much further than twice that again.

So ho! What 's the matter? Let 's kick up a riot.
Here, piper! you ruffian, come blow us a jig;—
Do you think, for a moment, I mean to be quiet?
If I do, may old Scratch run away with my wig!
Make a row! push the bottle! whoop, shout, boys, and caper.
Why the deuce should I *not* raise a tumult and roar?
The neighbors, you say, will look sulky and vapor,
And so will the pretty young doxy next door;—
What? old fellow's *friend?* Pish! Tom, here is the lady,
Black-haired and black-eyed, you 've been courting so long.
As for me — fill the glass for the dear Widow Brady
Whose three hundred a year wakes your Munsterman's song.*

* This lyrical translation was affiliated on, or rather signed by, the redoubtable "Morgan O'Doherty."—M.

SPECIMENS OF A TRANSLATION INTO LATIN OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

[Some years ago it was proposed, at a very pleasant party near the banks of the Thames — it is not necessary to say who composed it, but those who can decipher what is meant by the initials T. E. H., J. S., J. W. C., will allow that it comprised some of the most witty and agreeable people in London.* — to write a variorum commentary, in the manner of Malone's "Shakespeare," on the "Beggar's Opera." One critic was to perform the part of Warburton, another of Johnson, a third of Farmer, and so on. Part of the jest was to consist in proving that Guy imitated the ancient classics very palpably; — something of the kind is often done by the Shakespearian commentators, (see note on "the sea of troubles," in Hamlet, and a thousand other places;) and as it would be rather difficult to *find* Augustan authorities for the songs of the "Beggar's Opera," I was engaged to *make* them. The four following scraps of doggrel Latin were part of these *originals*. Nothing further was done toward completing the commentary.—W. M.]

I.

PEACHUM.

THROUGH all the employments of life
Each neighbor abuses his brother;
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife;
All professions be-rogue one another.
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine,
And the statesman because he's so great,
Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.

I.

PEACHUMIUS.

VITÆ cuncta negotia per,
Homo hominem semper infamat,
Fur et scortum sunt uxor et vir,
Ars artem lacessere amat.
Flamen hostis causidici fit,
Causidicus flaminem lædit,
Et senator, excelsus quòd sit,
Probum æquè ac me sese credit.

* Theodore Edward Hook, James Smith (of "Rejected Addresses" fame), and John Wilson Croker, are the persons initialed here. It is probable that this trifle suggested to Father Mahony the idea, afterward elaborated in the "Reliques of Father Prout," of assuming that the most popular modern poetry was only imitated, translated, or paraphrased, from the ancient classics. I would draw attention to the closeness of Maginn's Latin versions of Herrick and of Gay. He generally gives the exact rhythm of the verses.—M.

II.

FILCH.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat: when most she is kind,
She tricks us of our money, with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practise every fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

II.

FILCHIUS.

Corrumpit viros fœmina illos, hos—
Artes fallendi mulier prima docet;
En! oculi fraudant! blandula cùm nos,
Aspicit, cordi et crumenæ nocet.
Hanc propter noctu rapimus lupi ceu,
Hanc propter omnis fraus et scelus fit;
Venus ut Themis est venalis, heu!
Nunquam ni empta intra brachia it.

III.

MRS. PEACHUM.

O Polly, you might have toyed and kissed:
By keeping men off, you keep them on.

POLLY.

But he so teazed me,
And he so pleased me,
What I did you must have done.

III.

DOMINA PEACHUMIA.

Nisi jocus dedisses et oscula nil—
Pelle viros, et, Polla, redibunt ad nos,

POLLA PEACHUMIA.

Sed sic sollicitavit,
Et sic basiavit,
Quod feci, O matres! fecissetis et vos.

IV.

CAPTAIN MACHEATH.

Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?

POLLY.

Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doating eyes,
My constant heart discover.
Fondly let me loll!

CAPTAIN MACHEATH.

O pretty, pretty Poll!

IV.

MACHEATHIUS CENTURIO.

Pulchra Polla, dic,
Cùm non essem hîc,
An mansisti sic
Fidelis—an mutâsti?

POLLA PEACHUMIA.

Nil celem te,
Acies hæ
Suspiriaque
Respondeant quod rogâsti.
Amplectere mî sol.

MACHEATHIUS CENTURIO.

O pulchra, pulchra Poll!

MAGINN ON MACAULAY.*

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY is a barrister, a commissioner of bankrupts, and member of Parliament for Calne. He is the son of Zachary Macaulay, of Sierra Leone notoriety; and every act of Thomas's life proves him to be the hopeful and worthy heir to all the father's virtues. He is the godson of Mr. Babington, of the firm of Macaulay, Babington, and Co., the African traders, and the *protégé* of Henry Brougham, Esq.—is a member of Boodle's—a spouter at the Freemasons' Tavern, and at the Anti-slavery meetings—and is, moreover, the identical young gentleman of whom Mr. William Wilberforce, in a fit of, no doubt, prophetic inspiration, said that, as it was well understood that, in the economy of Providence, mighty and fitting instruments were raised, in all times of emergency, for the accomplishments of

* As a fair specimen of Maginn's "slashing" criticism, I give this paper —part of a personal attack, purporting to be a critical notice, of an article in No. 100 of the *Edinburgh Review*, upon Southey's "Progress and Prospects in Society," attributed to Mr. Macaulay. The paper by Maginn appeared in *Fraser* for June, 1830, immediately after Macaulay had made his earliest displays in Parliament, as member for Lord Lansdowne's pocket-borough of Calne. The able article on Milton, with which he broke ground in the *Edinburgh Review*, appeared in 1826, when Macaulay was 26 years old. It is curious to see, a quarter of a century having elapsed between the first appearance of Maginn's abuse of Macaulay and its present republication, how completely wrong the writer was in almost every particular. Harsh criticism such as this, emanating from party prejudice, (for Maginn certainly had no *personal* feeling against Macaulay,) was considered perfectly legitimate in England, during the great party struggle between the Whig and Tory factions. Nor have we improved in later times—as witness the abusive personalities in the *Edinburgh Review* and *The Times*, so recently as 1853, on Mr. Disraeli.—M.

God's purposes, so, in the talkative stripling before him he beheld the destined agent, under God's blessing, to inflict chastisement on the colonists and the pro-slavery incarnate demons. At an early age, Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay received the rudiments of polite education — at so early an age, indeed, that his infantine memory not having sufficient power for tenacity and retention, the politeness of the education has escaped — the essential spirit, as it were, has evaporated, ascended, and mixed itself with the element of air, leaving a thick sediment of slime behind, which has given birth to three insufferable reptiles, that lead a noisy life in Mr. Thomas Macaulay's voided receptacle of polite education, *e. g.* sophism, charlatanism, and impertinence. It appertains not to Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay to own to the truth of

"Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

If, instead of *ingenuous*, it were written *ingenious* arts, it would have been nearer the mark. However that may be — let us finish as much of the gentleman's biography as we intend to give. He was sent to Cambridge, made himself conspicuous for his classical attainments — spouted, ranted, and raved himself into a reputation for what, *vulgò*, is called the *gift of the gab* (exemplified in its true colors at the Leicester election, where he had not one word to say against the matter-of-fact and prosing Sergeant Goulbourn) — became the hope of the Broughamites and Whigs, and, at the member for Winchelsea's recommendation, wrote sundry articles for the *Edinburgh Review;* amongst which was one, in No. 91 of that journal, "On the present Administration."* For this production, had Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay been rightly served he would have been instantly kicked out of all respectable society (on account of the red-hot demoniacal spirit which it manifests) — but society was sluggish about its honor, and Mr. Thomas Babing-

* This article, not included in Macaulay's own collection of his Miscellaneous Writings, appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, for January, 1827, but (with a sequel on the State of Parties, nine months later) has been preserved as an appropriate introduction, in the edition of Macaulay's speeches, published by Mr. Redfield, of New York.—M.

ton Macaulay is now the actual member in St. Stephen's for the immaculate and free-voting borough of Calne.

When Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay commenced his series of contributions to the *Edinburg Review*, the "Sapphire and blue" was fast drivelling into its dotage. Its ancient spirit had evaporated—its youthful wit, from over-indulgence and dissipation, had fallen into a state of emasculation—its empire was tottering, its circulation was fast drawing in its horns of extended glory. Sydney Smith had grown too fat, too rubicund, and too well satisfied with the good things of this world—more especially since he became a pluralist;—Sir James Mackintosh had used so frequently his carefully-collected store of international law, philosophy of history, and metaphysical sweepings from the late Professor Stewart's library, that he could use them no longer without raising against his own sagacious person a universal horse-laugh;—Mr. Henry Brougham had become an empty lawyer and a talkative member of the House of Commons; so that whatever he wrote for my "*Great-Grandmother*" smacked of the emptiness of the one and the frothiness of the other, and therefore was utterly unreadable, because it wanted consistency and novelty;—Francissimus Jeffrey himself candidly confessed that he was utterly drained of all his good things—had lost all his effervescence and wit—had become like that little plaything which pyromachinists sell to little children, called a Catherine's wheel, after it has frisked through its gyrations and spent its every spark of sputtering and sulphureous compound. In this state was the *Edinburgh* when Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay wrote his initiatory article for the journal; immediately on the appearance of which, whigs, liberals and radicals, Cantabs and anti-colonists, saints, and the papers of all descriptions under the influence of their respective parties, lauded the young gentleman to the seventh heavens as a "second Daniel come to judgment."

But the Whigs are wise in their generation. They assist one another, and boast of one another's achievements. Inconceivable is the cackle and row on the birth of a Whigling:—When he gives his first squeal, there is an expression of boisterous merriment—of robustious jollification:—When he first cocks his youthful eye with a knowing leer at any remarkable object, there is a

clapping of hands, and shouts of Mænadic glorification:—When he accents the first syllables of the vernacular, the amazed listeners exclaim, "Behold a wonder!"—When he goes to school, they promise their doating hearts that a Phœnix is in the act of generation:—When he enters college, he is to turn out, even as it was assured unto the simple youth of Oviedo, the Eighth Wonder of the World:—When he is introduced into public life, he is to become as the Pillar of Fire amidst the surrounding darkness, to comfort the hearts and guide the errant footsteps of the benighted Israelitish multitude of Whigs and Liberals, and their open-mouthed and hungry retinue of trimmers and shufflers. The consequence is, that whenever this *illuminato* gentleman makes his appearance in public, he is hailed by his party with loud greetings of

> "Dii immortales, homini homo quid præstat stulto intelligens
> Quid interest!"——

meaning thereby, that the wisdom of the whole world is as dust in the scale when poised against the wisdom of this fresh, full-fledged, self-important Whigling.

Pushed early into public life, with the eyes of all his party—of his parents, and kinsmen, and friends, and patrons, and college and university, fixed upon him, and watchful of his every movement, the young Whig begins, after the fashion of a green bantam-cock, to settle his feathers into neat order, to arch his neck, to erect his crest, to outspread his wings, to strengthen the wiry sinews of his bandy legs to their utmost power of tension, in order to attain the highest point of altitude, and gain an imposing attitude, ere he gives the shrill crowing cock-a-doodle-do note of defiance to all his feathered opponents of the barn-yard. And, then, the phœnix-Whig commences butting against this man, tilting against the second man, boxing with the third man, bullying the fourth man, bragging over the fifth man, and vituperating and scoundrelising the sixth man, merely to satisfy the spectators on his side that his courage has not subsided from its fullness of measure, that his heart is stout and unflinching, and that, like Diomed, he is ever ready and impetuous in action. Thus has Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay acted; but has he thereby extended the circle of his reputation in

the world? Alas! for the futility of human expectations—he is never, save by the few who know him personally, even mentioned by name; and though he was cheered by his own set in the House of Commons on the night of his inauguratory speech; still, who remembers that inauguratory speech,* or Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay's exhibition on that, to him, so memorable an occasion? Who quotes (except always his own immediate set) his articles on the Utilitarian school in the *Edinburgh Review*, saving only to laugh at the sophisms and abortions of wit with which they overflow? Who talks of his concoctions on *Dryden*, *Milton*, or even *Machiavelli*, the best of all his productions, though shining with foreign and borrowed light? The man of genius or talent, and the charlatan or man of mere pretension, proceed inversely as regards the relation of one with the other. The first, because his sense tells him *not to attempt too much* until the fullness of his destined strength is attained, commences his career of life and literature cautiously, and moderately, and modestly; the consequence is, that each successive effort adds to his powers, and progressively fortifies his efficiency, until in the end he bursts forth a luminary of unexceptionable brilliancy. The second, big with the idea of that self-importance which from his earliest years is dunned into his ear, is hot and eager to do something to place his name amongst the preëminent individuals of his age and country; like the son of Peleus, he is for early fame, though an early grave should be his mortal consummation; like that same Homeric hero he is

"Impiger — iracundus — inexorabilis — acer,"

and he commences his feats with an improvident energy, and generally sinks exhausted before his more prudential and temperate antagonist. A young man, though possessed of the most

* This speech, advocating the removal of the civil disabilities under which, disgracefully for England, the Jews continue to suffer, was spoken in the House of Commons on April 5, 1830, and so far from being a failure or an "Exhibition," was well received, and honored with a special eulogy, by Sir James Mackintosh, on the same evening. It displayed common sense as well as brilliant rhetoric — a rare combination in "a maiden speech." But Macaulay, long before that, had been one of the crack speakers of the Union debating club in the University of Cambridge.—M.

robust constitution, can not plunge at once into the hottest dissipation without falling an early martyr to his excesses. To speak only of his feats of drinking, without a word on other indulgences, he may, by reliance on his strength of stomach and soundness of lungs, begin by being a four-bottle man. Will he long continue so? Should he be mad enough to hold on in his course of inebriety, ere the years of his spring of manhood have been numbered, he will lose the physical energies of a man, waste away to a pallid, tottering anatomy, his mental vigor will be speedily exhausted, he will dwindle into a poor, crazy, chattering idiot, and sink without being perceived into the grave, but too long hankering after its emasculated and puny prey. In this argument the mind will afford a fitting parallel to the body; and for this reason the very thought of an early reputation is to be eschewed. Of all this we, unfortunately, have too many instances on record; and, notwithstanding our political and other hostility to Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay, we shall sincerely regret if his name is to be added to the gloomy list of those who, although they in their first hours of existence shed around them an extraordinary brilliancy, yet very speedily —

"Like the Lost Pleiad, sunk to rise no more."

Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay has acted incautiously and without foresight; yet two remarkable instances hung immediately before him, which he was constrained to see, and which might have served him for beacons whereby to guide his own course, had he not been actuated by that headstrong vanity and all-engrossing conceit which, alas! have ever been the characteristics of his race. The first was in Mr. Henry Brougham, who, when he began his political life, dashed at every thing like an ill-trained whelp, and, at one time, by his all-meddling spirit, sunk so low in common estimation, as absolutely to become a subject for laughter and jeers; but who, when he had grown more wary, piloted his way with such regard for character, that he at length stood forth as the leader of his own party in St. Stephen's. The second was in Mr. Macaulay's patron, Lord Lansdowne, who, as Lord Henry Petty, promised to win golden opinions of all men during the whole course of his life; but behold his reputation has flown aloft, like

other similar trivial things of this world, to find a resting-place in that "limbo broad and large," of which such pleasant mention is made in the pages of the *Paradise Lost*. After these warnings, the enacting a more considerate part was a matter of some moment to Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay:—but the ancient sin of his tribe was too strong for resistance.—He does not seem to be sensible that his powers have been diminishing in real value—and no friend or adviser has been near to give him assurance that, for originality, point, vigor, and promise, nothing has exceeded—nay, nothing has, within a hundred degrees, approximated to—what he wrote as a literary *freshman* for *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*.

Would that this freshman had been well advised and persuaded of the fact, or that, by some memorable circumstance, he had been early taught to take heed of the silly adulations of his father's clerks and dependents, and of that blind partiality of friends which swills youthful vanity generally, and which swilled it most egregiously in the particular instance of Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay. He would then have cut a more respectable figure, because his aim would have been more moderate, his purposes less assuming, his inferiority of strength, resulting from original mal-conformation of parts, less apparent. But, alas for him! it has been otherwise. Proud of the strength which he has been told he possesses, he has run a-tilt at every thing with which he has ever met. If there is one object held in great regard—no matter by what sect or party—against that most especially has he bent his aim, to bring it down from the "high top-gallant of its pride." If there is one man more reverenced than another—it signifies little of what party, *save his own*—(for of the great man of his own party he has ever been the humble lackey and adept)—he has attacked him tooth and nail, in the hope of an easy victory. Alack for the impulses of silly vanity! he was miserably defeated by Mr. Mill in the "Greatest Happiness" controversy, though we do not know whether Mr. Southey will consider it worth his trouble to answer the gentleman's insolence: we rather think, however, that he will not: it were, if he did so, waste of time, which, we know, the Laureate values too highly to throw away on such unimportant trifles. The true knight would couch

lance, or take buckler and shield, perchance, against the rampant lion; but will, without movement, allow the puppy-dog to bark at his figure, or even defile his person with those tricks with which petulant puppy-dogs are wont to soil more majestic creatures than their puny selves. In his conduct, then, not only in matters which have excited his abusive faculties, but even where he has been induced to praise, the gentleman in question has become too great a nuisance to be endured:

> "Tristius haud illo monstrum, nec sævior ulla
> Pestis, et ira Deûm Stygiis sede extulit undis," &c.

This being the case, it is time that the pernicious influence of the gentleman should be forced into abatement.

The last display of the Cantab's prowess is in the 100th Number of the "*Sapphire and Blue*," and in the second since the accession to the Editorial Chair, of Maevcius Napierius Naso. It purports to be a review of Mr. Southey's admirable volumes on *The Progress and Prospects of Society*.

We have filled up more pages than we intended with our observations on the quackery of this precious Theban. It is in the nature of true Quackery to exhibit monstrous inconsistencies in conduct. Thus has it happened to Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay. His father "consorts" with Mr. Wm. Wilberforce, and is allowed at all hands (indeed the old gentleman boasts of it) to be a saint of the first magnitude. The son, too, would show himself, by his spoutings, and declamations, and political faith, to be his father's companion in the career of holiness. Now, surely, the first axiom of the sect of which both the old and the young man are members, *ought* to be, that without religion (let them qualify it as they may) social existence can not be carried onward. But the latitudinarian principles and opinions of the son, as expounded in the article on Mr. Southey's volumes, would go to prove that religion is not essential to social existence. Surely, if he would be thought sincere in the faith of the Saints, and, notwithstanding his own sceptical opinions, he ought to have written up, instead of attempting to write down, the necessity of a state religion—since, and laying aside all crude theories, the efficacy of religion over society has been tried and proved, over and over again, ten thousand

times, to be most beneficial. But Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay is a quack and a pseudo-philosopher, and accordingly, no two of his opinions or actions will be found to tally or coincide.

But why should he have singled out Mr. Southey for his fierce and foul vituperation? No one can impugn the harmless tenure of Mr. Southey's life, or his retiring nature (particularly since he refused a seat in that very sapient assembly, of which Mr. Macaulay is so bright and particular a star), or the sincerity of his faith, or his earnest wish to further improvement of his fellow-creatures, or the soundness of his scholarship. Now, for any, or all these reasons, however Mr. Macaulay may differ from the Laureate, surely the latter, if the Cantab be a saint, or even a Christian, deserves respectful consideration and fair usage, to say nothing of love, charity, mercy, and forbearance—qualities which, by their beauty of conduct on all occasions, the saints have identified with themselves. But his false reasonings and low abuse of the Laureate prove Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay to be no whit better than the general run of his sinful fellow-creatures. The Laureate has made for himself a fair reputation—the Cantab has made for himself no reputation at all for any thing fair or manly—the moral beggar, therefore, hates his richer neighbor, and that hatred is manifested in the exquisite piece of criticism, the beauties of which we have done all that in us lay to show forth to the admiration of an enraptured world.—Well hast thou spoken, O son of Laius!—

> Ω πλουτε, και τυραννι, και τεχνη τεχνης
> ὑπερφερουσα τω πολυζηλῳ βιῳ,
> ὁσος παρ ὑμιν ὁ φθονος φυλασσεται·

PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER.

If we may express our opinion, we think that the great use and object of laughing is that we may enjoy ourselves, and communicate enjoyment to others. Laughter is a healthy exercise. It shakes the system, disperses the morbid humors, extinguishes envy, annihilates the spleen, puts the blue devils to flight, and spreads summer and sunshine, and cordiality, wherever it appears. To "laugh and grow *wise*," to "laugh and grow *fat*," are little more than synonymes. To all, therefore, who do not wish to remain in ignorance—to all who do not wish they were "a little thinner," we recommend a loud, a hearty, a continuous roar. Democritus, the laughing philosopher (*γελασίνος*), was one of the wisest of men. He lived laughing for a hundred years, and then died unlamenting. What misanthrope or Megrim of modern times can do as much? Are all the grim affectations of *Childe Harold* worth an ounce of laughter? Not a grain! They do good to no one. They are "entertainment" neither "for man nor beast." They make us lean, stupid, ungrateful. Shakespeare was the merriest of men; and he was the wisest. He laughed when he held the gallant's horses at the playhouse door, and saw them so "trimly dressed," and "perfumed like milliners." He laughed with Falstaff, ("old Jack Falstaff!") with Mercutio, with Biron, with Beatrice, with Rosalind, with Benedict. He laughed at Pistol's swaggering, at the red nose of Bardolph, at the gabble of Justice Shallow, at Slender, and Glendower, and Malvolio; at Froth, and Francis, and Bottom, and Wart, and Mouldy, and a hundred others. Nay, doubtless, he laughed also when he had finished Lear—(that mighty tragedy, to which alone there is no rival in letters,) and thought—and *knew* that he had achieved a

thing, of which past ages could afford no parallel, and which future times must struggle in vain to excel.

Great men and wise men have loved laughter. The vain, the ignorant, and the uncivilized alone have dreaded or despised it. Let us imitate the wise where we may. Let our Christmas laugh echo till Valentine's day; our laugh of St. Valentine till the first of April; our April humor till May day, and our May merriment till Midsummer. And so let us go on, from holiday to holiday, philosophers in laughter at least, till, at the expiration of our century, we die the death of old Democritus, cheerful, hopeful, and contented: surrounded by many a friend, but without an enemy; and remembered principally because we have never, either in life or death, given pain for a moment to any one that lived!

THE POLITICS OF 1831.

BY W. HOLMES, ESQ. M. P. FOR HASLEMERE.*

"And HOLMES whose name shall live in epic song,
While music numbers, or while verse has feet."

"HOLMES, the Achates of the GENERAL'S fight,
Who first bewitched our eyes with guinea gold;
As once OLD CATO, in the Roman's sight,
The tempting fruit of Afric did unfold."

DRYDEN, *Annus Mirabilis.* clxxij. cixxiij.

AT the Union the other night, OLD CATO† lamented as follows:—

"As for this country, there is no use in saying anything more about it, because it is scudding to the infernal regions with a fair gale of wind to its tail. To men who know the world, nothing can be more preposterous than what I see going on all around me.

"There was Lord Liverpool—no more sense than a turnip—God rest his soul! as the Papists say. There was he, and he kept the country together. What I mean by the country are the people who are paid by the country, for as to the rest who cares a brass farthing about *them?* I know *I* never did. There we were, snug and oily, all together, safe from the wind. Now and then old Burdett would get up a cross, to amuse the plebeians and secure *him* his election, and give *us* the opportunity of floor-

* This apparently careless, rambling, whiskey-and-water paper contains so correct a *resumé* of British politics during the four years between Lord Liverpool's ministry and the Whig rule of 1831 (the time of the Reform bill excitement) that I am tempted to include it in this collection. Though affiliated on Holmes, the Tory whipper-in, it smacks strongly of Maginn's own after-dinner talk.—M.

† A name taken from the *Annus Mirabilis.*

ing him as *per* previous agreement; or Hume might fight about threepence halfpenny matters, in which, if he made a blunder the size of a half-farthing, we had our jokers ready to cut him up. *Diaoul!* how droll we used to be at reading all the funny things that were put into print against Joe! And there was old Tierney—honest old Tierney!—a man who knew what was what. He opposed in a tender and nice manner, because being a sensible and well-trained old veteran as he was, he had always his eye cocked upon getting into place, and would have scorned to do the dirty thing of cutting down the emoluments.

"To be sure, we had Brougham, every now and then—the Lord Brougham and Vaux, as they call the fellow now-a-days—as bitter as soot, and especially angry and cantankerous when he saw no chance of his getting a silk gown.* Do him justice, he basted us now and then in a pretty way enough—but Lord help the man! what was the consequence? who cared a tenpenny about it? We were sure of the King, George the Fourth—an honest, well-meaning, fat old gentleman as ever was. Lord Eldon had the Lords tight under his claw. In those days, the Bishops dared not budge, not they—the beautiful bench that they are—and we had Canning in the Commons, who kept Brougham at bay. So he might twist his nose into as many shapes as Matthews twists his mouth—and we did not mind. He made his speech—I whipped in the animals—and there was an end of the business. He was always dead beat.

As for Lord Althorp, who is now Chancellor of the Exchequer, (and a neat hand he makes of it,) why in those times nobody ever heard of his name. Johnny Russell, the Paymaster of the Forces, and the Grand Master of Reform—was no great shakes among us. Jemmy Graham, who made the seasonable *explanation* to O'Gorman Mahon, was a schoolboy—and Husky,† my old friend, to do you justice, though an unfortunate accident took you off at the most particular of minutes, you settled the political

* In the English and Irish courts (but *not* in Scotland) the more eminent lawyers are made Queen's Counsel, the official badge of which dignity is a *silk* gown, all other barristers wearing *stuff*.—M.

† William Huskisson, killed at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, in the autumn of 1830.—M.

economists for the rest of us. Apropos of that — I remember one of the pack, I believe it was Poulett Thompson, the ship-chandler,* asked me one night if I knew "what was Rent?" "Not practically," said I, "do you?" On which there was a laugh, and the Right Honorable Mr. Hemp-and-Tallow was floored.

"Well, Lord Liverpool dropped down in a fit — and what was to be done then? The Duke shammed opposition — the old Chancellor did it in earnest — Peel sneaked after the Duke — old Bathurst and Melville thought they would have been turned out if they did not resign, and therefore made off as a well-bred dog does when he is going to be kicked down stairs. — My cousin Westmoreland, who was only forty years in the cabinet, flattered himself that he would be brought in again before three months were over — and Lord Harrowby levanted because he was tired of the concern, and could not get any more places for his people. Did *I* resign? No! — But the word brings salt tears into my eyes when I think of what has been my fate since. What is it now to me that I escaped in 1827, when the heavy lot fell upon me in 1830.

"Canning came in. What happened in the ministry I now forget, except that he bullied George Dawson in famous good style, and made George hold his tongue. I served him faithfully, because it was agreeable to my conscience, as he declared he was against Reform in Parliament, and the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and vowed that he never would make Emancipation a Cabinet question. Therefore I drank the "glorious memory" in peace, and thonged it for Canning, despising Dawson very much, and listening with great delight to John Croker's jokes against Peel, which said Peel used at that time to cut my respected countryman, declaring him a man of great dishonor and mean duplicity; two matters of which Sir Robert Peel ought to be a very accurate judge.

"Canning died of the newspapers, or else eating too much without moistening it, and Frederick Robinson reigned in his stead. The King — I mean George IV. — gave him the title of Viscount Goderich by patent, and that of Goose Goody in private conver-

* Poulett Thompson, afterward Governor-General of Canada (and Lord Sydenham), was originally a merchant in the Russian trade. — M.

sation. Lucky for me it was that no Parliament sat during Goosey's administration. There was a sham fight between Husky and Herries which, by proper cultivation, was made into a good enough quarrel for blowing up poor Goosey's cabinet and the Duke — my gracious master — returned as Premier.

"Well, said I, *now* all's right. Here are the Tories again! I was not sorry when the Duke ordered Husky, and the Grants, and Palmerston, and the rest of that set, to the right-face. Faith, it was I settled it myself! — They had a bull bait on the business of East Retford; about which nobody who had a pennyworth of brains in his head cared a Camac.* But, up gets Husky, honest man! and declares for one side, with a speech, he being Colonial Secretary — up gets Peel, honest man! for another side, with another speech, he being Home Secretary. What was *I* to do? I did not care if Old Nick or Nic Vansittart had East Retford and all that dwell therein. But what was my line of action? Just think of Secretary dividing against Secretary in a civilized administration. So I said to the Duke, 'Your Noble Highness,' said I, 'permit me to remark that all this is mighty incorrect — which am I to believe in, Peel or Huskisson?' So said he, in his own civil and quiet way, like a kind-hearted old gentleman as he is — says he, 'Pitch Huskisson to the devil;' and of course I did.

"God help me, I am getting old; and the port rises in my head! — its owing to the Duke's carrying the Pa——, the Catholic Bill. I knew nothing of it until I found he was determined upon doing it. How could I then resist? — I did not vote for it. — No! — What says the player in one of O'Keefe's tragedies to the ghost of Blanket? — 'Thou canst not say I did it.' Strange as it may appear, I was shut out on the division. Accidents will happen.

"However, the Duke was the Duke, and there was no use in disputing with him; else he would have turned one off in a crack. Therefore, I stuck to him until he was obliged to trot. Oh, heavy hour! When I think of it — I trouble you to hand me over the brandy, that I may correct the cold in my stomach, occasioned by drinking too much port.

* Half a century ago, the firm of Camac, Kyan, & Camac became lessees of some Irish copper-mines, and issued pennies and half-pennies bearing their names. These coins were commonly called "Camacs."—M.

"And I too resigned!

"How have things gone on since? One comfort we have, that old Gaffer Grey is found out. By the god of war, that ancient character used to crow over us as if he was something far above small beer. And now that he is there, as Minister, it is evident to the meanest capacity that he is not a pitch beyond Goderich. And Althorp does not flourish; and as for the rest, they are old hands, tried and rejected, except Jemmy Graham, who, as I said before, is not so great a warrior as Hector of Greece. But it was not of that I was thinking. I'll make, if you please, one small pint tumbler of whiskey and water, because the heart within me is weak.

"What I was going to say, is this. Can the country go on—I leave it to a reasonable man—unless there is a real management of affairs? Cut down! Cut down! Cut down! that's the low cry of them who know nothing. 'Don't pension my lady this, and Mrs. that, and Mother t'other'—or, 'Oh!—there's a lot too much money given to privy counsellors and members of Parliament, and other deserving characters.' What mean talk, what low talk, what dirty talk, what a filthy, shabby, beastly, good-for-nothing, villainous, and truly base set of creatures they are who say that——

"No—attack the King—he is great and rich, and can bear it; attack the church, because the parsons have no votes in the House; grind the poor clerks, because they are slaves that must work; pinch, squeeze, and starve the plebeians, because it's their business to be poor; but the placemen, the honest placemen, the honorable placemen, the true-hearted placemen—they who have been always at their posts, and ready at the worst of times to vote for the worst of parties—never think of touching *them*.

"We are ruined. Peel has no place, Goulburn has no place, the Dundases have only two hundred places among them, *I* have no place, Mrs. Arbuthnot has only £938, 12*s*., 6*d*., per annum; Croker has no place, Twiss has nothing, Maurice Fitzgerald not a cross; there's Duncannon—he will, I hope, be kicked out of Kilkenny by the grateful people of Ireland, in whose language there is no word to express ingratitude; and at all events, what are his qualifications as compared with mine—and he *has* a place!

"Is this a country, or is it not?—I think not."

[*Grief here choked his tongue—the salt tears flowed over his venerable face—and, uttering a groan, he was silent.*] * * * * *

THE LAY OF THE DISMAL CRAMP.*

They made him a bed that was wretchedly damp,
And had reason that same to rue,
For he awoke in the night with a thundering cramp,
And he thumped and he swore, and he kicked out the lamp,
With a plague of a hilloa-ba-loo!

"Now my lamp is out — not an inch can I see!
And snoring the dolts I hear;
But short and not sweet their snooze shall be,
And I 'll lock up the maid, and toss in the key
To a butt of their table-beer!"

Away, with his dismal cramp, he sped,
Though walking you 'd think a bore;
And onward he went, with a hop and a tread,
Till he stood at the side of the innkeeper's bed,
And he bellowed a terrible roar.

And the landlady, starting, began to break
Her sleep, as he bawled in her ear;
Till she cried to mine host — from her dream awake —
"Ah what is the row? — sure did n't you *spake*,
Or is it the divil, my dear?"

Said the stranger, "You vixen! my bed was damp,
I 'll be curst if I pay you a screw!
And I 've locked up your maid, and kicked out the lamp,
And you 're in the dark, and I 'm losing my cramp,
So I 'm off with a hilloa-ba-loo!"

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* In a quizzical article upon Dr. Bowring's translations, specimens of "The Poetry of the Sandwich Islands," were given, and Moore's "Lay of the Dismal Swamp," was noted as "a namby-pamby dilution of a thought suggested by the perusal of a Hawaiian poet," of whose lyric the above was quoted as a translation.—M.

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

'T is over! — the spirit hath fled,
That kept the wide world in amaze;
Like a pine-tree all withered and dead;
Like a comet all shorn of its rays.
Oh! who could have omened of yore,
When that comet blazed fierce thro' the sky,
That its circuit so soon should be o'er,—
That, 'mid shadow and shame, it should die;—
That the glory which blinded all eyes that it met,
In haze should decline, and in darkness should set!

Like an arrow that twangs from the bow,
To ascend the blue depths of the sky,
Passes over the cloud's snowy brow,
And mocks the vain gaze of the eye,—
Like the eagle that mightily soars
On the far-bearing wings of the blast,
Till earth and its vanishing shores
Have receded, like things of the past,—
Wert thou, dread Napoleon, now lulled to thy rest,
'Mid an isle of the main, with a stone on thy breast.

With thy thunders did tremble the world,
And thrones at thy bidding did bow;
And thy banner, wherever unfurled,
Shone triumphantly still to o'erthrow;
Like a tree from the front of the steep,
Looking down o'er the forests afar;
Like dark Teneriffe, shooting up from the deep,
That kisses its feet with a jar;
So proud didst thou rise o'er the kingdoms of earth,
While they crouched at thy feet, joining trembling with mirth.

POETICAL PLAGIARIES.*

THOMAS MOORE.

No. I.

"Much thou hast said, which I know when
And where thou stol'st from other men,
(Whereby 't is plain thy light and gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts.")—BUTLER'S *Hudibras.*

WE are told that Queen Elizabeth, incensed at Hayward's *Life and Reign of Henry IV.*, asked Lord Bacon whether "there was any treason in it?" He answered, "No, madam; for *treason*, I cannot deliver my opinion that there is any; but very much *felony!*" The Queen, apprehending such criminality, gladly asked, "How, and wherein?" Bacon answered, "Because he hath stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus." So, were the voluminous productions of Thomas Moore, with his multifarious *aliases*, subjected to the severe ordeal of critical justice, we apprehend the award would be pronounced somewhat in the spirit of Bacon's decision upon Hayward: "For *poetry*, we cannot deliver our opinion that there is any, but very much *plagiarism*, because he hath stolen many of his sentences, and all his conceits out of preceding poets." To show the estimation in

* This first portion of an article which caused great sensation on its publication, and was said to have so much irritated Tom Moore as to have induced him to consult his friends on the propriety of challenging Maginn (its known author) to the *duello*, appeared in *Fraser* for August, 1831. The second part was not published until the following December. Some of the materials of these particular articles had been given to the world several years before, in the *John Bull* newspaper, where, however, they were so hidden in the mass of personally political attacks on the leading Whigs as to have then and there met with little notice.—M.

which such petty larcenies were held in the olden time, it may be sufficient, in this place, to refer to *Sir Philip Sidney*, who, in his *Astrophel and Stella*, thus denounces the certainty of their exposure:—

> "You that poor Petrarch's long deceased woes,
> With new-born sighs and wit disguised sing,
> You take wrong ways; those far-fet helps being such,
> As do bewray a want of inward touch,
> And *sure, at length, stolen goods do come to light.*"

—And well deserving the attention of such poetical pilferers—the "family men," who migrate from Grub-street to the purlieus of Parnassus—was the advice of Martial, as we find it homelily translated in the preface to *Cartwright's Poems*, where it is exhibited, just as a caution to marauders, like a notice displayed for the benefit of poachers and trespassers, that *spring-guns are set in this plantation*:—

> "He that repeats stolen verse, and for fame looks,
> Must purchase silence, too, as well as books."

It is not our intention, at this moment, to enter into any discussion of the principles with reference to which the question of plagiarism should be considered, or upon which it should be decided. Bishop Hurd's admirable *Discourse upon Poetical Imitation* comprises within itself the Statute Law of the Realm of Literature, with reference to this species of offence—to which custom seems to have given the property of nature in our days. In almost every *pseudo-poet*, we are reminded of that description of *Autolycon wit* so happily exhibited in the *Optic Glass of Humors!*

"An *Autolycon* wit is in our threadbare humorous Cavalieroes, who, like chap-fallen hackneys, feed at others' rack and manger; never once glutting their minds with the heavenly ambrosia of speculation;—whose brains are the very brokers' shops of all ragged inventions, or rather be the block-houses of all cast and outcast pieces of poetry. These be your pick-hatch curtezan-wits, that merit, after their decease, to be carried in *Charles-wain*. They be termed, not *laureat*, but poets *loreat*, that are worthy to be jerked with the lashes of the wittiest epigrammatists. These are they that, like to roving Dunkirks, or robbing pirates, sally up and down in the printer's ocean, wafted to

and fro with the inconstant wind of an idle, light brain; who (if any new work that is lately come out of press, as a bark under sail, fraught with any rich merchandize, appear unto them,) do play upon it oft with their silver pieces, board it incontinently, ransack it of every rich sentence, cull out all the witty speeches they can find, appropriating them to their own use; to whom, for their wit, we will give such an applause as once Homer did unto Autolycus, who praised him highly for cunning thievery, and for setting a jolly acute accent upon an oath."

Dryden, in his *Essay on Dramatic Poesie*, says of Ben Jonson, that "he was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them. There is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him." Now here we have the triumph, the pure and unsullied triumph of genius, which does but assert its own prerogative in rendering the intelligence of past ages tributary to its success; whilst it presents a brilliant contrast to the petty-larceny spirit of "Autolycon wit," such as we are now about to trace through all its "winding bouts," in the sing-song lucubrations of Tom Moore.

What Dr. Johnson, in his life of Cowley, said of metaphysical poets, may, with equal truth and justice, be applied to that class of *image-mongers*, of whom Mr. Moore must be pronounced the chief *par excellence*. "No man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery, and hereditary similes, by readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables." And yet, upon such grounds, and upon such grounds only, rest all Mr. Moore's pretensions to the notoriety he enjoys, and to the distinction which he would arrogate by virtue of Lord Byron's ironical compliment of being "the poet of all circles."—Take away from the Lansdowne Laureat the "readiness of rhyme," and "volubility of syllables," and we defy him, even in a more elaborate review of his own works than ever he wrote and published in the *Edinburgh*, to es-

tablish his claim, through Epic, Ode, Epistle, Ballad, Madrigal, Canzonet, or Sonnet, to one thought purely and simply inspired by the genius of poetry — one description of natural scenery or natural objects copied from nature, and not from other descriptions — one imitation of things in "heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth," that he has not borrowed from other imitations — one image that is not traditional — one simile that is not hereditary. — To that simple test do we now propose to subject all that ever Mr. Moore has written; and as the task necessarily imposes some difficulty upon him, we will spare his blushes, and by the citation of many instances endeavor to prove (as Mr. Ellis has said of R. Barron) that "whatever is poetical in him appears to be pilfered from other writers." — As a prelude to our "labor of love," we select a little epigram, which though not written upon him, yet, by a singular coincidence in the name, and in the felicity with which his peculiar characteristics are hit off — fits him as though the epigrammatists had taken the measure of his merits: —

> "Moore always smiles whenever he recites;
> (He smiles, you think, approving what he writes,)
> And yet in this no vanity is shown,
> A modest man best likes what's not his own."

"The expression of two writers," observes Dr. Hurd, "may be similar, and sometimes even identical, and yet be original in both." This is no doubt true; but not less true is the subsequent declaration of the same eminent authority, that "coincidences of a certain kind, and in a certain degree, can not fail to convict a writer of imitation." It is not, therefore, upon any general phraseological resemblance that we mean to ground our present charges; but upon coincidences of the "certain kind," and in the "certain degree," which can not fail to carry conviction with them.

Mr. Moore, indeed may start up some ludicrous ideality — some home-bred Fadladeen — to evade these charges; or he may "beg the question," with an affected air of indignant surprise, at being thus arraigned of what Johnson calls "one of the most reproachful, though not, perhaps, the most atrocious of literary crimes." He may recapitulate what he has already said in defence of By-

ron — of whom, a word or two anon — and he may tell us, that "to those who found upon such resemblances a general charge of plagiarism, we may apply what Sir Walter Scott says in that most agreeable work, his *Lives of the Novelists* — 'It is a favorite theme of laborious dulness to trace such coincidences, because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity; and, of course, to bring the author nearer to a level with his critics.'" In Mr. Moore's case we have no fear of outraging sensibility by "reducing genius of a higher order," — for we have yet to learn that the mere profession of a song-writer — which is all the fame to which Mr. Moore is justified in aspiring — has any thing to do with the higher elements of genius. But our proofs rest, as we persuade ourselves, upon incontrovertible grounds; — upon the establishment not only of general points of resemblance, but upon the appropriation of thoughts, images, and words; descending from the spoliation of mental attributes to the pilfering of the very *verbiage* in which these attributes were clothed.

In order to "begin with the beginning," we must open *Little's Poems* with as tender and delicate a hand as may be. But there we have plagiarisms too palpable and abundant to be overlooked. At page 5, we have some lines, *modestly* addressed, as usual:—

"TO MRS. ——

"If joys from sleep I borrow,
Sure thou 'lt forgive me this;
For he who wakes to sorrow,
At least may dream of bliss!

* * * *

Wilt thou forgive my taking
A kiss — or something more?
What thou deny'st me waking,
I sure may slumber o'er."

Now, what is this but an amplification of the following?—

"Since then I, waking, never may possess,
Let me in sleep at least enjoy the bliss,
And sure nice Virtue can 't forbid me this."—*J. Oldham.*

The "sportive conceit of '*looking babies in the eyes*,' was imagined perhaps before, and certainly since Herrick wrote." So says the editor of *Select Poems from the Hesperides;* and, in proof thereof, he cites a passage from Drayton, and another from Moore, under his earliest *alias* of Little. The origin of the *simple image*, may be traced in our language to a much earlier period than that in which Drayton wrote; but the sensuality wherewith Little, *alias* Moore, has invested an otherwise playful and naturally pure idea, is his own; as we shall find, by tracking it down from the time of Henry VIII. to the "young Catullus of his day."

"In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy.—*Anon. temp. Henry VIII.*

"So when thou saw'st in nature's cabinet
Stella, thou straight look'st babies in her eyes."
Sir P. Sydney. Astrophel and Stella.

——"In her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself formed in her eye."
Shakespeare. King John.

——"Eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form."
Ibid. Troilus and Cressida.

"Look in mine eyeballs where thy beauty lies."
Ibid. Venus and Adonis.

"Wish but for beauty, and within thine eyes
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim."
Decker. Fortunatus.

"My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And two plain hearts do in the faces rest."
Donne. The Goodmorrow.

"And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation."—*The Ecstacy.*

"To look gay babies in your eyes, young Roland."
Beaumont and Fletcher. The Tamer tamed.

——"They are not wise,
Look babies only in her eyes."
T. Randolph. Pastoral Courtship.

"So where little Cupid lies,
Looking babies in the eyes."—*Drayton.*

"Be sure when you come into company, that you do not stand staring the men in the face as if you were making babies in their eyes."
Visions of Quevedo.

"They coy, then kisse and coll, lye, and look babies in each other's eyes."
Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, part 3, sec. 2, m. 5, s. 5.

"You blame me too, because I can't devise
Some sport to please those babies in your eyes."
Herrick. To his Mistress.

"Or those babies in your eyes,
In their crystal nunneries."—*Ibid. To Virgins.*

"It is an active flame that flies
First to the babies in your eyes."—*Ibid. The Kiss.*

"Be curious in pursuit of eyes
To procreate new loves with them."—*Habington.*

"She thinks that babes proceed from mingling eyes."
Sir W. Davenant. Gondibert.

"Thus did she peep in mine
Eyes' humor christaline,
I in her eyes was seen."—*J. Cleveland. Mark Anthony.*

"When I look babies in thine eyes,
Here Venus — there Adonis lies."—*Ibid. Hermaphrodite.*

"Of when I look I may descry
A little face peep through that eye."—*Carew. The Dart.*

"Look in my eyes, my blushing fair,
Thou'lt see thyself reflected there;
And as I gaze on thine, I see
Two little miniatures of me.
Thus in our looks some propagation lies,
And we make babies in each other's eyes."—*Little. Impromptu.*

"'Tis not that cradled in thine eyes
The baby Love for ever lies,
In cradles bathed with dew."—*Strangford's Camoens.*

"Soft o'er my brow, which kindled with their sighs,
Awhile they played; then gliding through my eyes,

Where the bright babies for a moment hung
Like those thy lip has kist; thy lyre hath sung."
Moore. Grecian Girl's Dream.

——"Those sunk eyes
Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
He would have seen himself, too happy boy!
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy."
Moore. Lalla Rookh. Veiled Prophet.

TEARS AND BLUSHES.

"Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee,—
And keep thy countenance, for I will blush for thee."
Heywood. A Woman killed with Kindness.

"Then, if thou blush, that blush be mine."—*Little. To Julia.*

THE METAMORPHOSE.

"*Lucretia.*—Toto sis licet usque die.
Thaida.—Nocte volo."

"There 's a passion, a pride,
In our sex, she replied,
And thus, I might gratify both, I would do;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you."
Parnell. Ballad on Beauty.

"If you think by this coldness and scorning
To appear more angelic and bright,
Be an angel, my love, in the morning,
But, oh, be a woman to-night."—*Little. Song.*

LOVE LIKE THE SEA.

"Drowned by love,
That drew them forth with hopes as smooth as were
Th' unfaithful waters he desired them prove."
B. Jonson. Masque.

"Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Or give their hearts repose.
They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempest lost."—*Sir C. Sedley.*

"Like one who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lured by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee.
For fickle is the summer's wind,
And sadly may the bark be tost,
And thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost."—*Little. To Rosa.*

Even in sporting with an absurd quibble of the schools, Mr. Moore seeks for a poetical precedent, and adheres to it *au pied de la lettre*:—

"And hangs his soul upon as nice
And subtle curiosities,
As one of that vast multitude
That on a needle's point have stood."—*Butler. Satires.*

"The angels shall help me to wheedle,
I'll swear upon every one
That e'er stood on the point of a needle."—*Little. Song.*

For the conceit of one of the most popular of his early ballads—"Friend of my soul, the goblet sip,"—he was indebted to Cowley:—

"Here 's to thee, Dick, this whining love despise;
Pledge me, my friend, and drink till thou be'st wise,
It sparkles brighter far than she:
'Tis pure and right without deceit,
And such no woman e'er will be:
No, they are all sophisticate."—*Cowley.*

"Friend of my soul! the goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear;
'Tis not as sweet as woman's lip,
But oh, 'tis more sincere."—*Little. Anacreontic.*

Suckling and Sedley—congenial spirits! were the models upon which he first attempted to form his style of amatory poetry; but the pupil transcended the first of his masters in impurity, as much as he fell below the second in elegance and grace.—From both he concocted one epigram:

"Then think I love more than I can express,
And would love more, could I but love thee less."—*Suckling.*

"An hundred thousand oaths your fears,
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could no deeper love."—*Sir C. Sedley.*

"Si je n'avois que dix-huit ans,
Je pouvois aimer plus long temps,
Mais non pas aimer d'avantage."
M. le Duc de Nivernois.

"Chloris, I swear by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I can not love you more.
'What love no more? Oh, why this altered vow?'
Because I *can not* love thee *more*—than now!"
Little. The Surprise.

The *Garland*, beginning "Thou hast sent me a flowery band," was evidently suggested by Ben Jonson's exquisite song, "I sent thee late a rosy wreath;"—and the *Catalogue* is but a maudlin and vicious imitation of Cowley's poem of the *Chronicle*, and Herrick's *Loss of his Mistress.*

TEARS TRANSFORMED TO PEARLS.

"Is any cozened of a tear,
Which as a pearl disdain might wear?"—*J. Lylie. Song.*

"Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,
Which as it drops some soft-eyed angel bears,
Transformed to pearls, and in his bosom wears."
Sir W. Jones. Selima.

"A warm tear gushed, the wintry air
Congealed it as it flowed away;
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glittered in the ray.

An angel wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity gave the tear
And hung it on her diadem."—*Little. The Tear.*

The song we are now about to quote, may have been suggested by the closing line of Goldsmith's exquisite stanzas, "When lovely woman stoops to folly:" but be that as it may, it furnished Moore with materials for a ballad of whining sentimentality:—

"Nay then — since you will not believe,
The starting tear, nor rising sigh;
But one proof more I have to give,
How well I love you — 't is to die."—*Anon. Song.* 1786.

"If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'd try;
Alas, I know but one proof more —
I 'll bless your name, and die."—*Little. Song.*

If the atoms of morality to be found amid the gross licentiousness of these poems, were "as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff," we may form some notion of their *originality* from the following specimen:—

"On the vast ocean of his wonders here,
We momentary bubbles ride,
'Till crushed by the tempestuous tide,
Sunk in the parent flood we disappear."—*Fenton. Ode.*

"All forms that perish, other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return."
Pope. Essay on Man, p. 111.

"A smoke! a flower! a shadow! and a breath!
Are real things compared with life and death;
Like bubbles on the sea of life they pass,
Swell, burst, and mingle with the common mass."—*S. Boyse.*

"And the bubbles that float on the rivulet of life, be lost in the gulf of eternity."—*Dr. Johnson. Idler, No.* 90.

"See how beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile
And murmuring then subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity."—*Little. Reflection at Sea.*

Would we behold a pure image defaced and stained by the wantonness of the sensualist, whose thoughts are divided between the gloating admiration of some drunken demirip's withering charms, and the inspiring fumes of the "genial bowl," let us turn to the

contrasted portraits of innocent love, anticipating the decay of youth and loveliness, and the intoxicated fervor of Little's lustful orgies:—

"To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still."—*Shakespeare. Sonnet* civ.

"So shall I court thy dearest truth,
When beauty ceases to engage;
So thinking o'er thy charming youth,
I 'll live it o'er again in age:
So time itself our rapture shall improve,
While still we wake to joy, and live to love!"—*Prior. Ode.*

"The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve,
With present memory of the bliss they gave,
The pleasant hours in present mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy."—*Ibid.*

"Time, though he steals the roseate bloom of youth,
Shall spare the charms of virtue and of truth;
And on thy mind new charms, new blooms, bestow."
J. Duncombe. The Feminead.

"No age or wrinkles should incline him to change, for her soul would be always beautiful and always young—he should have an eternal idea in the mind of the charms she now bore; and should look into her heart for that idea, when he could find it no longer in her face."
Aphra Behn. Oronooko to Imoinda.

"Now, as with fairy-footed tread,
Time steals our years away,
Thy mildly-beaming beauties spread,
Soft influence o'er life's way;
Insuring to our peaceful shed
Love's bliss without decay!"
Clifford. V. Notes on Tixall's Poetry.

"When Time who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.
Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten joys to come,
And Memory gild the past!

Come, Chloe! fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee:
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me!"—*Little. Song.*

With one more instance, we close—and gladly—this first volume of Mr. Moore's luxuriant imaginings:—

"If any ask why roses please the sight?
Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do blow.
If any ask why lilies are so white?
Because their blossoms in thy hand do blow.
Or why sweet plants so grateful odors shower?
It is because thy breath so like they be.—
Or why the orient sun so bright we see?
What reason can we give but from thine eyes and thee?"
Giles Fletcher. Christ's Victory.

"Nor did I wonder at the lilies white
Nor praise the deep vermilion of the rose;
They were but sweet, sweet figures of delight,
Drawn after thee, thou pattern of all those."
Shakespeare. Sonnet.

"Why does azure deck the sky?
'T is to be like thy looks of blue.
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that 's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee."—*Little. Song.*

POETICAL PLAGIARIES.

THOMAS MOORE.

No. II.

"*Eiron.* Has not my friend approved himself a poet?
Alazon. The verses, sir, are excellent; but your friend
Approves himself a thief.
Eiron. Why, good Alazon!
Alazon. A plagiary, I mean: the verses, sir,
Are stolen——"

T. Randolph, *The Muses' Looking-Glass.*

After an unavoidable adjournment of the cause from the August term, we now proceed to open the second count of the indictment for *poetical piracy*, which, as in duty bound, we have preferred against Thomas Moore, in Banco Reginæ—the *Queen's Court* of wit and poesy.

In thus putting "the poet of all circles" on the trial of his country, we were well aware of the difficulty with which we had to contend in finding in these degenerate days a jury of his peers—twelve bards worthy of deciding between the sovereign, Apollo, and "the panel" [to use the phrase of the Scotch court of session, which sounds so much more harmonious and humanized "to ears polite" than our brutal Old Bailey terms of "culprit," or "prisoner at the bar"], and yet divested of partiality or prejudice on a question in which all the predominant passions of the "*genus irritabile vatum*" are so "tremblingly alive all over," being, at this time of day, "past praying for." Had not the prudence of our ancient legislators wisely excluded females from the jury-box, we never should have brought the cause into court; for, though the delinquent might be sure of a *fair* trial, we well know how slight our chance would be that the *fair* jurors should *fair* and "true ver-

dict give." We accordingly put ourselves and the accused on the country at large.

We anxiously refrain from pressing more hardly upon Mr. Moore than the strict justice of the case requires; and yet, even if we did seek to prejudice the tribunal against him, by invective, sarcasm, or irony, we know no little gentleman who could by any possibility have less cause of complaint, or still less claim to sympathy or commiseration, than the inveterate humorist who may be said to have tickled poor Lord Thurlow's muse to death with the good-natured raillery of his criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*.

We have already sufficiently explained the principle which actuates and influences us in estimating the quality, the extent, and the purposes of plagiarism; and, as in the case of Ben Jonson, expressed our unequivocal admiration of those gifted spirits whose genius "renders the intelligence of past ages tributary to its success." But we are disposed to go still farther, and to honor with a reverence little inferior to that which inspiration claims, the labor of the poet, who, having explored the mines of foreign intellectual ore,* devotes himself to the glorious task of enriching his country's treasury of words and thoughts — HER LANGUAGE — with the brightest and the rarest gems, the diamonds which his own hands have raked from their native bed, and washed in the streams of Helicon.† Has Mr. Moore distinguished himself by any such exalted ambition? Has he devoted his talents, his literary attainments, and classical acquirements — of which he makes no ordinary parade — to so excellent, and, indeed, we may well say, to so patriotic a purpose? Let his works answer the question. And if we trace his performances, from the first page of *Little's* licentiousness down to the last line of his last new song, we shall find that his has been no generous effort to add to his country's stores of knowledge, science, thought, or fancy; or to improve the moral

* It is a labor of love, and "it is worth the labor to know with whom such great wits used to converse, to point to the mines from which they dig their ore, and to the shadows where they repose at noon." — GILBERT WATTS, *Introduction to Bacon's Advancement and Proficiency of Learning.*

† "Imitations, when real and confessed, may still have their merit; nay, I presume to add, sometimes a greater merit than the very originals on which they are formed." — HURD, *Discourse on Poetical Imitation.*

and intellectual condition of his countrymen. We have shown of what material his first *little* lucubrations were composed; and we defy the most conciliating critic—if "conciliation" *must* be the order of the day in criticism as well as politics—to designate his early lyrics otherwise than as fit offerings for lust to lay upon the shrine of vice. His *Anacreon*, which gave him an ephemeral classic celebrity, was but an adapted, or rather a remodelled, compilation from all preceding translators, deriving the appearance of novelty, and whatever other merit it possessed, from the barefaced spoliator of his immediate predecessor in the task—George Ogle.

We shall not now follow up an analytical view of his writings; but content ourselves, for the present, with observing that, in all, he has given us the images of our own poets at second hand; the gems of classic price scattered through his pages, had before been rendered precious in our eyes by the pure, unsullied lustre in which the elder masters of the lyre gloried in displaying them, without any effort at appropriation.

In Pope's correspondence with his friend William Walsh—himself a poet, and the patron of poets—there is a very interesting passage on the subject of plagiarism, which we may as well transcribe for the edification of Mr. Moore, giving him the benefit of a note or two, by way of illustration, as we get on.

"I would beg your opinion as to another point; it is, how far the liberty of *borrowing* may extend? I have defended it sometimes by saying, that it seems not so much the perfection of sense to say things that have never been said before, as to express those best that have been said oftenest"—[but even this "defence," as Pope calls it, so far from availing Moore anything, only plunges him deeper in the quagmire; for he not only says nothing that had not been said before, but says nothing half so well as it had been said before, even by the least poetical of his predecessors; he fritters away the original beauty of every image that he *borrows*, and leaves us nothing but a poor and paltry imitation]; "and that writers," continues the bard of Twickenham, "in the case of borrowing from others, are like trees, which of themselves would produce only one sort of fruit, but by being grafted upon others may yield variety." [Now, in this grafting affair, we suspect Mr. Moore comes worse off than in the image-stealing; for when he

does succeed in putting forth one "flower of song," he reminds us of nothing in nature but a stunted crabtree on which roses had been grafted.] "A mutual commerce," adds the advocate of the petty-larceny gentlemen, "makes poetry flourish; but then poets, like merchants, should repay with something of their own what they take from others;* not like pirates, make prize of all they meet." [And to which class does Moore belong? With what treasure of his own does he repay all that he so rapaciously snatches from others? Is he the merchant, or the pirate? In a word, is he the man of genius, or the *Autolycon wit?*]

But we can afford the "poet of all circles" something; and we are generous. In addition to Pope's exculpation, he shall have the benefit of Mr. Walsh's pleading, which, after all, was only a friendly encouragement to Pope, who deprecated his censure, and invited his sanction of the practice, by the ingenuousness with which he begged the question. "I desire you to tell me sincerely if *I* have not stretched this license too far in these pastorals?" Now, what could the most surly cynic — the most inveterate critic reply to this, but as Walsh did, by good-naturedly saying, "The best of the modern poets in all languages are those that have the nearest copied the ancients. Indeed, in all the common subjects of poetry, the thoughts are so obvious (at least if they are natural, that whoever writes last must write things like what have been said before." [But here we must observe, that, in the first place, Moore does *not* "copy the ancients;" he does not drink from the fountain-head; but sips from the margin, after many hands have troubled the waters. And in the second, his "thoughts," even in "the common subjects of poetry," are rather quaint conceits, than "natural thoughts."] "'Tis true, indeed," Mr. Walsh goes on — "when

'Unus et alter assuitur pannus,'

when there are one or two bright thoughts stolen, and all the rest is quite different from it, a poem makes a very foolish figure; but when 'tis all melted down together, and the gold of the ancients so

* How well and how truly was it observed of Bacon, that, "As for humane authors, he betters his borrowings from them; teaching the allegations out of them a sense above the meaning of him that lent it him; and which he repaies, too, with double interest for what he borrows."— GILBERT WATTS.

mixed with that of the moderns that none can distinguish the one from the other, I can never find fault with it." [No, nor anybody else, *where the gold really is.* But such "ware" as Tom Moore palms upon mankind as the sterling ore—oh, 'tis monstrous! We would as soon set brilliants in M'Phail's mosaic, or amethysts in plated pinchbeck, as look for the amalgamation of "the gold of the ancients" with the tinsel of Tom Moore.]

Having thus "opened our case" we proceed to produce our documentary evidence; beginning with the *American Odes*, &c.

The image of "the *flying fish*," as applied to moral action, occurs in Swift's satire upon the *South Sea Project:*

> "So fishes, rising from the main,
> Can soar with moistened wings on high;
> The moisture dried, they sink again,
> And dip their wings again to fly."

Hear how Moore handles it:

> "*Oh, Virtue! when thy clime I seek,*
> *Let not my spirit's flight be weak;*
> *Let me not, like this feeble thing,*
> *With brine still dropping from its wing,*
> *Just sparkle in the solar glow,*
> *And plunge again to depths below.*"—MOORE, *Epistles, Odes, &c.*

LIPS LIKE CHERRIES.

> "So may the cherries red
> Of Mira's lip divide
> Their sugared selves to kiss thy happy head."
> SIR P. SIDNEY, *Arcadia.*

> "Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow."
> SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

> "So we grew together, like to a double cherry seeming parted."
> *Id. Ibid.*

> "'Tis like you as cherry is to cherry."—*Id. Henry VIII.*

> 'I saw a cherry weep—and why?
> Why wept it, but for shame
> Because my Julia's lip was by,
> And did out-red the same?"
> HERRICK, *The Weeping Cherry.*

"Louisa's lips in kisses meet,
Like a twin cherry, ripe and sweet."—C. LEFTLEY, *Song.*

"*Her lip—oh, call me not false-hearted,*
When such a lip I fondly prest—
'Twas Love some melting cherry parted,
Gave thee half, and her the rest."—MOORE, *The Resemblance.*

LOVE'S LANGUAGE IN THE EYES.

"Dost thou not, Castara, read
Amorous volumes in my eyes?
Doth not every motion plead
What I 'd show, and yet disguise?
Senses act each other's part,
Eyes, as tongues, reveal the heart."
HABINGTON, *Araphill and Castara.*

"In my silence, see the lover—
True love is by silence known;
In my eyes you 'll best discover
All the power of your own."
Translation from VOLTAIRE.

"Sighs with success their own soft passion tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal."
GARTH, *Epilogue to Cato.*

"*You read it in my languid eyes,*
And there alone should love be read:
You hear me say it all in sighs,
And thus alone should love be said."—MOORE, *Ode to Nea.*

We have now before us an instance of how merely second-hand are Moore's most fantastical conceits; for after ransacking the fanciful "Cardanus" for a piece of exquisite fooling, we find him forestalled by an obscure rhymer, in an almost forgotten volume.

"—— As when to make a pearl more pure,
We give it to a dove, in whose womb pent
Some time, we have it forth more orient."
W. B., *Elegy on Sir T. Overbury.*

"*Just as the beaks of playful doves*
Can give to pearls a smoother whiteness."
MOORE, *Dream of Antiquity.*

Dr. Johnson says, in the *Rambler*, No. 143—"No man can be fully convicted of imitation except there is a concurrence of more

resemblance than can be imagined to have happened by chance; as where the same ideas are conjoined without any natural series or necessary coherence, or where not only the thoughts but the words are copied." Now let us apply this standard to one page of Moore's; taking it for granted, that in this sentence "*the same ideas*" do not mean merely a series of thoughts and images borrowed from any one individual writer, but ideas consecutively gathered from many. We do not suspect a writer of so much industry and ingenuity as Thomas Moore — and one, moreover, so thoroughly versed in the art and mystery of book-making — of any thing half so silly as the expedient of extracting passages by wholesale, even from his most favorite and obscure repositories of thought and lore; though we have fully established his indisputable claim to all the honors of poetical piracy in little. In the selection we are now about to make from some verses, without a title, but addressed of course to his dingy Dulc*inea*, we have image upon image pressed into the service without any connexion whatever, each borrowed from some distinct and separate source; stamped by the "concurrence of more resemblance than can be imagined to have happened by mere chance," and in which "the same ideas are *not* conjoined by any natural series or necessary coherence," and "where not only the thoughts but the words are borrowed." Having shown those things, Moore must stand "fully convicted of imitation."

"Then like some wealthy island thou shalt ly,
And like the sea about it, I;
Thou like fair Albion to the sailor's sight,
Spreading her beauteous bosom all in white;
Like the kind ocean will I be,
With loving arms for ever clasping thee."—COWLEY, *The Mistress.*

"*If I were yonder wave, my dear,*
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My isle of bliss, my fairy ground."—MOORE, *Ode to Nea.*

"Not the Phœnix in his death,
Nor those banks where violets grow,
And Arabian winds still blow,
Yield a perfume like thy breath."—ETHERIDGE.

"Can any gummes or spices stay
Where thy breath sucked all sweets away?
Since the admired phœnix nest
Lyes all ingrossed in thy breast."
TIXALL POETRY, *To the Fair Indian.*

"Gums nor spice bring from the East,
For the phœnix in her breast
Builds her funeral pile, and nest."—CAREW.

"*But then thy breath!—Not all the fire,*
That lights the lone semenda's death,*
In eastern climes, could e'er respire
An odor like thy dulcet breath."—MOORE, *Ode to Nea.*

Our "young Catullus" was of course a privileged person amongst the black-browed and "black-eyed Katies of Hayti;" but we should like to know in which of "the circles" he could presume to insinuate any such "odorous comparison" about the breath of lady fair, as we find him rubbishing up the flowers of Dryden's fancy to mask his own want of gallantry in doing. With "glorious John," the thought is exquisite; in Moore's hands it becomes *fade* and—foul.

"Madam, let me seal my love upon your mouth. Soft and sweet, by Heaven! Sure you wear rose-leaves between your lips!"—DRYDEN, *Secret Love.*

"*I prithee on those lips of thine*
To wear this rosy leaf for me,
And breathe of something not divine,
Since nothing human breathes of thee!

"*All other charms of thine I meet*
In nature, but thy sigh alone;
Then take, oh! take, though not so sweet,
The breath of roses for thine own."—MOORE, *Ode to Nea.*

This is the very *malaria* of compliments. But, oh! how immeasurably does the native gallantry of Herrick transcend Moore's most elaborate attempt to work up into his own jingle the pure thought he stole from the Hesperides!

"Some asked how pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my girl,

---

* In a note on this verse, Moore says, "Cæsar Scaliger seems to think the semenda but another name for the phœnix."

To part her lips, and show them there
The quarrelets of pearl."
HERRICK, *The Rock of Rubies and the Quarry of Pearl.*

This is a picture *from* the life and *to* the life; but mark how the *Neamite* distorts it by conjuring up the aid of a "Snow-spirit" —to tell her

"The down of his wing is as white as the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole."—MOORE, *The Snow Spirit.*

Moore can not even kiss "sooty sweet lips" without consulting some ancient authority as to the most approved method of setting about it:

"Fair Venus, with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him;
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her she fell unto him.
'E'en thus,' quoth she, 'the amorous god embraced me!'
And then she clipt Adonis in her arms:
'E'en thus,' quoth she, 'the god of war unlaced me;'
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
'E'en thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips;'
And with her lips on his did act the seizure."
SHAKESPEARE, *Passionate Pilgrim, IX.*

"Thou see'st it is a simple youth
By some enamoured nymph embraced;
Look, Nea, love! and say, in sooth,
Is not her hand most dearly placed?

Upon his curled head behind
It seems in careless play to lie
Yet presses gently, half-inclined
To bring his lip of nectar nigh.

Imagine, love, that I am he,
And just as warm as he is chilling;
Imagine, too, that thou art she,
But quite as cold as she is willing.

So may we try the graceful way
In which their gentle arms are twined,
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
Upon thy wreathed hair behind;

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
As slow to mine thy head I move;

And thus our lips together meet,
And — thus I kiss thee — oh, my love!"
MOORE, *A Kiss à l'Antique.*

In a page or two farther on, we have him again borrowing from Dryden:

"Our life shall be but one long nuptial day,
And like chafed odors melt in sweets away."
DRYDEN, *Maiden Queen.*

"And, like the burnt aroma, be
Consumed in sweets away!" — MOORE, *Ode to Nea.*

In the "Grecian Girl's Dream" — a palpable plagiarism from Pope's "Sappho to Phaon" — we find a mere glance of the eye can not be described without precedent.

"When angels talke, all their conceipts are brought
From mind to mind, and they discourse by thought;
A close idea moves, and silence flies
To post the message, and dispatch replies."
LLEWELLIN, *Satire on the King's Cabinet opened.*

"No aid of words unbodied thought requires,
To waft a wish, or embassy desires;
But by a throb to spirts only given,
By a mute impulse only felt in Heaven,
Swifter than meteor-shaft through summer skies,
From soul to soul the glanced idea flies."
MOORE, *The Grecian Girl's Dream.*

Are his fair one's eyes to be likened to diamonds? He has example for finding them in eastern rivers:

"What need I Tyre for purple seek,
When I may find it in a cheek?
Or seek the Eastern shore? there lies
More precious diamonds in her eyes."
J. HALL, *Home Travel.*

"If to fair India's coast I sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright."
GAY, *Black-Eyed Susan.*

"Those floating eyes that floating shine,
Like diamonds in an eastern river." — MOORE, *Anacreontic.*

Does he meet with some dowdy dowager, whom it is politic to palaver? He rummages the Greek anthology [*c.* Brunck's *Ana-*

lecta, vol. iii. p. 73;] but, not trusting to his own translation, follows his English guides, as usual:

"No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face.

* * * *

Fair eyes, who asks more heat than comes from thence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence;
Call not these wrinkles graves — if graves they were,
They were Love's graves, or else he is no where.

* * * *

Here dwells he, though he sojourns everywhere,
In progress, yet his standing house is here;
Here where still evening is, not noon, nor night,
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.

* * * *

Since such Love's natural station is, may still
My love descend, and journey down the hill;
Not panting after growing beauties, so
I shall ebb on with them who homeward go."

DONNE, *The Autumnal.*

"Of smoother cheeks the winning grace,
As open forces I defy;
But in the wrinkles of her face,
Cupids as in ambush lie."— EARL OF BATH.

"For me thy wrinkles have more charms,
Dear Lydia! than a smoother face;
I'd rather fold thee in my arms,
Than younger, fairer nymphs embrace.

"To me thy autumn is more sweet,
More precious than their vernal rose;
Their summer warms not with a heat
So potent as thy wintry glows."

Translation from PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

"*That wrinkle, when first I espied it,*
At once put an end to my pain,
Till the cheek that was glowing beside it
Disturbed my ideas again.

"*Thou art just in that twilight at present,*
When woman's declension begins;
When fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins.

"But thou still art so lovely to me,
I had rather, my exquisite mother!
Repose in the sunset with thee,
Than bask in the noon of another."—MOORE, *To* —— ——.

Has any fickle fair one jilted the bard, and then bantered him? He can not abuse her without the aid of one of our elder satirists: —*ecce signum!*

"Not a sister, scarce a brother;
Jack of both sides, that may bear
Or a distaff or a spear.

* * *

How doth nature quibble, either
He or she, boy, girl, or neither."— J. HALL.

"With woman's form, and woman's tricks,
So much of man you seem to mix,
One knows not where to take you;
I pray you, if 't is not too far,
Go ask of nature which you are,
Or what she meant to make you.
Yet stay * * *
Pert as a female, fool as male,
As boy too green, as girl too stale,
The thing's not worth inquiring."—MOORE, *To Miss* ——.

Would he beg a kiss, and offer to pay for it with a song? He has Sidney by heart, and paraphrases accordingly:

"My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kiss.

* * * *

Sweet smelling lip! well mayest thou swell with pride,
Since best wits think it wit thee to admire;

* * * *

The new Parnassus, where the Muses bide,
Sweetener of music, wisdom's beautifier.

* * * *

Thus much my heart compelled my mouth to say,
But now, spite of my heart, my mouth will stay,
Loathing all lies, doubting this flattery is;
And no spur can his resty race renew,
Without how far this praise is short in you;
Sweet lip! you teach my mouth with one sweet kiss."

SIR P. SIDNEY, *Astrophel and Stella.*

"That rosy mouth alone can bring
What makes the bard divine:
Oh, lady! how my lip would sing,
If once 't were pressed to thine!"—MOORE, *To* ——— ———.

When he finds his morality or his modesty endangered by the too fervent admiration of the fair, he flies to Musty old Grotius and Burton for protection:

"Sic quo quis proprior suæ puellæ est,
Hoc stultos proprior suæ ruinæ est."— GROTIUS.

"The nearer he unto his mistress is,
The nearer he unto his ruin is."—*Vide* BURTON'S *Anat. Mel.*

"Oh, thou art every instant dearer;
Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
Brings my ruin nearer, nearer."—MOORE, *To* —— ——.

But it is not only in such amatory passages that he disports his gleanings. Even in the wilds and woods, he "feeds upon the honey of other men's wit," and can not describe the most simple object in nature "out of book."

"Through tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapor, thin and light,
Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky;
Which cheerful sign did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living wight."—SPENCER.

"The plodding hind
That homeward hies, kens not the cheering site
Of his calm cabin, which, a moment past,
Streamed from its roof an azure curl of smoke,
Beneath the sheltering coppice, and gave sign
Of warm domestic welcome from his toil."— MASON, *Evening.*

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near;
And I said to myself, if there's peace in this world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."— MOORE, *Song.*

At times, not content with the original theft, he reiterates the plagiarism:

"Soft as the broken solar beam
That trembles in the azure stream."—TASSO, *Armida.*

"*Through many a system, where the scattered light*
Of heavenly truth lay like a broken beam
From the pure sun, which though refracted all
Into a thousand hues is sunshine still,
And bright through every change."—MOORE, *Vision of Philosophy.*

"*Yes, for a spirit pure as hers*
Is always pure, even when it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.— *Id. Fire Worshippers.*

But the instance that follows presents a still more glaring appropriation. Mr. Moore, to be sure, with his usual tact, takes care to lure us from the true source, by the affected candor of telling us, that—"This fine Platonic image I have taken from a passage in Father Bouchet's Letter upon the Metempsychosis, inserted in Picart's Cérém. Rel. tom. iv." The image comes to us second-hand, after all.

"But if that pure desire, not blended with
Foul thoughts, that, like a river, keeps his course,
Retaining still the clearness of the spring
From whence it took beginning, may be thought
Worthy acceptance; then," &c.—MASSINGER, *The Bondman.*

"Like streams, which in a long-continued course
Lose the first names of their original source;
Yet the same fountain doth these streams maintain,
And they do the same waters still remain."—J. BOYS.

"*Of the soul's untraceable descent*
From that high fount of spirit, through the grades,
Of intellectual being, till it mix
With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark;
Nor even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still!
As some bright river, which has rolled along
Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold,
When poured at length into the dusky deep,
Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,
But keeps awhile the pure and golden tinge,
The balmy freshness of the fields it left."—MOORE, *Vision of Philosophy.*

The "mines of gold," and the "golden tinge," are borrowed from Dryden's *Epistle to Lord Chancellor Hyde.*

"As streams through mines bear tincture of their ore."

In the simple ballad stanzas we never fail to be reminded of some bygone bard. Thus even his "Canadian Boat Song" was suggested by one of Andrew Marvell's songs.

"Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time."
A. MARVELL, *The Emigrant.*

"*Faintly as tolls the evening chime,*
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time."
MOORE, *Canadian Boat Song.*

Even in the effect of music, where he would have us believe he is in his own element, he is anticipated by old Allan Ramsay:—

"But when fair Christy this shall sing,
In concert with the trembling string,
Oh, then the poet's often praised,
For charms so sweet a voice hath raised."
ALLAN RAMSAY, *To Mrs. N——.*

"*Then listening, lady, while thy lip hath sung*
My own unpolished lays, how proud I've hung
On every mellowed number! Proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sighed along,
Such breath of passion, and such soul of song."
MOORE, *To Lady Charlotte R——n.*

But now for the triumph of Whiggery. Hear it, Lord Lansdowne; let the echo ring from Bowood to Berkeley Square. Hear how your laureate lauded George the Fourth, in his early day.

"So, in calm evenings and unclouded skies,
Not less resplendent in his fall than rise,
The western sun into the main declines,
Bright and more bright, and as he sets he shines."—S. BOYSE.

"So the bright globe that rules the skies,
Though he gild heaven with a glorious rise,
Reserves his choicest beams to grace his set,
And then he looks most great;
And then in greatest splendor dies."
J. OLDHAM, *On C. Morwent.*

"As when the glorious magazine of light
Approaches to his canopy of night,
He with new splendor clothes his dying rays,
And double brightness to his beams conveys."—K. PHILLIPS.

"*When* THE BRIGHT FUTURE STAR OF ENGLAND'S THRONE,
With magic smile hath o'er the banquet shone,
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won;
But tempering greatness, like an evening sun,
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Glorious but mild—all softness, but all fire."*
MOORE, *Epistle to Lady C. R——n.*

"*The last was that farewell of daylight more precious,*
More golden and deep as 't is nearer its set."—*Id. National Airs.*

"*Like sunset gleams that linger late*
When all is darkening fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from fate,
The brightest and the last."—*Id.*

MENTAL ASSOCIATIONS.

"Such is the secret union, when we feel
A song, a flower, a name, at once restore
Those long-connected scenes, where first they moved
The attention; backward through her mazy walks,
Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of passions, and designs
Attendant, whence, if pleasing in itself,
The prospect from that sweet accession gains
Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind."
AKENSIDE, *Pleasures of Imagination.*

"*I never feel a joy so pure and still,*
So heavenly calm, as when a stream, or hill,
Or veteran oak—like those remembered well—
Or breeze, or echo, or some wild flower's smell,
(For who can say what small and fairy ties
The memory flings o'er pleasure as it flies?)
Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream
I once indulged by Trent's inspiring stream;
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donnington's green lawns and breezy heights."
MOORE, *Epistle to Lady C. Rawdon.*

* So once sang the author of the *Twopenny Post Bag*, *Tom Cribb's Memorial*, and the *Fudge Family*, of George IV.

"And looks I met, like those I loved before;
And voices too, which as they trembled o'er
The chord of memory, found full many a tone
Of kindness there in concord with their own."
Id. Epistle to the Hon. R. W. Spencer.

The finest image in Byron's *Bards and Reviewers*, and the only figurative passage in Moore's *Corruption* may thus be traced:—

"England, like Lucian's eagle, with an arrow
Of her own plumes, piercing her heart quite thorow."
JAMES HOWELL, *Upon Master Fletcher's Dramatic Works.*

How many darts made furrows in his side,
When she, that out of his own side was made,
Gave feather to their flight."
GILES FLETCHER, *Christ's Victory.*

"Religion, which true policy befriends,
Designed by God to serve man's noblest ends,
Is by that old deceiver's subtle play
Made the chief party in its own decay,
And meets that eagle's destiny, whose breast
Felt the same shaft which his own feathers drest."
K. PHILLIPS, *On Controversies in Religion.*

"That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high."—WALLER.

"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart!
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel:
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.**

* Kirke White also used this beautiful image before Byron and Moore had appropriated it. Moore's "Corruption" was written, however, in 1808, a year before Byron's celebrated satire was composed, so that the charge of plagiarism from the latter unquestionably does not stand.—M.

> *"And the duped people hourly doomed to pay*
> *The sums that bribe their liberties away,*
> *Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume*
> *To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom;*
> *See their own feathers plucked, to wing the dart*
> *That rank corruption destines for their heart."*
>
> MOORE, *Corruption.*

And now, having completed our analysis of Mr. Moore's two first works, it is time to "bide a wee." The proofs of plagiarism we have adduced — strong as we feel them to be — are far less glaring than those which we shall next give to the world. One slight fact we would recommend to Mr. Moore's consideration, when next he quotes Sir Walter Scott in defence of such a practice; and it is simply this — so scrupulously did "the Ariosto of the North" eschew plagiarism in his poetical labors, that to guard himself even against suspicion in that respect, he appended to the notes attached to his *Lady of the Lake* the following formal *manifesto:—*

"The author deems it necessary to apologize for the inadvertent appropriation of a whole line from the tragedy of *Douglas:*

> "'I hold the first who strikes, my foe.'"

BARNEY MOORE;*

A VISION OF COVENT GARDEN AND ST. GILES'S.†

This elaborate work reached us at too late a day in the month to enable us to do it the justice which the important nature of its contents, and the consummate skill and erudition with which it is composed, so amply deserve. Yet we are unwilling that the month should pass over without some notice, however inadequate, of what must be considered the *magnum opus* of the year. As our Magazine, we are happy to say, is not a regular review, there is nothing to hinder us from recurring to the subject on a future occasion, and of entering more minutely into all the important questions here debated, and the new and strikingly original views which its learned author takes of the multifarious subjects on which he writes.

* *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, 1831, opened with an original poem in blank verse, by Professor Wilson, entitled, "Unimore, a Dream of the Highlands." It was divided into ten Visions, contained over three thousand lines, and occupied fifty-five pages of the Magazine. As the first poem of any length given to the world, by Wilson, since his "Evening in Furness Abbey," (also published in *Blackwood*,) "Unimore" was much read, and, although not popular as a whole — by reason of a certain mysticism, veiled in language which was at once too stately and too diffuse — many isolated passages were much admired and largely quoted in reviews and newspapers. The same stilted style of the composition presented irresistible attractions for a parodist such as Maginn, (he was on bad terms with *Blackwood* at this time,) who was on the lookout for a subject, and desired no better fun than to present the dreaded Christopher North in a ludicrous light. The parody, which appeared in *Frazer* a month after the original had been published in *Blackwood*, is remarkable for the ludicrous fidelity with which it follows Wilson's own words.—M.

† Barney Moore, a Vision of Covent Garden and St. Giles's. By Bryan O'Toole, Esq., of Gray's Inn. In ten Visions. Visions I. and II.; 4to. Buckman, London.

"They sin," says the Laureat—

"They sin who tell us love can die;"

and

We say the same of po-e-try.

The poetic spirit may slumber for a while among us, giving no token of its existence, except by an unmusical snoring every now and then, but it is sure to awake sooner or later, like a giant refreshed; or, if any of our readers want another simile, the stream of song may sink occasionally under ground, and conceal itself from mortal eye, but it is still, though unseen, a living current, ready to burst forth like the arrowy Rhone, in grandeur as magnificent as ever. Thus, though Byron is gone after his *Don Juan*—Scott and Southey out of the rhyme department—Wordsworth stamp-mastering—Coleridge's poetry in abeyance—Crabbe mute as a fish—Campbell and Wilson* merely magazining—Moore hack-working—Rogers earthed—and so forth—all the old squad, in short, pretty well done up—yet have we not Siamese Bulwer, Butterfly Bayly, Satan Montgomery, Broadbrim Barton, and four hundred and fifty-eight others of great renown? Are not the twenty monthly Magazines, and the dozen weekly papers, filled with the choicest contributions, the appearance of which in

* Apropos of Wilson! What could the *Athenæum* mean, by saying that Wilson's publication of his poem of *Unimore*, in the last number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, was a proof that poetry was going back in the world? We hold the more consolatory doctrine, that it proves that magazines are getting on in the world, in spite of the opinion of some boobies, who fancy that the jejune literary criticisms of certain Sunday papers are to supersede our monthly labors. By publishing his poem in the way he did, Wilson has obtained for it the attention of twenty times as many readers as any poem in the style of Unimore could have commanded, when quartos were the prescribed shape.—One other word as to "Unimore." A careful reader will perceive a strong similarity between that poem and the work we are criticising in the text. The scenery and manners are considerably different; but the likeness cannot be mistaken. Has Wilson imitated O'Toole or O'Toole imitated Wilson? We do not venture to decide. But with that fairness which we trust shall ever continue to distinguish us, we print the passages from Wilson's poem, which appear to correspond with O'Toole's, in notes immediately under our quotations. The judicious, therefore, are supplied with full materials to come to a decision as to which is the original and which the copy.

the days of Pope or Swift would have insured their authors such a place in the most popular poetry and criticism of the day, as would have rendered their names immortal?

The poem which we are about to introduce to our readers is, in our mind, a proof that the highest spirit of poetry not only still exists, but has its high priests ready to expound it in all the glory of brilliant song. It is entitled "*Barney Moore: or, a Vision of Covent Garden and St. Giles's.*" The author, already favorably known by his youthful pieces, is Mr. O'Toole. The Tooles, as Miss Edgeworth observes in one of her romances, are a very ancient family in Ireland, and a most useful and influential tribe in all countries. He has engrafted a pathetic tale on the most superbly imaginative poetry we ever remember reading. His work is to extend to Ten Visions; but as yet he has only favored the public with the two on which we are about to offer a hasty criticism. We shall commence with the commencement, in compliance with the sound advice tendered by the giant to the historiographical ram. It is a picture of Covent Garden on a rainy morning, as it flashes upon the soul of the poet, standing under the piazzas in all the bliss of solitude. Every person who has opened his eyes time enough to peep out upon the dawn in that celebrated spot, during a shower, must recognise equal truth and beauty in the opening picture, even though the quantity he has drunk may have interfered on that unwonted occasion to prevent his receiving the whole spirit of the Garden. How akin to the scene is the concluding allusion to our Botany Bay mythology — chiming in with, and heightening the feeling of the hour!*

> Muggy, and moist, and slob, and slippery!
> It wants an hour of sunrise; and the rain
> Pours down in torrents, and in splashing showers
> Fills every gutter, steaming with perfume,
> Rank and indelicate confoundedly.
> Shrouded in which, as in a frouzy night-cap,

---

* "Morven, and Morn, and Spring, and Solitude!
As yet it is scarce sunrise, but the sun
Sends dawn before him, while his dazzling disk
Is soaring from the sea, a gentle light,
Tender and delicate exceedingly,
'Neath which, as if it were a glittering veil,

Lies the new-woke and cabbage-laded garden,
Conscious once more of market-hour's approach.
No object all around me is unsoaked —
Carts, gardeners, ladies, turnip-tops, police,
Soused through and through, swear (such of them as can)
In strong expression of the rapped-out oath.
Alive is every potatory tap,
Wine-vaults or cellar, with their pewter pots
And ruin azure-hued; while blandly smiles,
Hearing the coppers on the counter roll,
The trim-capped bar-maid; and the coves, enwreathed
With ladies of the night, brimful of gin,
Stagger along in lushy state, and fill
The air with odors, from the shortened pipe
Puffed frequently; and many a wandering bird,
'Neath the piazzas whispers words of love
To knight or squire, in blissful drunkenness,
Who sees a double beauty in her eyes.
There, beside one small round of deal-board, sit
A crew of costermongers, happy all
With their mundungus mild, and heavy-wet;
And here, safe stored beneath yon canvass awning,

Lies the new-woke and undisturbed earth,
Conscious once more of the sweet hour of Prime.
No object in creation now looks dead.
Stones, rocks, knolls, heather, broom, and furze, and fern,
Have all a life-like semblance in the hush,
So strong is the expression of their joy;
Alive appears each solitary tree,
Half tree, half shrub, birch with its silver stem,
And hazel azure-hued; with feeling smiles,
The feeling of its own fresh loveliness,
That budding brake; and these wild briers enwreathed
With honeysuckles wild, brimful of life,
Now trail along, and clamber up and fill
The air with odors, by short-sleeping bee
Already visited; though not a bird
Within the nested foliage more than stirs,
Or twitters o'er the blissful wilderness.
Life breathes intenser beauty o'er the flowers.
There within one small round of greensward set
Dew-diamonded daisies, happy all
In their own sweetness and simplicity;
With lustre burnishing yon mossy nook

An inexhaustible hoard of cabbages,
Heaped up against the dinner-hour's demand —
Doomed as companion to the beef, or boiled
Or stewed, or cooked in manners manifold —
Messes which tailors love to feed upon.
And, lo! yon watch-house, lying by the church,
Choke-full almost — yet all the while still filling
With importations of disorderlies,
Kicking up rows and shindies far and wide,
And all descriptions of loose characters
Cramming and crowding, till the lock-up room
Sweats with the foes of order; like the land
Where Newman Knollys sends his chosen flock;
And many a blowen of saloonic fame,
Sold to a Sydney settler, is beloved
In patriarchal wise: spite of that love,
Oft is her seven years' sojourn dimmed with tears,
Shed when she thinks on spots which, since the hour
The ruthless beaks took her to trap away,
Have seen, unvisited by her, the lark,
Morning and evening; or upon her pals,
Who oft, since she was lagged, have, side by side,

An inexhaustible hoard of primroses,
Heaped up by spring for the delight of morn,
Miser at once and prodigal; here steeped
And striped, and starred in colors manifold,
Mosses that 't would be sin to tread upon;
And, lo! the white mist lying like a dream,
Motionless almost, yet the while ascending
With gradual revelation of the desert,
Brightly and balmily swimming far and wide,
And yet the spirit of its character
Varying, not altering, as the circle spreads
Serener and more spacious; — like the land,
Where old songs say the silent people dwell,
And aye one creature, with a Christian name,
Attends the fairy queen, by her beloved
O'er all elves else, though spite of all that love,
Oft is her seven years' sojourn dimmed with tears
Shed for their sake who, since that fatal hour
That saw their daughter spirited away,
Have little done but wander up and down
Wondering and weeping, or upon the brae
Whence she evanished, with their faces plunged

In many a boozing ken, drank, morn and night,
Ay, all on to the moonlight starriness,
Without once knowing that there was a sky.

The mists disperse and the day grows brighter. The gradual awakening of animated nature is finely portrayed.*

Muggy, and moist, and slob, and slippery!
A multitudinous host of coffee-shops!
And lo! the Finish opens to receive
The remnants of the night. Black horsebeans now
Are flowing, coffee-like, with plenteous grounds;
And there are goings-on of human life
In Bow Street, Hart Street, James Street, White Hart Yard,
Behind green window-blinds and yellow curtains.
And from his beat the blue-coat Peeler sees
And hears the stagger of Corinthian,
Singing and shouting, as he scarcely seems
To touch the ground with his unsteady foot,
And at the last, laid level by a trip,
Drops, in full dress, his person in the mud.

There needs but one touch to bring the whole district before us, as if we hovered above it, borne up by the sounding wings of the genius of song; and that is afforded after a profound remark on the power of gin, to confer vitality upon inanimate nature. The

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In both their hopeless hands, sit side by side,
Far from all human ken, from morn till night,
And all on through the moonlight starriness,
Without once knowing there is a sky."

* "Morven, and Morn, and Spring and Solitude!
A multitudinous sea of mountain-tops;
And, lo! th' uneyeable sun flames up the heavens.
Broad daylight now through all the winding glens
Is flowing river-like, but with no sound;
And there are goings-on of human life
In hut, and shieling, and in woodland-bower,
On the green pastures and the yellow sands;
And from the high cliff the deer-stalker sees
And hears the coble of the fisherman,
Glancing and clanking, as she scarcely seems
To move o'er the still water sleepily,
From her stern, almost level with the light,
Letting her long net drop into the sea."

Mr. Murphy on whom the fluid has so poetical an influence is, we are requested to state, no relation of the Roman Catholic bishop of Cork.*

Murphy! its magic lies upon thee now,
The power of Daffy — she it is who bathes
With ruin blue as is an angel's eye
Whate'er your rolling optics look upon!
By many an intermediate link of thought
It joins that family of brick and stone,
In strange relationship, till the curb-stone,
Flanked by the puddle, the mud-girded pavement
Where heroes, done by draughts of Deady, sleep,
Is mingled with the chimney pinnacle
From which yon speck — it is a sweep — sings out.
Silent in nature is the unwakened street,
For all its coves are snoring fast asleep:
But in his daffy-stricken ear a sound
Thunders as if a hundred wagons rolled.
Where are his pot companions? In dark traps
Locked up, some look for Bow-Street in the morn.
Of others the imprisoned form is seen
By the gruff turnkey as he shoots the bolt
Of Newgate, looking o'er Snow Hill below.

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* "Morven! this magic lies upon thee now.
Imagination, she it is who bathes,
With blue celestial as an angel's eyes,
Thy cloud-sustaining depths, which she calls heaven!
By many an intermediate link of thought
She joins that frowning family of rocks
In strange relationship, till on the edge
Of the flat moor, that moss-enshrouded cairn,
Where heroes that once fought with Fingal sleep,
Is felt one with the skyey pinnacle
Round which that speck — it is an eagle — soars.
Silent in nature all thy waterfalls,
For distance makes them dumb as wreaths of snow;
But in imagination's ear they sound
Thund'rous for ever in the wilderness.
Where now are all thy rivers? In black woods,
Night-hidden, flow they through the blazing morn,
Or their imprisoned foam is only seen
By the fleet merlin, shrieking 'twixt the crags
That topple o'er the turmoil far below.

But he beholdeth, and he heareth all
Their chanting and their chaff — the flowing lush,
Their pints of heavy — glorying in his soul
On their sunshiny feats of crackmanship;
Or thinking gloomy of the scragging hour,
When Cotton's signal sends their swinging bulk
Dancing on nothing in a hempen cravat,
That makes its wearer grin like Samuel Rogers.

And then the spirit which bears us up moves onward, like some huge and stately cloud, with deep organ-voiced music, carrying us to gaze on the wild row, which dashes on among reeling and staggering Irishmen, opposed to one another, till it is beaten calm and glassy, to a fair stand-still, even as human passion raves onward to the long calm of eternity.*

An Irish row!
St. Giles's! where the Cork and Kerry men
Come down in lashings out of Lawrence Lane.
Gossoons† from Iveragh, O'Connell's land,
Or sweet St. Barry's steeple-crowned hill,
Thundering to men of Connaught, or of Leinster,
To take a leathering that will do them good.
The challenged onward sweep, a hundred boys,
Shillelah-furnished from the Rose and Crown,‡
Or Jem M'Govern's‡ crib in Buckridge Street:

But she beholdeth and she heareth all
The dazzling and the din, the flowing peace,
The leaping fury; hers the glory, when
Sunshiny rivers set the straths on fire;
And hers the gloom, when, sullen as the grave,
Their blackness bears upon its serpent bulk
No image, but of the huge thunder-cloud,
That makes the earth as grim as its own heaven."

* "A Highland loch!
Loch-Sunart! who, when tides and tempests roar,
Comes in among these mountains from the main,
'Twixt wooded Ardnamurchan's rocky cape,
And Ardmore's shingly beach of hissing spray;
And while his thunders bid the sound of Mull
Be dumb, sweeps onward past a hundred bays,
Hill-sheltered from the wrath that foams along

† Anglicè, *boys*: from the French *garçon*. As long as a man can fight, in Ireland, he is called a boy.

‡ Hotels in St. Giles's, the Grillons and Clarendons of the district.

Met in mid way, up gets a quiet fight,
Each separate lad knocking his neighbor down;
Soon the storm-loving heroes spread the fray
From Dyot Street to Broad Street, the career
Marked out by broken heads. Down sink the polls
Of Jerry Kearney, or Tim Gollogher,
Smote by the tempest shower of ash plants dried,
Or flying stones — once pavement of the street —
Now flung in rocky war. The gathering fight
In the long battering 'twixt the Dublin coves
And the big brogueneers of Munster land,
Through those Elysian groves, burst in each lane
Into a hundred other smaller rows;
Till, lo! subdued by saplings of the South,
(Whence potent whiskey flows, though mild to taste)
Down sink the men of Erin east and west,
Insensibly knocked up by knocking down.
And all along the ancient ground of fight

The mad mid-channel — all as quiet they
As little separate worlds of summer dreams —
And by storm-loving birds attended up
The mountain-hollow, white in their career
As are the breaking billows, spurns the isles
Of craggy Carnich, and green Orousay
Drenched in that sea-born shower o'er tree-tops driven,
And ivyed stones of what was once a tower,
Now hardly known from rocks — and gathering might
In the long reach between Dungallan caves
And Point of Arderinis, ever fair,
With her Elysian groves, bursts through that strait
Into another ampler inland sea;
Till lo! subdued by some sweet influence —
And potent is she, though so meek the eve —
Down sinketh, wearied, the old ocean,
Insensibly into a solemn calm;—
And all along that ancient burial-ground,
(Its kirk is gone,) that seemeth now to lend
Its own eternal quiet to the waves.
Restless no more, into a perfect peace
Lulling, and lulled at last, while drop the airs
Away as they were dead, the first-risen star
Beholds that lovely Archipelago,
All shadowed there as in a spiritual world,
Where time's mutations shall come never more!"

> Out come the night-capped women to the fray,
> Squalling advice of quiet to the boys,
> Leathering or leathered, and remove their husbands
> In Irish fashion — killed. The first-risen Pat
> Beholds next morn his much-loved Holy Land
> All strewn with mud and blood, and sticks and stones,
> And wigs and hats, which hats can be no more.

This is the work of true imagination. The row is conjured up to our view, not by means of drowsy description, but by bold knock-down touches. It is a picture, an idealised picture — instinct glowing with imagination, it is true, but, still a resembling picture of St. Giles's; and it is given by the bard, having seized all the characteristic features of his subject, and hoarded and turned them in his imagination, till he had knuckled them into form, and breathed into them the breath of a new life. There is a unity of thought pervades the whole; the general impression is simple and majestic; and yet, what innumerable beauties sparkle in every line! — not strained conscious prettiness, but spontaneous glances of loveliness — sparkles on the crest of imagination's wave — wild flowers, which spring unlooked-for from the ground. In one poetic word it is THE POTATO!

The tale of which these localities are made the scene accords well with those graceful features we have just been portraying. Barney Moore — we know not how nearly related to the translator of *Anacreon* — was originally bred a smuggler in Clonakilty, under the careful education of a gentleman of the name of Galway. An accidental contact with the excise obtained for him the choice of assisting his Majesty in the preservation of the West Indian Islands, in the capacity of a private soldier in the 3d W. I. regiment, then commanded by the late Lord Charles Somerset. No opportunity was here afforded him of displaying his military ardor against the enemy; and it is not to be wondered at that he solaced the inglorious tedium of such a leisure by that conviviality in which the recent productions of the island enabled him to indulge. Circumstances, on which it is unnecessary to dilate, at last effected his release from a service in which the warrior could obtain no honor; and his retirement from the army was marked — strongly marked indeed — by a lecture, under the inspection of

the drum-major at the halberds, immediately followed by a procession, led by himself, and accompanied by a full complement of drums and fifes, playing that celebrated tune, which entitles a soldier to resume his civil character.* His merits soon recommended him as overseer's assistant at a plantation in Trinidad, belonging to a Mr. Buxton, where his energy called forth the peculiar notice of Mr. David Power, formerly of the *Morning Chronicle*, now attorney-general to the niggers in that island. In the hands of Barney Moore the instrument of authority was not idle; and slaves, who were so ignorant of their interests as to run away from the estate, were never found wanting in those characteristic marks that serve to describe the appearance of such persons in the West India Gazettes.

Bred, however, on the margin of the Atlantic, he became tired at last of his life, and therefore accepted with great pleasure the offer of a respectable Quaker house in Liverpool — Snuffle, Shuffle, Swindle, & Co., who held large slave estates in the island under the name of a Jew slopseller, a Mr. Moses Benzonah, to go as mate in a vessel of theirs, sailing beneath the flag of freedom and Colombia. The vessel had originally belonged to pirates, but the Quakers had purged off the base stain of piracy by obtaining the sanction of Bolivar, and while, with the usual benevolence of their sect they retained all the crew, they changed its title from the Black Jack to the Good Intent. The service on which they employed it — not, of course, in their own name, for their religious principles forbade them from engaging directly in war, but in that of a distinguished patriot of Bogota, Roderigo Urebi — was to cripple the tyrannical government of Ferdinand, and so conduce to the cause of freedom all over the world, by cruising after the slave vessels belonging to Spain which trade on the gold and grain coast of Africa. They were very successful in this pursuit;

* Vulgarity has given this composition the title of the "Rogue's March." The original words are said to be:—

"Once whipped,
Twice stripped,
And three times tied up to the halberd;
If ever I 'list for a soldier again,
The d——l shall be my sergeant!"

The ceremony to which this tune is performed is a very imposing one.

and while their sense of duty suggested to them the propriety of making the infamous Spaniards walk the plank, they secured the slaves for sale to the free, enlightened, and independent republicans of Georgia and Carolina.

We have no space to follow Barney in all his adventures, which are most beautifully told in the poem. Suffice it to say, that at its commencement we find him keeping a public house in Eagle Court, White Hart Yard, and expecting through the interest of an early patron, the Knight of Kerry, to obtain an inspectorship in the new police. We regret to say that there is one stain upon his character. He has married both the daughters of the person from whom he had bought the goodwill and fixtures of his public-house: and when the ladies discover this lapse of morality, their anger knows no bounds. The bard, with the usual sense of poetic justice in such cases, expresses himself with indignation against the bigamistical propensities of his hero; while he coolly passes over the other little adventures of his life with but slight reproach. Piracy and its concomitants are venal; marrying two women an atrocity never sufficiently to be reprobated;—and with the usual deep insight into human character which marks all the compositions of this school, the bosom of the gentleman, who had seen robbery, and murder, and outrage, under every form, without remorse, is wrung to despair by the reflection that he had offended against the laws of marriage.

Barney is arrested on this charge, but luckily, he discovers that one of the ladies had two, and the other three husbands before. The tables are turned, and he has the satisfaction of transporting both his wives. Their appearance at Bow Street is charmingly written. Beautiful, exceedingly, is the first appearance of the orphans at the bar; and only to be surpassed by what we still hold to be the most perfect in its beauty of all Frosty-faced Fogo's creations—the wail over Jack Scroggins. There is a wild witchery about it that goes with a thrill to the heart.*

* "Lo! down the glen they come, the long blue glen,
Far off enveloped in aërial haze,
Almost a mist, smooth gliding without step;
So seems it, o'er the greensward, shadow-like,
With light alternating, till hand in hand

So to the bar they come — the close girt bar,
Thither conducted by a brace of traps,
And no mistake * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * and cheek by jowl,
Placed on their perch, distinctly visible,
The sisters stand awhile, then leaning over,
Blow up the officers in words of slang
Like fun; and keep their game eyes steadily
Fixed on Sir Richard's mug.
One phiz is pale
In its own pockmarkedness, but paler seems
Beneath the border of her unwashed cap,
So sooty-black, contrasting with the red,
Deep-seated, of her well-carbuncled nose,
Kept purple by her drams. The other foxy
As ruddiest reynard, and bedaubed with rouge,
In rivalry of all those uncombed locks,
Like carrots glittering, o'er her breadth of face
Afloat, and from her eyes, some twice a minute,
Pushed back with greasy hand. But, oh! those eyes
Black all around, but as you closer gaze
Yellower and yellower grows the spreading circle
That girds around each twinkling orb, befringed

Upon a knoll, distinctly visible,
The sisters stand awhile, then lay them down,
Among a weeping birch-tree's whisperings,
Like fawns, and fix their mild eyes steadfastly
Upon the clouded loch!
One face is pale
In its own pensiveness, but paler seems
Beneath the nunlike braidings of that hair,
So softly black, accordant with the calm
Divine that on her melancholy brow
Keeps deepening with her dreams. The other bright,
As if in ecstasies, and brighter glows
In rivalry of all those sun-loved locks,
Like gold wire glittering, in the breath of joy
Afloat, on her smooth forehead, momently
Kindling with gladder smile-light. Those dark eyes,
With depths profound, down which the more you gaze,
Stiller and stiller seems the spiritual world
That lies sphered in their wondrous orbs, beyond
New thoughtful regions opening far beyond,
And all imbued with the deep hush of heaven."

With eyelids almost closed upon the eye,
And reddened by the constant lush of Booth.

With this divine passage we close. We wish that our readers should pause, while a burst of such celestial harmony rings in their ears.

We trust, now that Mr. O'Toole has found his harp, he will not be in a hurry to throw it away. Let him at all events, not fail to give us the eight promised visions which remain, and *we* shall do them justice. We hail in him the reviver of our song, now for more than a dozen years dormant. In him we see the poet, the philosopher, the patriot. His powers of fancy are equalled only by his accuracy of observation, and we fearlessly pronounce him as much at home on the heights of Pindus as in the cellars of St. Giles's, and as chosen a favorite of the nymphs of Helicon as of the maidens of Covent Garden. *Vale!*

MISS PIPSON.

The prettiest mouth that man could wish to lay his longing lips on
Is that belonging to the sweet and innocent Miss Pipson.
O! when she goes along the street, the wink she often tips one,
Which makes me feel confounded queer — the cunning wag Miss Pipson.
And when the snow-white French kid glove her pretty hand she slips on,
She seems the very queen of love — the beautiful Miss Pipson.
She is the lawful daughter of her father's father's rib's son,
And thus you have the pedigree of elegant Miss Pipson.
She is so full behind, you 'd swear that she had got false hips on,
And yet no *bustle* doth she wear — magnificent Miss Pipson.
She sings and dances vastly well; and when the floor she skips on,
You see at once she doth excel — the nimble-limbed Miss Pipson.
'T is dangerous to approach too near her fingers, for she grips one,
And puts the soul in *bodily* fear — the cruel minx, Miss Pipson.
But yet you can 't object, although in terror she so dips one;
You rather glory in each blow received from fair Miss Pipson.
Pain from her hands no more is pain; and even when she nips one,
You can not, for your soul, complain — the cruel, sweet Miss Pipson.
'Tis said she carries things so high, that sometimes e'en she whips one;
But that, I guess, is "all my eye,"— adorable Miss Pipson.
At all events, she tips, and grips, and dips, and nips, and trips one;
And therefore I 'll have nought to do with beautiful Miss Pipson!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

We had completed our Magazine, when the melancholy news, so long expected, of the death of Sir Walter Scott, arrived in town. We have no opportunity, at this late period of the month, of doing any thing like justice to the memory of the great deceased, even had we the talent.

Our contemporaries of the daily and weekly press are busily employed, and, we are happy to find, without an exception, honorably employed, in paying tributes to his memory. They have as yet, however, produced scarcely any thing that was not long before—indeed, if could not well be expected that they should. We have no ambition to run a race with our less-encumbered friends; and we hail with unaffected admiration the kindly spirit which has been universally displayed toward the illustrious deceased. The time has gone by, indeed, when any one would be heard who would venture to offer an insult to his memory; and we shall not sully our pages by a reference to the existence of a virulent and contemptible knot, that at one period vented their petty spleen against the greatest man of our day.

Criticism on his works is now superfluous: they have taken their enduring station in the literature of the world. If the applause of foreign nations be equivalent, as it is said, to the voice

* There is so much good feeling, as well as good sense in this tribute to the greatest author of modern times, that it can not be omitted in any collection of Maginn's Miscellanies. It appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, for October, 1832, and must have been written *currente calamo*, as Scott's death, which took place at Abbotsford, on the afternoon of the 21st of September, was not known in London until the 23d. As an estimate, from a particular point of view, of Scott's personal, literary, and political character, this paper possesses interest as well as merit.—M.

of posterity, no author who ever wrote has obtained that honor in so large a measure. His novels, his poems, have been translated into every civilized language; his heroes and heroines have become household words all over the world. The painter, the sculptor, the engraver, the musician, have sought inspiration from his pages. The names of his works, or the personages introduced into them, are impressed on the man-of-war or the quadrille, the race-horse or the steamboat. The number of persons who have become famous by following, in their different lines, the ideas of Sir Walter, is immense, and comprehends all classes of intellect or enterprise. The tribes of imitators, whether of his verse or prose, whom he has called into existence, are countless. Many of them are persons of great abilities and unquestioned genius. Which of them will be named in competition with the master? Not one.

He has recorded, in the beautiful sketch of autobiography which he has prefixed to the Waverley series, his fixed dislike to literary controversy. He might have added, if he pleased, that this dislike proceeded at least as much from his natural kindness of disposition, as from the desire of avoiding the literary annoyances, to which he refers it. Some body has said, that if the literary republic were to elect a president, Sir Walter Scott would have been the man. As it was, his presidency was tacitly acquiesced in. A regular tribute was paid to him by the due presentation of every work that the author deemed worthy of his acceptance; personal homage as regular was offered by every literary man who aspired to fame. Abbotsford was the metropolitan seat of European literature; and a pilgrimage thither was indispensable. Never was sceptre more leniently wielded. Not only can no trace of ill nature be detected in any of Sir Walter's literary judgments, but, still further, he not only refrained from doing mischief, but he exerted himself to do service. Many are the stories which we could tell of kindness displayed, not merely by his purse, but his pen — a species of assistance which authors of any thing like his eminence are in general not very ready in contributing. A more generous, honorable, and upright man never existed; and he has gone before a tribunal where all the glories of his authorship will be of small value as compared with the good actions he has performed, and the pure motives which inspired them.

And yet we do not think that the literary career which he ran, and the example he set, will stand him as nought before the final seat, where all are to be tried. Of him well may be it said, that he never wrote a line which dying he would wish to blot — never in all his multifarious writings inculcated a sentiment incompatible with religion and morality. Some authors of distinguished genius have so far misused the talent bestowed upon them, that the works which they have left behind, while they delight the imagination or sharpen the intellect, tend directly or indirectly to the pollution of the mind and the jeopardy of the soul. Not only has this blot — this sin which makes a man a sinner in his grave — been avoided by Sir Walter Scott, but the whole stream and tendency of his works is to recommend, in the most heart-moving or spirit-stirring forms, all that is calculated to exalt our species, all that can make us worthy or honorable denizens of this world, and elevate us to a fitness for that higher life which we may expect in the other. This is no light praise. Such an example has worked its good effects. It has been of infinitely more value than more direct exhortations to the practice of virtuous or religious actions. The professed divine or moralist passes unheeded by the light-minded, the gay, and the young. His books are not read, or, if read, the precepts which they teach, run the risk of being disregarded. But he whose works must be in every hand — who is acknowledged as the guide and the pattern of the intellectual taste of the whole nation — holds to the lips a honied chalice which may convey medicaments, that in their unadulterated state might be rejected as unpalatable. To the honor of Sir Walter Scott, and to what is far more than any consideration of worldly honor, the welfare of his own soul, he has written as if he had been

"For ever in the great taskmaster's eye;"

and, awed or controlled by his example, the ribald or licentious writer checked his propensities, in deference to the spirit inspired into the public mind by Sir Walter, or hid his wares from sight, or offered them only in marts which were the haunts of the avowedly shameless, the outcasts of society. The greater literature of our country has long felt the influence of Milton — literature of all classes has been purified by Scott.

We shall not, we hope, be accused of being actuated merely by party motives, when we extend the praise which we have bestowed on the morals to the politics inculcated by Sir Walter. All those who love their native land must be more or less Tory in soul. We mean that they must more or less love those institutions under which, if not by which, the country grew great and prosperous. Reverence for the high names of England, proud recollections of glorious actions done, of imminent perils bravely weathered, honorable feelings toward institutions certainly intended to exalt or civilize our countrymen, and which generally have worked their purpose — these should form part and parcel of us all. Far, far from the bosom of an English gentleman or English yeoman should be that rancorous feeling sometimes displayed, which prompts people to destroy what our ancestors established, purely for the sake of destruction. The Whigs may be more perspicacious in detecting abuses than the Tories; but, on account of those abuses, they ought not to look with distaste or disaffection on their native land. It may be right to keep a sharp eye on the defects of our country, but it is not the mark of an expanded or a generous vision to be able to see nothing else. Sir Walter's Toryism was not of the factious kind which thinks of nothing but party. It was of that patriotic, that truly patriotic nature, that wishes every thing in our country to be the best, and that desires England to stand first among nations, happy at home and honored abroad.*

* Scott's Toryism might well be described by one of his national proverbs — "his bark was aye waur [worse] than his bite." He was eminently conservative, had been educated in the hereditary politics of his race, owed his first position for life (the well-paid and almost sinecure sheriffdom of Selkirkshire) to Tory patronage, and enjoyed the friendship of the leading Tory statesmen connected with Scotland, by lineage, property, and station. His native land had thriven under Tory rule, at a period when what were called "Jacobin principles" threatened to subvert the foundations of the Government, and he dreaded the experiment of change, whether as revolution or reform. In his youth, he opposed Catholic Emancipation. In his maturer years, and long before Tory statesmen entertained any idea of granting that tardy concession, he contended for it, on the double plea of justice and necessity, and, when Wellington and Peel, early in 1829, announced their intention, Scott not only wrote several articles in its favor, in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, but made a speech, on the side of liberality and tolerance, at the principal Edinburgh meeting, and was one of the first — if not the very

A nobler historian of civil wars never existed. Due justice is done to the cavalier and the Cameronian, to the partisan of the house of Hanover or the house of Stuart. Their good qualities are placed in the strongest light — defence or palliation is never wanting for their errors. Or if we consider Toryism as the cause of aristocracy, we there, too, find Sir Walter generous and just. The prince or noble is allowed the respect and homage due to his place and lineage; but where exists the writer who has so sublimely and so pathetically chronicled and hallowed the virtues of the humblest?

His Toryism was without faction; but faction assailed him in the end of his days. He was insulted by a debauched rabble in those very places which he had rendered immortal, because he refused to surrender *his* judgment on political matters to *theirs*. We wish not to disparage any one, but still we must be permitted to think that a time may come when the name of Sir Walter Scott will command as much respect as that of Lord John Russell. As to his adherence to Toryism, nothing could be more disinterested. He had received no favors — absolutely none — from the Tories. His place of Clerk of Session was conferred on him by Fox; and we rather think that his politics on some occasions were made a plea by the tape-tying crew who had wriggled themselves into office under our colors, for insult and impertinence, neglect or ingratitude. But he defended the constitution of his country; and for that, in "Caledonia stern and wild," in his "own romantic town," in sight of "fair Melrose," he was hooted and bawled down as one actuated by the meanest of natures, by people whose country he had made classical, and whose more tangible interests he had, beyond any other man in the world, most materially served.*

first — to sign the pro-Catholic petition to Parliament. When that petition was read in the House of Commons, Scott's name was received with the unusual compliment of a general expression of applause, and Peel subsequently wrote him a letter of thanks for taking part, on the great question, with the advocates of justice. — M.

* In March, 1831, when the excitement in favor of the Reform Bill (just then introduced by Lord Grey's ministry) was very great, Scott attended a county meeting, for Roxburghshire, at the town of Jedburgh, where he moved one of the anti-Reform resolutions, and made a decided anti-Reform speech.

We believe that he felt this affront. It is now no matter. He lies in the land every corner of which his genius has lit up as with a torch, and his countrymen are pouring condolences over his tomb. They will bury him with sounding honors, and all the pomp of funeral; and, that being done, his creditors will come to spoil his children of what he has left behind. Loud will be the lament of Scotland — equally loud the demand for his goods. The very bankers — the men whom he, by his admirable letters in 1826, saved from the utter destitution, penury, and ruin impending over them at the hands of Lord Goderich and the economists — will calculate to a farthing what may be their share of his chattels. Will Scotland do any thing to avert this disgrace, as disgrace it will be? And we, who know Scotland well, answer — No.

After killing himself to pay off debts which, as the world knows,

The populace, naturally in favor of what promised to extend their own political privileges, heard him — first with respect, then with impatience, and lastly (when he angrily exclaimed "I regard your gabble no more than the geese on the green") — with unequivocal anger. Shouts of "Burke Sir Walter!" were raised, and then Scott, bowing to the people, took leave in the words of the doomed gladiator of antiquity, "*Moriturus vos saluto.*" At the time, Scott's health was so bad that he ought not have been permitted to have attended, far less spoken at, a troublous political gathering. Ill health, which had already affected his mind, and disturbed as well as weakened his nervous system, made him take the gloomiest view of public affairs, as managed under Lords Grey, Brougham, Durham, and other leading liberals. Lockhart records that the scene at Jedburgh haunted Scott in his latest hours, for, only a few days before his death, "a few times also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh, and *Burke Sir Walter* escaped him in a melancholy tone." Maginn is scarcely correct in saying that Scott's place of Clerk of Session (with £1,300 for life) was conferred on him by Fox. In 1805, soon after *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published, William Pitt, then Prime Minister of England, having read and admired it, told Dundas, Scott's early friend, that "it would give him pleasure to find some opportunity of advancing the fortunes of such a writer." Accordingly, Scott's own inclination made him desire the comparatively unlaborious, but profitable, office of a Principal Clerk of the Supreme Court at Edinburgh. The appointment was made, but the commission not signed, at Pitt's death, and the succeeding Ministry, of whom Fox was actual head, made no delay in completing the necessary document — handsomely enough declaring that, as the matter had received the royal assent, they regarded only as a claim of justice, what would willingly have been done as an act of favor.—M.

were not of his contracting; after making the most unparalleled exertions, not one of which he need have made; after sacrificing property which he never need have created, or, having created, need not have parted with—the author of *Waverley* dies so deeply in debt, that the junior branches of his family are left wholly unprovided for by him. Were there any honor in Scotland, the ravening cry of his creditors, who have already been paid five times as much as they could have expected if their debtor had acted on the principles of trade which they recognise for their own guidance, would be stopped by a general subscription. The country only owes it to him. Scotland should take upon itself the payment of the debts of Scott. Were they a million of money in amount, he has been of pecuniary value to his native land far greater than that sum. The quantity of capital which he has caused to be expended in the country—the sums drawn from the influx of strangers which he has now permanently brought to it—the honor and notice which he has acquired for all its affairs, and the consequent advantage—would be valued at a low price if estimated at many millions. We say nothing of the literary renown and the romantic celebrity he has cast over Scotland. But Scotland owes him a great *pecuniary* debt—and Scotland will pay it by suffering Abbotsford to be stripped by the sheriff.*

The nation—not the province, however, should do something. No one will deny that he is entitled to the barren honors of sepulture in Westminster Abbey. Grateful Scotland is too proud to part with his body: it would be considered an affront, to take away his bones, when dead, by that nation which would not give

* By the failure, in 1825, of Constable & Ballantyne (his publisher and printer), as well, in a lesser degree, by his own anticipations, for the purchase of landed property, of his probable literary income, Sir Walter Scott became liable for about £150,000. Between 1825 and 1831, his own over-tasked brain and pen had reduced this by nearly one half. At his death, when life-insurances further reduced it, the balance still due on Scott's estate exceeded £30,000, besides two mortgages for £15,000 on his estate of Abbotsford and his valuable library. By the judicious exertions of Mr. Cadell, the surviving and prudent partner of Constable, the sale of Scott's works, in various forms, and at reduced prices which brought them within the purchase means of "the million," the whole of Scott's debts were discharged before the year 1850. His grand-daughter, Mrs. Hope, is now the possessor of Abbotsford.—M.

a farthing to administer to his comforts when living. As he must not, therefore, lie in the Abbey, are we too poor to testify our national respect by a grant? We put it to Lord Althorp—we are sure the hint will be enough. Never was there grant which conferred more honor on a nation than this tribute of respect to the memory of Sir Walter Scott would confer on us.*

We had no intention, when we began, of writing on pecuniary matters, but, as we have done so, we do not regret it. Useless, indeed, it is to compose empty eulogies on him who has filled the world with admiration, or to bestow the honors of puny criticism on works engraved on every heart. A great light has been extinguished—a great glory lost to Israel. He has descended to that tomb which is the lot of all, and we "ne'er shall look upon his like again."

* When the clever and eccentric Earl of Dudley heard of Scott's misfortunes, he exclaimed, "Scott ruined! the author of Waverley ruined! Good God! let every man, to whom he has given months of delight, give him a sixpence, and he will rise to-morrow morning richer than Rothschild." An anonymous admirer, whose name has never transpired, offered £30,000, as a gift, toward clearing off Scott's incumbrances. When Lockhart published the last volume of his Life of Scott [in 1839, if I remember rightly] a circumstance transpired, unknown to Magian when he wrote this article, which is too creditable to all parties to be omitted here: Scott returned from Italy in June, 1832, and a newspaper paragraph stated that his travels had exhausted all his pecuniary resources. Lockhart says, "This paragraph came from a very ill-informed, but, I dare say, a well-meaning quarter. It caught the attention of some members of the Government, and, in consequence, I received a private communication to the effect that, if the case were as stated, Sir Walter's family had only to say what sum would relieve him from embarassment, and it would be immediately advanced by the Treasury." The offer thus opportunely and liberally made, was gratefully declined by Lockhart on the part of Sir Walter.—M.

THE SPERMACETI CANDLE.

"The sovereignest thing on earth,
Is 'parmacity———"

SHAKESPEARE.

The bard invoketh the aid of the immortal gods.

YE gods immortal! in all time
By heavenly zephyrs fanned well,
Inspire my bosom while I climb
Th' Eolian mount, with steps sublime—
The matchless subject of my rhyme
A Spermaceti Candle.

Showeth the miserable inferiority of the ancients in respect of lights.

Dim was each light in days of old,
'Mong Saxon, Goth, and Vandal,
Compared with that which now is sold,
(Better than tallow, dip, or mould),
Whose flame is brighter far than gold—
A Spermaceti Candle.

He betteth a pipe of wine in favor of the Spermaceti Candle.

Place every kind of light in view,
And when you 've quietly scanned all,
I 'll bet a pipe of wine that you
Will give the preference unto
A Spermaceti Candle.

If you eschew tallow, and are averse to soiling your fingers, use spermaceti.

If tallow, therefore, you eschew,
And are averse to handle,
The very best thing you can do
Is in its place to substitu-
Te a Spermaceti Candle.

Describeth, with much gusto, the beauty of its complexion, and superiority of its light.

Its color is as pure as snow,
Or floors strewed with white sand all;
It burneth with a peerless glow—
A proof that there is nought below
Like a Spermaceti Candle.

Showeth how it needeth not snuffing, nor becometh cabbaged.

It needs no snuffing, for the wick,
So beautiful and grand all,
Becomes not cabbaged, faint, or sick —
With tallow lights a common trick —
But never with that shining stick,
A Spermaceti Candle.

Preferreth its light to that of Mount Etna; useth the Scottish reek, which signifieth smoke.

Tall Etna from his flaming peak,
With fiery arches spanned all,
Exhibits but a lustre weak,
Compared with that bright steady streak,
Which cometh unobscured by *reek*,
From a Spermaceti Candle.

Relateth an ancient legend concerning the band of Covent Garden Theatre.

Our old theatric records say,
That Covent Garden band all
Once on a time refused to play
March, hornpipe, dirge, or roundelay,
Save by the pure transparent ray
(Allowed to each musician gay)
Of a Spermaceti Candle.

Showeth how Handel could not compose his Oratorios save by the light of spermaceti.

That Hanoverian genius rare,
The organ-loving Handel,
Could not a single stave prepare,
Unless when on his easy-chair
He sat, surrounded by the glare
Of a Spermaceti Candle.

How Hannibal bamboozled Fabius, by means of Spermaceti candles tied to the horns of cows and bulls.

Great Hannibal, Hamilcar's lad,
Who armies could command well,
(Some say much better than his dad,)
Once saved himself from rout most sad
By means of cows and bullocks mad,
Each monster's horns with flames yclad
From a Spermaceti Candle.

Showeth the folly of those who praise the sun and moon.

Some praise the sun, and some the moon,
In eloquence quite grand all:
A fig for both! I'll beat them soon —
The last in May, the first in June —
By that incomparable boon,
A Spermaceti Candle.

I 've travelled east, I 've travelled west,
I 've been in Coromandel,
And I can say, without a jest,
That both in hall and peasant's nest,
'T is of its race avowed the best —
The Spermaceti Candle.

Spermaceti candles much sought after in Coromandel.

In Abyssinia, where the heat
Each native's phiz hath tanned well,
They deem their happiness complete
If any friend whom they may meet
Will have the goodness them to treat
To a Spermaceti Candle.

Eke in Abyssinia.

There 's nothing in the world so bright,
As you must understand well;
Suppose you lose your way at night,
What think you on with all your might?
Why, to be sure, upon a light-
Ed Spermaceti Candle.

Showeth that the belated traveller thinketh with all his might on spermaceti.

'T is strange that those who love to sing
The deeds of Cribb and Randall —
Those potent heroes of the ring —
Should never yet have touched the string
In praise of that most useful thing,
A Spermaceti Candle.

Expresseth surprise that Frosty-faced Fogo, and other laureates of the ring, should have neglected to sing the praises thereof.

A cock-boat by the lightning smit,
A seventy-four that 's manned ill,
Are bad enough, but not a whit,
More to be pitied than the cit,
Who has not in his house a bit
Of Spermaceti Candle.

The citizen who hath not a bit of said candle deserveth much pity.

The Grecian maids, so fair and sweet,
Wore on each leg a sandal;
But all their skill was incomplete
To show at night their lovely feet
Without that accessory neat,
A Spermaceti Candle.

Maketh a classical allusion to the maids of Greece, and their well-turned understandings.

Live where he may, or far or near,
He ought to be trepanned well,
And made to suffer stripes severe,
Imprisonment in cell most drear,
Without tobacco, gin, or beer,
Who has the heartlessness to sneer
At a Spermaceti Candle.

Direful penalty which ought to be inflicted on those who are so sinful as to sneer at a spermaceti candle.

May honest men, where'er they be,
With indignation brand all
Who sip their toddy, or their tea,
In wintery nights, by land or sea,
Without the cheerful lustre free
Of a Spermaceti Candle.

Adviseth all honest men to brand those who sip their tea or toddy without the light of spermaceti.

Behold yon taper, shining bright
In lamp that is japanned well,
Although it gives a pleasant light,
'T would really seem as dark as night,
If but contrasted with the might
Of a Spermaceti Candle.

Showeth the inferiority of a certain light in a japanned lamp to spermaceti.

If you desire to be renowned
At cards, and play your hand well,
A clearer help can not be found,
(Whether the game be square or round,)
Than a Spermaceti Candle.

Showeth the eminent use of spermaceti in sundry games.

If e'er by chance you sail upon
The Straits of Babelmandel,
Where gas-lights are but little known,
You 'll ne'er be dull, nor feel alone,
If you have for compan-i-ón
A Spermaceti Candle.

Showeth the Social effects of a spermaceti in the Straits of Babelmandel.

To place beside it, oil or gas,
Would be a kind of scandal,
Which none would think of but an ass
(Of whom there are a few, alas !)
Who vainly hopes thus to surpass
The Spermaceti candle.

Showeth the absurdity of comparing oil or gas to the spermaceti candle.

In short, this luminary bright,
Like baby you might dandle,
For cleanliness and giving light,
And aspect of a snowy white,
There 's nought — especially at night —
Like a Spermaceti Candle.

Concluding stanza, in which is sententiously summed up the rare qualities of a spermaceti candle.

I may as well conclude, for if
I wrote another bandle,
I could not add a single whiff
Which would go further to uplif-
T a Spermaceti Candle.

Another conclusion, by way of ending.

SONG OF THE SHIRTLESS FOR THE YEAR THIRTY-THREE

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

DEDICATED TO ALL TRUE REFORMERS.*

To the Tune of "Tolderol."

I.

WELCOME, welcome, my gentle reader!
Here we have come to THIRTY-THREE —
Year in which all sides agreed are
Many a marvel we shall see.
Chant we therefore an opening chorus,
Swelling it loud with joy and glee:
Here 's to the year that is now before us —
It is the year for you and me.
Tolderol, lollol, lollol, lollol;
Tolderol, lollol, lollol lol.

II.

Up and be stirring, my sturdy neighbor —
Up and be stirring — the time is come
To shoulder musket and draw the sabre,
To cheering sound of trump and drum.
Soon shall we hear the firelock prattling —
Soon shall the noisy cannon hum —
Soon shall the shells in showers be rattling,
Sputtered abroad by the jolly bomb.
Tolderol, &c.

III.

What shall we fight for, what shall we fight for —
What shall we fight for, gossip dear?

* The Tories, who considered the Reform Bill as a revolutionary measure, indulged in all sorts of gloomy prophesies, on its becoming the law of the land, in 1832. The country, however, continued to exist, much as before, despite "the Bill" and the vaticinations.—M.

That which we have so good a right for
In this thorough reforming year:
Hall and house, and park and palace,
Wealth and plenishing, goods and gear,
Star and jewel, and plate and chalice,
Hose and doublet, feast and cheer.
Tolderol, &c.

IV.

Down with coronet, down with mitre,
Down with altar, down with throne;
Easier shall we be and lighter
When this mummery all is gone.
King and bishop, and peer and parson,
If unhanged, in jail may groan;
Long enough they carried their farce on —
Now, my boys, the day 's our own!
Tolderol, &c.

V.

Shout, my brother *descamisado* —
Shirtless brother, come shout with me!
Rich and noble will soon be made to
Bend to fellows like us the knee.
Weep and wail, ye men of riches —
Wail, ye men of house and land!
Here come we who wear no breeches,
Seeking our own with pike in hand.
Tolderol, &c.

VI.

Off with Howard, and out with Percy —
Down with Stafford and Devonshire;
For Duke John Bedford's lands no mercy —
Pluck Lord Grosvenor's — worthy peer!
We shall soon, for good example,
Give the axe its full career,
And on the Bar ycleped of the Temple
Noble heads we again shall rear.
Tolderol, &c.

VII.

Tremble, ye sons of the circumcision —
Rothschild's heart may throb with pain;

Now is the time for a long division
Of all the shents of your godless gain.
Visitors worse than Nebuchadnezzar,
When he spoiled your sacred fane,
More to be feared than Titus Cæsar,
Shall invade Bartholomew Lane.
Tolderol, &c.

VIII.

Away with schools, with hall, with college —
Make them the nests of owl and toad;
We know more of useful knowledge
Than e'er to Isis or Cam was owed.
We teach the art of sack and pillage
All by the rule of prime and load;
We shall show to town and village
That the true teacher is abroad.
Tolderol, &c.

IX.

Far and wide shall be cities flaming —
Long and loud shall the bayonet ring;
Blood on wave and plains shall be streaming —
Princes and peers shall on gibbets swing.
Honor and justice, faith or pity,
We to the idle winds will fling;
And is not this a charming ditty,
Fit to be sung before a king?
Tolderol, lollol, lollol, lollol;
Tolderol, lollol, lol.

M. O'D.

Tower Hill,
1*st of the* 1*st decade of the year I.*

NONSENSE VERSES.

Let the spirit of murphies repine
O'er the ocean's dread stultified breast,
And dolphins drink puncheons of wine
To the murmurs of purified rest.
Let bacon and pancakes no more
Lord Chancellors of Ireland be made,
Lest the Island of Rathlin should snore,
And by cholera's pangs be betrayed.

No longer let dull Althorp's chest
Aspire to the dungeons below,
Where reposing on beauty's sad breast,
The mountains of Araby glow.
For the turmoil of courts and of kings
Shall exalt to the skies' dark domain
The essence of butterflies' wings,
And mingle it there with the slain.

Then mute may all sausages be:
May the tincture of pestilence spread
Its beautiful arms o'er the sea,
And gladden the fishes with dread.

LAMENT UPON APSLEY HOUSE.

What house is yonder, which I with wonder
See smashed with plunder and paving-stones —*
Its shutters shattered, its windows battered,
All tore and tattered, like Davy Jones?
O! I see it clear O! — it is the Hero
Who beat old Boney so clear and clane;
The great old Fighter, and smart Delighter,
Who with flying banners won the plain.

There was Alexander the bould commander,
And Mister Hannibal so fine:
But if the Rat-catcher was their body-snatcher,
By all that's good 't is he would shine!
And Julius Cæsar who, like Nebuchadnezzar,
Was quite uncommon in his day,
But I'd lay you a wager that our old stager,
The hook-nosed Duke would have his way.

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* On the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo — namely on June 18, 1831 — the Duke of Wellington was mobbed, in the streets of London, the populace being very angry with him for his opposition to the Reform Bill, introduced (and finally carried) by the Grey Cabinet. Some time after this, the windows of Apsley House — the Duke's town residence — were smashed by the mob, which caused his Grace to put up *iron* shutters, constructed, save the material, exactly like the wooden *jalousies* of Paris and New York. In *Fraser* for October, 1833, Maginn argued that "the feeling of the Irish peasantry is Tory — decidedly Tory," and adduced, in proof, a poem printed in the Irish characters, with a literal translation in English, which (he said) had been composed by a Kerryman who had come over to London "in search of harvest work, and, almost ignorant of the English language, had seated himself near St. George's Hospital," opposite Apsley House. Maginn pretended to paraphrase the Irish poem, as above, to the tune of "The Groves of Blarney."—M.

Great is my sadness, and small my gladness,
When I perceive his shutters shut —
Smathered and battered, besieged and tattered,
By the blackguards who are now on *fut*.
And O, by Japers! what sort of capers,
You grenadiers, it was yours to show,
When the riffle-raffle of the London city
Smashed all the panes of our old Beau!

Where were the Guards, sir, when the blackguards, sir,
Smashed down the panes of the Dear Duke?
If Goll and Osgor were here to *the* fore,
'T is they would never on such stuff look;
And there 's Brien Boroo, in battle lading —
'T is he 'd for aid in this here fight,
And smash the villains, like damned civilians,
Over and over, from left to right.

Like hungry hawks on a March-day morning,
A-slating small birds upon a hill,
'T is they 're the covies who are adorning
That most particular place they 're going to kill.
There was great rejoicing, and loud-mouthed voicing,
Bawling away about the peace;
And in the king's dominions it fled about with pinions,
A most plasing remonstrance in the place.

There was wondrous beaming and branch-lights flaming,
Sweet music a-shameing bagpipe and flute;
The windows they were scented, the people were contented,
Every thing was happy — both mankind and brute.
The deafman and the cripple both together they did tipple,
And Erin was rejoicing to the tune of her "go bray;"
And 't is I am hard in heart here, to think that you, Duke Arthur,
Are a smash-windowed sort of character this blessed day.

FROM ANACREON.*

When my weary, worn-out eyes
Closed to seek a willing peace,
And the moon, in midnight skies,
Glittered like a shilling-piece —
At my door there came a knock,
O'er my brow a dizziness;
Through the pane I gave a look —
"Holloa! what 's your business?"

There I saw a little boy,
Frosty-faced and shivering;
Forty arrows, like a toy,
Bent his back a quiver in.
"Let me in," he cried, "till day —
Lost my road in jogging on;
I have got the means to pay,
Put your board a noggin on.

"Men by mercy show the god —
Don't be stupid, pondering;
If you send me on the road,
I shall die in wandering."
"Enter in," said I, "my lad;
Pale, your cheeks with soda vie;
Here 's a fire to make you glad,
Here 's a glass of *eau de vie.*"

To the dying flame he drew,
Wanted warmth remembering;

* This is a paraphrase of Anacreon's thirty-third ode, Μεσονύκτιοις ποδ' ὥραις. Moore has given a translation of it which may be found in his Poems. —M.

And his color backward flew,
As he puffed the ember in,
Then he dried his moistened hair,
Then he broached a keg or two,
Then he hummed a merry air,
Danced, and cut a leg or two.

But when he beheld his bow,
All his joints seemed sinuous;
"Sure," he cried, "'t is spoilt by snow,"
And he twanged continuous.
"Lost! oh, lost! unhappy I!
If 't is hurt, I die for it!
You shall be the bullock's eye,
Never will you sigh for it."

Ere again I could exclaim,
Fearing some ill luck in it,
At my heart he took an aim,
And his arrow stuck in it.
"That's a hit — my dart is true;
Now," said he, "away for it!"
Through a window-pane he flew,
And left poor I to pay for it.

IRISH GENIUS.*

I WOULD express my sincere regret that some of my military friends, accomplished gentlemen as they are, have not heretofore put forth, as they easily might have done by the devotion of not many hours of "laborious idleness," a couple of volumes upon *Ireland as it is*. No book is more wanted. Really, in England, less is known about Ireland than about any other country of the same importance in the world. There is a perfect confusion of ideas in England about the inhabitants of this portion of the British empire. The feeling at the bottom of every body's heart is that the Irish are a nation of savages. Well might a man, in entering upon the history of any given year of the Irish people, use the words of the greatest Roman historian: "*Opus aggredior plenum variis casibus — atrox prœliis, discors seditionibus,* IPSA ETIAM PACE SÆVUM." The insane restlessness of the population — (for even when all may appear calm, there is no rest, in fact; there is only what the poet fancifully styles "the peaceless rest" of the ocean floods; let any sordid traitor be but pleased to play the Æolus, and in an instant all again is wild commotion) — those vilest assassinations, perpetrated with all the cunning, and more than the cruelty, of the American Indian — those astounding massacres continually brought before our eyes fail not to strike every English heart sick with horror. We turn aside in the depth of disgust from a people who seem not to have the glimmering of a notion of "fair play." In foreign parts, the practices wherein, as to men's quarrels generally, we so cordially despise,

* From a review of Inglis's "Ireland in 1834" (an amusing but very superficial and self-conceited work) I have taken this brief tribute to the ascendancy and generality of Irish genius. — M.

it is considered infamous to oppress a man by numbers. Ay, even the Italian goes forth *alone* to *stab* his enemy: he would disdain to share even the treachery of his vengeance with a multitude. Not so in Ireland! There hundreds of stalwart villains will combine to assassinate, and, to use a French phrase which applies happily here, "assist," at the assassination of a single man — of an old man — of a "minister of peace!" O'Connell, too, has of late years exhibited much amongst us. What can we think of a people that, after a fashion so costly, worship such an idol? Why, even Caliban would disdain him for a god. All these things do and should deeply prejudice and incense us against impracticable Ireland; and doubtless many an honest Englishman has in earnest responded to Sir Joseph Yorke's joking wish, that the island might be scuttled and stuck under water for some four-and-twenty hours.*

Yet, strange to say, notwithstanding the apparent justice of this feeling, you look around you and you find that the first man in Europe, the Duke of Wellington, "the very topmost man of all the world," is an Irishman. His brother, too, whom all acknowledge to have been our greatest governor of India, is an Irishman. Lord Beresford, and a host of our most distinguished officers, are Irishmen. Hamilton, one of our greatest astronomers, is an Irishman. The man who, with the single exception of Sir R. Peel, THE ORATOR AND STATESMAN of the current generation, displayed the greatest energy, learning, and power, in the anxious debates on the Reform-bill, John Wilson Croker, is an Irishman. Boyton and O'Sullivan, who, no later than the other day, charmed listening thousands of Englishmen by their impassioned eloquence, are Irishmen.

Of your literary and scientific men, moreover, many of the most distinguished are Irish. Sir R. Steele, an Irishman, was the creator of your periodical literature; and ever since some of the very best, the wittiest, and the most learned of the contributions to our Reviews and Magazines have been made by Irishmen.

* By a curious coincidence, which many of the Irish thought retributive, Sir Joseph Yorke was himself drowned in the English Channel — thus personally realizing the "scuttling" and being "stuck under water," to which he had charitably condemned Ireland. — M.

One of your most famous and most classical sculptors, John Carew, is an Irishman. Your painter that gives best promise of works which may raise the character of our national school, Maclise, is an Irishman. Stanfield, highly eminent in every ordinary branch of the pictorial art to which he addresses his attention, and the creator of that branch which must prove the most useful, as tending to affect the senses and improve the taste of the multitude, and which, therefore, entitles him to rank amongst the benefactors of the country, is Irish. In a word, look to every avocation, from that of serving the king in the highest offices of state, down to the humblest whereby bread may be honorably won, and you will find that of the most distinguished individuals a large proportion is Irish. Again, gaze around you in any fashionable drawing-room of the metropolis, and on inquiry you will discover that several of the most lovely and lady-like women, and of the finest and most accomplished gentleman, are Irish.

This is strange. Let us philosophize. How comes it? Is it the advent of a comet or the advance of the schoolmaster? No; you will find that at the gallant court of "the merry monarch" many of the choicest spirits were Irish. I appeal to Anthony Hamilton, himself an Irishman. Were not the great Ormond, and Ossory, and Arran, Irish? And thinking of them, the rival Anglo-Hibernian house—the name of Geraldine suggests itself. Were not the Desmonds Irish?—they, the Guises of the English empire. You will find, moreover, that some of the noblest monuments in your literature, and of the brightest names in your history, may be claimed for Ireland. The finest orations ever yet composed in any language, with the solitary exception of the orations of Demosthenes, are the work of an Irishman. The noblest specimens of irreproachable reasoning, of multifarious knowledge, instinct with genius as its soul, now drawn upon the subject like rays concentrating to a focus, that subject to illuminate with a blaze of living light which makes its past, its present, and its future alike manifest to the dullest or the most unwilling eye; and, lastly, of that mighty eloquence which,

> "Like the oracular thunder, penetrating, shakes
> The listening soul in the suspended blood,"

were furnished forth by Burke. Herein I make no exception of the Athenian's grand orations. The Irishman was right, Demosthenes was wrong; Burke saved Great Britain, Demosthenes ruined Athens. Ay, Burke saved Great Britain! It was an Irishman who first grappled with the revolutionary demon, who checked him in his fierce career, and sent him howling from our shores—"alone he did it!" It was an Irishman (the much-injured Marquis of Londonderry) who continued on foreign lands the struggle which an Irishman had begun; and it was an Irishman who, on the plains of Waterloo, brought that struggle to a consummation, giving glory unequalled to Great Britain that had fought the fight, and freedom to the world! The voice of the last great orator that sounded in the Commons' House was an Irishman's, George Canning's.*

One of the very greatest and most vigorous prose writers in your own or any other tongue, Swift, was an Irishman. The author of the sweetest, the most heart-home story in the world, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, was an Irishman. The pleasantest and wittiest and wisest of all light works, *Mémoires de Grammont*, was written by an Irishman. The British Rabelais, and, moreover, the imaginer of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, was an Irishman. Sheridan, the author (I quote Byron) of "the best comedy, the best opera, and the best farce," on the English stage—I speak not of his speeches, or his far more valuable wit—was an Irishman. The fact is, that all the English comedy worth reading, excepting only that of Shakespeare, was written by natives of Ireland. Need I name Steele, Farquhar, Congreve, Murphy, O'Keefe, Mrs. Centlivre, in proof of this assertion? I speak not of the Earl of Mornington, or of Barry the Painter, or of Sheridan's father, the compiler of the dictionary—or of K. O'Hara, the author of *Midas*—or of Col. Jephson, or of Sheridan Knowles, the only man in Great Britain who has of late years written any thing wearing the semblance of an original play—or of the multitude of famous actors and actresses who have kindled the smiles and drawn down the tears of your audiences, from the days of Mossop, Barry, Sheridan, down to those of Miss O'Neill, the last, and I do believe

* Canning's father was an Irishman, and his family was Irish, but he himself was born in London.

the greatest, actress that trod your boards—certainly the only lady in carriage, demeanor, appearance, expression, sensibility, who has appeared upon them in the memory of those belonging to the present generation. But I will observe that the celebrated metaphysician Berkeley, the learned Usher, the great chemist Boyle, the great theologian Magee, Tom Moore, a song-writer second only to Béranger, were all Irishmen. Curran, Grattan, Flood, Bushe, North, the men

"Who held the bar and senate in their spell,"

were all, all Irishmen. Let me add, too, for those who set store by such matters, that the best English blood now flows in the veins of the Irish nobility—

"Oh, day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"

Ay, *sooth to say, here is a mystery!**

* In a subsequent part of this article the "mystery" in question was solved by the declaration that up to that time (February, 1835) *Ireland had not yet been civilized!*—M.

O'DOHERTY'S CONFESSION.

I OFTEN told you *how* I loved her
In manhood's early glow;
I never told you *why* I loved her—
This you now shall know!
'T is true her stature, shape, and face,
Were, all three, queer—but, zounds!
The "handsome feature" in her case
Was "fifty thousand pounds!"

She had an eye, whose lustre lonely
Her furrowed phiz illumined;
That is, *one* side and one side only—
The other cheek was doomed
To darkness deep as death's drear valley;
And but for her bright nose
No gleam had lent that cheek's blind alley,
Such radiance in repose.

Well, well, her father lost his money,
And she began to look
In my fond eyes so strangely funny—
It would not suit my book.
Could I take off this old man's daughter,
His last remaining prop?
No, no; I mixed some gin and water,
And begged she 'd taste a drop.

She did so; and, as I 'm a sinner,
She pulled so wondrous well,
That "oh!" thought I, "such rare beginner
Will doubtless soon excel!"
And, turning to her joyless father,
I said, "Flare up, old chap!
I wooed her once, but now I rather
Think the thread must snap!"

The old man's look grew stern and sterner,
The maiden seemed to swoon:
"So ho!" thought I, "'t is time to spurn her—
Does she think me such a spoon?
Good bye — good bye — both child and parent,
Your cash is gone; and I
To nothing being heir-apparent,
Will wifeless live and die!"

WILLIS'S PENCILLINGS.*

This is really and truly, a goose of a book—or, if any body wishes the idiom to be changed, a book of a goose. There is not a single idea in it, from the first page to the last, beyond what might germinate in the brain of a washerwoman. Willis tells us that he was an *attaché* to some American embassy; and, for any thing we know to the contrary—being perfectly ignorant of what are the materials composing the lower, or, indeed, the higher orders of American diplomacy—he may in this instance have spoken the truth.† If it be the case, we are happy to find that

* Pencillings by the Way. By N. P. Willis, Esq., Author of "Melanie," the "Slingsby Papers," &c. 3 vols. London, 1835. Macrone. [This critique, too entirely in Maginn's most reckless and bitter vein to be omitted here, appeared in *Fraser* for February, 1836. In conjunction with Lockhart's scathing article in the *Quarterly*, it did serious injury to Mr. Willis's very amusing book. It appears, on his own showing, that Mr. Willis visited only at Gore House and Gordon Castle (the respective residences of the demirep Countess of Blessington and that hearty old gentleman the Duke of Gordon). Had his acquaintance been with a score, instead of a brace of the British nobility, we probably should have had almost a *library* of lively chit-chat about them!—M.]

† The last number of the *Metropolitan Magazine* throws some light on the business.

"Although we are well acquainted with the birth, parentage, and history of Mr. Willis, previous to his making his continental tour, we will pass them over in silence; and we think that Mr. Willis will acknowledge that we are generous in so doing. Mr. Willis shall first make his appearance as an *attaché* to the American Legation at Paris. And here we must tell our friends in America, that they must be more circumspect on this point. Letters of recommendation are certainly necessary to procure admission into the best English society; for there is one inconvenience attending a democratic form of government, which is, that where all assume equality, it is not easy to

the lickspittle spirit of the red-tape school — the school of lickspittleism all over the world — breaks out so gloriously in his very first volume (p. 208), as to make him declare the man on whose patronage he depended for his position, General Jackson, to be superior to any monarch of Europe he (Willis) had ever seen. Such is the true tact of all *attachés;* and it will be, of course, swallowed by that most open-throated of flummery gulpers, old Hickory. But if the "grey old chieftain," as he is called in these foolish books, be deprived of his presidential chair, and of political influence in the States, at the next election, we are tolerably sure that the freespoken penciller will be prepared to denounce him as a mixture of the blusterer and the sneak, with as much readiness

know who people are: but the American government have committed a very great error in allowing the travelling part of their community to hoist what in England would be considered as false colors. We presume that this mistake arises from their form of government, which very much affects opinions upon certain points. In England, being attached to an embassy implies that the parties so employed are of high connexion, or of acknowledged talent. The very circumstance, therefore, of presenting your card with *attaché* engraved on it, is sufficient, in England, to serve as a passport to the highest circles. Now, with the Americans the case is very different; they have their real *attachés*, who receive the salary and perform the duty. Washington Irving was one in this country; and every one who was acquainted with him is ready to acknowledge that, in every point, no better selection could have been made. But the American government allows what may be termed *spurious attachés;* that is the permission to their countrymen so to call themselves, for the '*convenience of travelling.*' This is the American phrase used; and, to give the English reader some idea of the carelessness with which these passports to society have been granted, we are credibly informed that Mr. M'Lean, the former American ambassador at Paris, had granted not less than twenty-five to different persons. The French authorities took umbrage at this, and as all the *attachés* of every description were considered as dismissed when the ambassador was recalled, his successor, Mr. Livingston, has been much more particular. Mr. Willis, however, obtained a renewal of his, for the *convenience of travel*. But we again repeat, that this system is unfair. The old world is left to suppose that Mr. Willis, who presents his flourishing card, is a person selected by the American government for his abilities or consequence in their country, who is receiving their pay, and is intrusted with diplomatic secrets, when, in fact, he is only a traveller, paying his own way by his *Pencillings on the Way* in the *New York Mirror*."

Mr. Willis has caught a Tartar in Marryat; but we do not think the author of *Peter Simple* and *Jacob Faithful* should have troubled his head about such small deer.

as is at present daily done by the liberal journals of the liberal Louis Philippe.

Two and a half more useless volumes than the opening portions of Willis's work can not be conceived. The most commonplace road-book has told us every thing of the picture-galleries in Italy, the wonders of Pompeii, the glories of Naples, the splendors of Constantinople, the *cafés* of the various towns of the Continent, the Simplon, the Domo D'Ossola, &c. &c.; and all these hacked and hashed matters of all manner and kinds of tourists, are here again narrated in a style as creeping as a guide-book, and, at the same time, as affected as that of a namby-pamby writer in twaddling albums, kept by the mustachoed and strong-smelling widows or bony matrons of Portland Place or Curry Row. Pleasant it is to know that Bonconvento is "the place where Henry VII. of Germany (not of England, be it observed) was poisoned by a monk, on his way to Rome" (vol. i. p. 47)—that the ancient Volscinium was the capital of the Volscians (p. 49)—that Montefiascone contains the epitaph of *Est, Est, Est*—that the tomb of Nero is one side of the road before crossing the Tiber—that Cicero arrested the Catilinarian conspirators on the Pons Æmilius on their way to join Catiline—that Constantine saw his famous vision on the same spot—that—— And so forth, through page after page of wearisome drivelling—

"Nota magis nulli domus."

We have had all these things told us over and over again. We have had every picture described, every museum catalogued, every point of scenery sketched every spot where famous or remarkable deed was done depicted, long before Willis was born, in all the countries where his pedlar course was cast, by poets, by sages, by critics, by scholars—by men of genius, of taste, of learning, of research. His chambermaid gabble is tedious to the last degree. It has not even the piquancy of personal adventure to relieve it. He appears to have shown off as a ninny of the first magnitude throughout all his tour, and to have been treated accordingly. We request any reader who has the patience—nay, we request Willis himself—to count up how often he has used the words "noble" and "beautiful," as applied to what he has seen, and to wonder at his utter sum-

phishness. There are two ways in which egregious folly may be displayed. One is, that of contemning what all the world admires, or passing over with lacklustre eye what rivets the glance of genius. The other, equally odious, is the affectation of being penetrated with admiration of what are long recognized as productions of art or nature worthy of worship; and worshiping them, accordingly, with an idolatry as stupid and unreasoning as that which old Polonius affects for the vagaries of Hamlet when depicting the appearances of the clouds. Look, for instance, in Willis's second volume (p. 12, &c.), at the critiques on the pictures of Guido, Giorgione, Correggio, &c., in the Leuchstenstein gallery. They are extolled in a trumpery swell of penny-trumpet eloquence as the finest things in the world—but so extolled as to prove that the writer had never bestowed more than a cursory survey on the most brilliant among them. "Alike to him is time and tide"—there hangs a picture, said by the catalogue to be painted by Correggio, and it is noble, beautiful, and so forth. He would have said the same if it had been executed by West. He honestly confesses that he was heartily tired of looking over galleries of pictures—the foolish fellow never seems to have dreamt that time, study, knowledge, patience, are requisite for the due understanding of any one of those famous pictures to which he shouts "Bravo!" with a bray as void of sense as the ejaculation of a jackass. The jackass, in fact, is the superior animal, because his bray is elicited in general by something that calls forth his appetites or instincts. Willis's bray is that of nothing better than mere affectation—a paltry parody on the musical intonation of the hero of *Peter Bell*.

Enough of this:

> We leave all foreign lands alone,
> And turn our eyes upon our own.

About two-thirds of the third volume relate to the doings and seeings of Willis in England. The *Quarterly* has already done justice to this part of the performance, and Willis is mortified at soul. Sir Fretful Plagiary was never more serene under infliction.

"Those of my letters which date from England were written within three or four months of my first arrival in this country. Fortunate in my introductions, almost embarrassed with kindness, and, from advantages of comparison gained by long travel, qualified to appreciate keenly the peculiar delights of English society, I was little disposed to find fault. Every thing pleased me. Yet in one instance — one single instance — I indulged myself in stricture upon individual character; and I *repeat it in this work*, sure that there will be but one person in the world of letters who will not read it with approbation — the editor of the *Quarterly* himself. It was expressed at the time with no personal feeling, for I had never seen the individual concerned, and my name had probably never reached his ears. I but repeated what I had said a thousand times, and never without an indignant echo to its truth — an opinion formed from the most dispassionate perusal of his writings — that the editor of that Review was the most unprincipled critic of the age. Aside from its flagrant literary injustice, we owe to the *Quarterly*, it is well known, every spark of ill feeling that has been kept alive between England and America for the last twenty years. The sneers, the opprobrious epithets of this bravo in literature, have been received in a country where the machinery of reviewing was not understood, as the voice of the English people, and an animosity for which there was no other reason has been thus periodically fed and exasperated. I conceive it to be my duty as a literary man — I *know* it is my duty as an American — to lose no opportunity of setting my heel on the head of this reptile of criticism. He has turned and stung me. Thank God, I have escaped the slime of his approbation.

"N. P. Willis."

Was ever small-beer poured out with a more magnificent air of the effusion of champagne! Heaven preserve us! here is Niagara in a Jordan!

We are sorry, however, to be a little more serious. We do not wish to accuse so ridiculous a person as poor Willis of any design of committing blasphemy, but such people as he ought never to be so left to themselves as to be trusted with the use of metaphors. That Willis should literally set his foot on Lockhart's head, is what we think no one imagines the silly man to have meant. The probabilities are, that if the imposition of feet should take place between them, the toe of Lockhart would find itself in disgusting contact with a part of Willis which is considerably removed from his head, and deemed to be the quarter in which the honor of such persons is most peculiarly called into action. If we look at it, as we must, metaphorically, we are bound to trace the metaphor to its source, to examine what was its primary origin, its first desti-

nation; and as Mr. Willis marks out Mr. Lockhart as the serpent whose head his heel has crushed, we are bound to ask who it is that Mr. Willis, following the original, wishes himself to be considered? The crusher of the serpent's head is — JESUS CHRIST. Will Mr. Willis say, when in his effete and blind rage against Lockhart he represented his reviewer as the Scriptural reptile, that he intended that he should himself be looked upon as———? No, no — the man *is* an ass, to be sure, but he is not *quite* so great a beast as the natural deduction from this idiotic passage would lead us to deem him, if we did not make a charitable allowance for the foolish frenzy of a wretched authorling howling under the lash.

The particular passage to which he refers in such triumphant anticipation of general sympathy, occurs in a dialogue which *he says* took place between him and Professor Wilson in Edinburgh. From our knowledge of the Professor, we are quite sure that this conversation is considerably misrepresented. It has not a single characteristic of the racy and enthusiastic eloquence with which that most eloquent of men graces every subject, great or small on which he touches; and which even his charitable desire of talking down to the level of the literary haberdasher, who had intruded himself upon him for the honorable purpose of making an "article" out of him for the *New York Mirror*, could not repress.

After telling us that Wilson had asked him to breakfast, that the breakfast was actually made, but that the Professor took no notice of the fact, greatly to the discomposure of Willis, who, mourning over the tea getting cold, paid little attention to the conversation, we are informed that he "spoke of the Noctes"— which, every thing being considered, is an admirable proof of the taste and delicacy of our author. On this Wilson

"Smiled, as you would suppose Christopher North would do, with the twinkle proper of genuine hilarity in his eye and said, 'Yes, they have been very popular. Many people in Scotland believe them to be transcripts of real scenes, and wonder how a professor of moral philosophy can descend to such carousings; and poor H—— comes in for his share of abuse — for they never doubt he was there, and said everything that is put down for him.'

"'How does the Shepherd take it?'

"'Very good-humoredly, with the exception of one or two occasions, when Cockney scribblers have visited him in their tours, and tried to flatter him by

convincing him he was treated disrespectfully. But five minutes' conversation and two words of banter restore his good humor; and he is convinced, as he ought to be, that he owes half his reputation to the 'Noctes.'

"'What do you think of his 'Life' of Sir Walter, which Lockhart has so butchered in *Fraser?*'

"'*Did* Lockhart write that?'

"'I was assured so in London.'

"'It was a barbarous and unjustifiable attack; and, oddly enough, I said so yesterday to Lockhart himself, who was here, and he differed from me entirely. Now you mention it, I think, from his manner he *must* have written it.'

"'Will H—— forgive him?'

"'Never! never! I do not think he knows yet who has done it, but I hear that he is dreadfully exasperated. Lockhart is quite wrong. To attack an old man, with gray hairs, like the Shepherd, and accuse him so flatly and unnecessarily of lie upon lie — oh, it was not right!'

"'Do you think H—— misrepresented facts wilfully?'

"'No, oh no! he is perfectly honest, no doubt, and quite revered Sir Walter. He has had an unlucky inaccuracy of mind, however; and his own vanity, which is something quite ridiculous, has given a coloring to his conversations with Scott, which put them in a very false light; and Sir Walter, who was the best-natured of men, may have said the things ascribed to him in a variety of moods, such as no one can understand who does not know what a bore H—— must sometimes have been at Abbotsford. Do you know Lockhart?'

"'No, I do not. He is almost the only literary man in London I have not met; and I must say, as the editor of the *Quarterly*, and the most unfair and unprincipled critic of the day, I have no wish to know him. I never heard him well spoken of. I probably have met a hundred of his acquaintances, but I have not yet seen one who pretended to be his friend.'

"'Yet there is a great deal of good in Lockhart. If he were sitting there, opposite to you, you would find him the mildest and most unpresuming of men, and so he appears in private life always.'

"'Not always. A celebrated foreigner, who had been very intimate with him, called one morning to deprecate his severity upon Baron D'Haussez's book in a forthcoming review. He did his errand in a friendly way, and, on taking his leave, Lockhart, with much ceremony, accompanied him down to his carriage. 'Pray, do n't give yourself the trouble to come down,' said the polite Frenchman. 'I make a point of doing it, sir,' said Lockhart, with a very offensive manner, 'for I understand from your friend's book that we are not considered a polite nation in France.' Nothing, certainly, could be more ill-bred and insulting.'

"'Still it is not in his nature. I do believe that it is merely an unhappy talent he has for sarcasm, with which his heart has nothing to do. When he sits down to review a book, he never thinks of the author or his feelings. He cuts it up with pleasure, because he does it with skill in the way of his

profession, as a surgeon dissects a dead body. He would be the first to show the man a real kindness if he stood before him. I have known Lockhart long. He was in Edinburgh a great while; and when he was writing *Valerius*, we were in the habit of walking out together every morning, and when we reached a quiet spot in the country, he read to me the chapters as he wrote them. He finished it in *three weeks*. I heard it all thus by piecemeal as it went on, and had much difficulty in persuading him that it was worth publishing. He wrote it very rapidly, and thought nothing of it. We used to sup together with Blackwood, and that was the real origin of the 'Noctes.'

"'At Ambrose's?'

"'At Ambrose's.'

"'But is there such a tavern, really?'

"'Oh, certainly. Any body will show it to you. It is a small house; kept in an out-of-the-way corner of the town,* by Ambrose, who is an excellent fellow in his way, and has had a great influx of custom in consequence of his celebrity in the 'Noctes.' We were there one night very late, and had all been remarkably gay and agreeable. 'What a pity,' said Lockhart, 'that some short-hand writer had not been here to take down the good things that have been said at this supper!' The next day he produced a paper called 'Noctes *Ambrosianæ*,' and that was the first.† I continued them afterward.'"

We here must protest at once that we do not believe that this conversation has been in any part fairly reported. We are perfectly ready to admit, that the hungry Yankee might have suffered the claims of his stomach on the tea-pot of the Professor so far to prevail as to forget, in the yearning after food physical, all recollection of the food intellectual flung before him by his enthusiastic host. What was Wilson — energetic, glowing, vivid — what was he, with his earnest manner and his words of fire, compared, in the mind of Willis, to the undevoured breakfast? This, said within his hollow self the unsatisfied haberdasher, may be all

* This is a strange statement for Wilson to have made, inasmuch as Ambrose's is in the very centre of Edinburgh, back of the Register House, and within two minutes' walk of Princes street, the most celebrated and fashionable thoroughfare of the New Town.—M.

† That was *not* the first. The lively papers called "Christopher in the Tent," (which appeared in *Blackwood* for August and September, 1819,) actually was the commencement of "The Noctes," and was a sort of joint-stock contribution from Wilson, Lockhart, Hogg, Maginn, Hamilton, and others. No. I. of "The Noctes" *proper* appeared in March, 1822, contained a colloquy between Christopher North and Morgan O'Doherty, and was actually written by Maginn.—M.

very fine; but the muffins are getting cold, the tea bitter, the toast is dry, the eggs harden, the mutton-chops chill—good God! when will the Professor have done? All this we doubt not; neither do we doubt that he has most accurately depicted the awkwardness of the Professor in pouring out the tea, and doing the honors of the breakfast table. Wilson was not reared to be a lady or a lady's maid. Sorry should we be that any such imputation was ever poured over his shoulders broad. But except in these minute facts, which, after all, affect not so much the Professor as his windy-gutted visitor, we take leave to say that we do not believe a single word of the Willisian report. We do not believe that Wilson would permit a fifty-fifth rate scribbler of gripe-visited sonnets to abuse a man who was knit to his very soul—a man with whom he had weathered many a storm—with whom he had been "fou' for nichts thegither"—and to whom he was in every way bound by the bonds of the strictest friendship. In the report which we have quoted, we find that the Professor is made to stand up for his friend, and no doubt he would do so if any antagonist worthy of his steel had approached him; but those who know him will not believe that he suffered himself to be bowled down in such a cause by such a beggarly skittler as Willis, as if he had been a penny ninepin at the tail of a three-halfpenny change-house.

Lockhart, we rather imagine, knows how to take care of himself, and we have already said enough about him; but there is one act of justice due to him from *us*. It is here flatly said, that he is the author of some strictures which appeared in this Magazine, on a little book written by James Hogg.* Of the character given to these strictures we say nothing. We felt at the time that Hogg had done what, to say the least of it, was an indiscreet thing, in publishing his anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott. A very different thing was looked for from the hand of the Shepherd, and

* *Fraser* for August, 1834, opened with a very severe critique, thirty-two pages long, of a Scottish reprint of "The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott, by James Hogg," originally published in America. The reviewer, whoever he may have been, evidently had more extensive and familiar personal knowledge of Scott than, with all his opportunities, the Ettrick Shepherd appeared to possess.—M.

we certainly did not mince the matter in giving our opinion on his work. Such, indeed, as Willis may perhaps have understood, is not our custom, either in afternoon or forenoon. But that there was any malice or ill nature towards the Shepherd, nobody better knew than Hogg himself. He was somewhat mortified at first, but not with our critique. He was annoyed at the publication in this country of what he intended merely for America, and also at its being discovered that in some points connected with the domestic history of Sir Walter Scott, with which he thought himself perfectly familiar, and on which he had made himself in his own circles a sort of oracle, he was wholly ignorant and mistaken. But he acknowledged the general justice of the remarks in the article; and, after a little pouting, he wrote for REGINA as before. *We* wish to offend Hogg! Heaven help the blockhead who imagined it! With such as he the soul of Wilson had no communion.

Since Hogg's death.* it has not been our lot seriously to mention his name. We wish that chance or design had introduced it to us in a more suitable moment than when we are occupied in dissecting drivel. But such as the opportunity is, we must not let it pass without saying, that abundant as our time has been in remarkable men, few, all things considered, have been more remarkable than James Hogg. The cheap prodigy of unlettered youth, advancing by its own exertions to the feats of reading and writing, or to astonishing by rhyme-manufacturing powers the village circle in which it is pent, we pass by — not exactly with contempt, but certainly without admiration. We own, with Cobbett, that we think, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a good ploughman, or a decent shoemaker, or a passable milkwoman, is spoiled to make a puling porer upon books, the true spirit of which, if it be indeed heaven-descended, they can never appreciate. We care little or nothing for poor Stephen Duck, or Robert Bloomfield, or Mary Yearsley, or so forth. It was wrong to take these people from their spade, or cutting-knife, or pail. But when, as in the case of Burns, a genius turns up; or, as in the case of Hogg, one who, if not worthy of the first place in poetry, draws closely near it, then, indeed, we think the difficulties through which they have struggled justly form a portion of the panegyric

* On the 21st of November, 1835, in his sixty-fourth year.—M.

to which they are entitled. The life of Hogg has been so often detailed, that it is unnecessary to repeat it here. It was one of the pardonable vanities of the Shepherd's character, that he was fond of writing about himself.* He felt what he had done, and its own great importance in that microcosm, which went by the title of James Hogg; and no one was ever seriously angry at his giving his own sense of that importance ample vent. Equally needless would it be to point out to admiration what the Shepherd has written worthy of applause—to speak of the fairy graces and the splendid imaginings of his *Queen's Wake*—the true-heartedness of his ballads and songs, whether amatory, or national, or political—the soft and gentle tenderness of his occasional verses, such as the Dedication to Lady Anne Scott—the sometimes coarse, but always hearty, fun of his sketches of such characters as he had the opportunity of delineating from life. Of all these literary matters we could speak for ever, but is needless. We must speak, however, from long personal knowledge, of the kind-hearted nature of Hogg—of his blithe conviviality—his good-humored wit—his unceasing charity of soul—his honest, unpurchased, and, we are sorry to add, unrequited Toryism—his stubborn independence, and his unyielding honesty. Light lie the turf upon his bosom! A longer and deeper panegyric should we pay to the memory of thee, James Hogg, but that a tribute to it has been paid by a hand with which not only we, but no man living, must compete. Who dare speak after Wordsworth?

> "No more of old romantic sorrows,
> For slaughtered youth and love-lorn maid—
> With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
> And Ettrick mourns with her their Shepherd dead!"

After this it is a pitiable thing to go back to Willis—but our irksome task must be done. Here, then, *we* are called upon for a fact or two. Lockhart never wrote a single line of the article which is in this sham-conversation attributed to him so unceremoniously, on the authority of Professor Wilson. The Professor we believe, Hogg we are certain knew, not only that Lockhart had nothing to do with the critique, but were perfectly well aware

* See, for example, his memoir, prefixed to his *Altrive Tales*.

who the writer was.* There never was any secret on the subject, except such as arose from its total insignificance to the public.

The intrusion upon Wilson made him, perhaps, somewhat diplomatic toward Willis; and we think that, goose as the latter is, he might have understood the intelligible hint, that conversation reporters were bores. On no other hypothesis can we explain the anger expressed against "attacking an old man with gray hairs, like the Shepherd," as if that had never been done elsewhere; or the mystified account of the origin and history of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. These *arcana* of Blackwood were not to be intrusted to the ear of a wandering note-taker; but when Willis volunteers the anecdote of the distinguished foreigner and Lockhart, as if from his own knowledge, he spoils a well-known story, the point of which lies exactly the opposite way. The distinguished foreigner was no less a person than Baron Capelle, not one of the seven wise men of Greece, but one of the seven foolish ministers of Charles X., who can hardly speak three words of English, and who has not established a carriage in England. There was nothing ill-bred or insulting in what occurred during his visit; the object of which we happen to know to have been, not to deprecate severe criticism on the deplorable rubbish of his quondam colleague, D'Haussez, but to secure, if possible, a favorable notice of something of his own — we forget what — which he was then on the eve of publishing. Capelle very willingly threw his brother-minister overboard; and the merit of the story, with which we shall not trouble our readers, consisted in his adroitly complimenting — or, at least, thinking he did so — the dreaded reviewer, by holding him up as a pattern of that politeness, the existence of which D'Haussez had denied in England, but which would, he was sure, be made manifest to all the world, by the friendly review in the *Quarterly* of the work which he, the aforesaid Baron Capelle, was launching. So far from being displeased with himself or his reception, the *ancien ministre* departed full of self-applause of his own cleverness, and lost no time in waddling off to spread the

*R. P. Gillies, whose own Recollections of Scott appeared in *Fraser* (1835–'6), was generally believed to have written the severe critique on Hogg's attempt at biography.—M.

tidings of his most gracious interview among all the coteries which he favors with his presence; and in some of which, no doubt, Willis picked it up, and, as usual, botched the story.

As to the *Quarterly*, in its present management, tending to keep alive the ill-feeling between England and America, *that* is simply untrue. In the management of Gifford, many severe articles against America appeared in the *Quarterly:* some just, some unjust, some witty, some dull. When the part which the American government took against us in the great contest in which we were engaged against Napoleon—a part of which all honorable Americans are now ashamed—this was not to be wondered at; but since the Review has passed into the hands that at present conduct it, there has been no trace whatever of a hostile feeling toward America: but, on the contrary, many opportunities have been taken of endeavoring to blot out a recollection of former asperities. Mr. Lockhart has been scarcely *ten* years editor of the *Quarterly*, and Willis, in accusing him of having for *twenty* years directed his rancor against the Americans, speaks in every point of view the thing that is not. Twenty years ago he had scarcely emerged from college, and for the last ten years he has been doing precisely the reverse of what is stated in the slimy preface of the haberdashering *attaché*.

Much of the offensive matter which appeared in these *Pencillings*, as originally published in the *New York Mirror*, is struck out in the London edition; such as the sneers against Bulwer, Fonblanque, Marryat, &c. Bulwer was especially insulted in the original. The passages relating to Lady Blessington are considerably softened: it is quite plain that she was quizzing the unfortunate man from the beginning. Does Willis know the nickname her ladyship gave him? He tells us, that Count D'Orsay was much enraptured with the national air of "Yankee Doodle"—a very probable story. We do not wish exactly to relate her ladyship's joke, but it has a marked reference to that illustrious composition. His disgusting repetition of Moore's conversation about O'Connell has been already sufficiently noticed. Poor Moore was obliged to cry *peccavi* before the man whom he had, while relying on the sacredness of private conversation, described as a beggarman and coward. Mr. Willis ought to be cautious in de-

nouncing people to a tyranny, of which the flag is a death's-head and cross-bones.

But he is forgotten already; and as he has done the good work of making people in decent society shy of admitting "talented" young Americans among them, at least for some time, he has conferred on us such a compliment that we can not part with him in anger. Thanks to him, we shall not be again speedily pestered with fresh *Pencillings by the Way!*

Since the above was written, we have seen a review of this twaddling book in the *Edinburgh*, which agrees in most particulars with our own opinions. We have a remark, however, to make on its concluding passage:

"One of Mr. Willis's excuses for the appearance of these personalities on this side of the Atlantic is, that against his will they are dragged into notice by insertion in the pages of an English review. It may also be pleaded in palliation of his fault, that, with the exception of his remarks upon Mr. Lockhart, with whom he is indignant for imputed injustice, he seems to have erred without malice, and to have had no deliberate intention of wounding the feelings of any individual. He has sinned most (but, we think, not maliciously) against Mr. Moore and Professor Wilson. It was wrong to publish, unpermitted, the private table-talk of these gentlemen, however innocent might be the substance; doubly wrong to publish, as coming from their lips, comments upon the conduct and character of living persons — such as he ascribes to Mr. Moore upon Mr. O'Connell, and to Professor Wilson upon Mr. Lockhart. These are violations of confidence which we can not deprecate too strongly. We shall not make ourselves accessories to the offence by quoting any of these reported conversations. To 'provoke the caper which we seem to chide,' is not consistent with our plain notions of literary honesty; and we should regard it as a mean and miserable affectation to condemn such reprehensible and mischievous passages, if we were, at the same time, aggravating the mischief, and pandering to the appetites of a scandal-loving public, by giving them a more extended circulation."

It will not do to confound, as we find it done here, things so different as the reports of the conversations of Professor Wilson and Mr. Moore. The worst things put into the Professor's mouth against his friend are accusations of writing what, to oblige his foolish guest, he pretended to consider a severe article against Hogg, and a tendency to sarcastic reviewing. These reproaches (if he uttered them, which we doubt) he tempers, by saying that

the gentleman in question was one of the mildest and most unpretending of men, and the most ready to do a real kindness, even to those who might suffer from his critical severity. This is not much to complain of, after all; but when Moore is made to say, as we are confident he did, that the character of O'Connell was stained by grovelling cowardice, ruffian bullying, and sordid beggary, Mr. Willis was doing, not Mr. O'Connell, but Mr Moore, a severe injury. What was said among gentlemen, all friends of the poet, except the *penciller* himself, at the table of a lady where he had been long a distinguished ornament, was uttered in the full confidence that it was not to be carried to the ears of the demagogue of Derrynane. In the miserable position of the party to which Mr. Moore, most unhappily for himself, is linked, it is indispensably necessary that this man should be lauded and *incensed* by all who have the vitality of the Whig gang at heart; and we are sure, that while Mr. Moore was speaking contemptuously behind his back, he was adulating him to his face. He was exhibiting, in fact, in his individual person, the respectable conduct which at this moment characterizes Brookes's, as a body. O'Connell will never heartily forgive Moore; and, when, as will inevitably be the case, he lets loose the bloodhounds of Irish faction against the bard, it will be but a poor excuse for Willis to say that he had no evil intention in repeating his conversations, being actuated by no other motives than those of earning an additional dollar, and explaining to his tuft-hunting countrymen that he had dined with a Countess. The Edinburgh Reviewer well knows, that the harm which may result to Moore from being exposed to the rancor of the Tail and its wearer, is a far different thing from any injury that could possibly accrue from literary strictures, were they of tenfold the severity of those put into the mouth of Professor Wilson. We take leave to observe, that the closing sentence of the Review is sad twaddle. It is mere stuff to say that the *Edinburgh Review*, in its present somnolent state, can give "a more extended circulation," calculated to produce the slightest effect on the public mind, to "reprehensible and mischievous passages," which have been printed in every newspaper of the empire.

ANOTHER CAW FROM THE ROOKWOOD.*—TURPIN OUT AGAIN.

Ουκ ες κορακιας αποφθερει μον.—ARISTOPHANES, *Clouds*, 789.
Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."—*Æneid.*

FEW novels run to the third edition: *that* would seem to constitute, in the race of such like publications, a sort of *pons asinorum;* which, generally speaking, Bentley's stud of broken-winded donkeys passeth not. Puffing, they gasp out their last breath long ere they reach it; but a steed of the true mettle (like our immortal highwayman's Black Bess) gets over the echoing arch in a rattling canter. When this point is gained, an author may laugh at critics and reviewers; *they* may pursue him thus far, but no further;—*non datur ultrà.*

So striking a bibliographical truth need hardly be announced as a discovery of our own. There is a Scotch allegory by Robert Burns, in which the matter is delightfully adumbrated; and to us, whose eye can quickly detect the recondite wisdom of what to the vulgar seemeth trivial and homely, the interpretation of his parable reveals itself at once. Arrayed on each side of the road to literary eminence, that truly wonderful poet mystagogically represents the scribes of the periodical press:

"Five tomahawks, wi' blnid red rusted—
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted—

* Rookwood, a Romance. By William Harrison Ainsworth. Third Edition, complete in one volume, with Illustrations by George Cruikshank and a Portrait of the Author, engraved from a painting, by Daniel Maclise, Esq., A. R. A. London, Macrone.

A garter, which a babe had strangled —
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son of life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack in the heft."

But your real man of genius (whom Burns chooses to designate under the mystic name of Tam O'Shanter), undismayed by the ghastly spectres that beset his progress, runs the gauntlet unterrified, dashes on full of confidence and usquebah *(con spirito)*, until having cleared in gallant style the "keystane of the brig,"

"There at them HE his tail may toss—
A running stream they dare no' cross,"—K. τ. λ.

We were among the first to predict the rapid and successful career of Mr. Ainsworth as a novelist; when Turpin first did ride abroad, we were there to see, to admire, and to applaud: at this stage of his popularity, now that he has kicked up such a cloud of Olympic dust, and gained such *κυδος* from all voices, our encouraging cheer is drowned in the general shout of acclamation. Yet needs must we confess, that our REGINA takes still a *quasi*-material interest in this young author; and we should probably dwell here on the precise nature of her feelings, had not Homer done the very thing for us, in depicturing the heart of Andromache as swelling with joy at the anticipated triumphs of Astyanax: with this difference, however, that, according to history, *they* were never realized—

"Hers was a fiction, but this is reality."

We recur therefore with manifest complacency, to our original opinions in this gentleman's favor. We knew well what we spoke of; and it has given us much more gratification than surprise thus to find the public ratifying our verdict and verifying our vaticination by demanding, in a voice of thunder, a third edition of his romance. Perhaps we would be more correct in our phraseology by calling it a *fourth*, for it is right to acquaint our author's admirers in Great Britain, that in the United States he is a decided favorite—a stray copy of *Rookwood* lying, at this moment, on our table, *ex prælo Yankeyano*, printed by Carey and Lee of Philadelphia. Some weak-minded creatures have questioned the possibility of Turpin's grand equestrian achievement

at the conclusion of the story; they have industriously computed the *milliaria* between the modern metropolis and the ancient *Eboracum*, showing, in this case, by their low attempts at land-measurement, the truth of Burke's remark: "the age of chivalry is gone; and that of calculators has succeeded!" What will such nincompoops say to an extension of his "RIDE" to "*New* YORK,"

"Per siculas equitavit undas?"—Lib. iv. od. 4.

It is by such *facts* that calumny is struck dumb. When Scipio Africanus was accused of a miscalculation in the public accounts, by some peddling Joe Hume of that remote day, how did he act? Did he exhibit his balance-sheet? Not he! He talked of the anniversary of some glorious triumph over the water, and by that gentlemanly and dignified reference he got rid of what Theodore Hook would call a troublesome complaint in the chest.

For our part, we expect to hear of new editions in the eastern as well as the western hemisphere: we anticipate Tartar translations and Arab commentaries. We see no reason why this romance should not be read as eagerly on the plains of Mesopotamia as on the banks of the Potomac. The Cossacks on the river Don have, no doubt, already sent their orders to No. 3 St. James's Square. Fortunate author!

"Tu lœtum equino sanguine Concanum
Vises et pharetratos Gelonos
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem!"—Lib. iii. od. 4.

It was imperfectly said by (leaden) penciller Willis, of Captain Marryat's nautical novels, that they could scarcely be entitled to rank as works of literature, "being read chiefly about Wapping." We need not dwell on the recent results of that choice bit of criticism, the readers of the *Times* newspaper having been treated to a belligerent correspondence thereanent; from which all rational folks have concluded, that, though the New Yorkian had plenty of disposable lead in his pencil, paper pellets sufficed for his pistol. We are happy to record a better proof of the taste and judgment of the Americans (in their predilection for *Rookwood*) than is afforded by the melancholy specimen of an *homme*

de lettres whom they have sent us in Willis. Quinctilian has laid it down, as a sure indication of proficiency in mental cultivation, a rattling regard for Cicero: "*Ille se profecisse sciat cui Cicero valde placebit.*" An unbounded admiration of the chronicles of Turpin, we tell brother Jonathan, ought to suffice in his case; and our respect for his intellectual attainments will be inseparable from and commensurate with his due appreciation of "*Rookwood, a Romance.*"

We are fully prepared to hear ill-natured individuals volunteering an explanation of this decided partiality shown to Mr. Ainsworth's narrative on the other side of the Atlantic, and attempting to account for its popularity among the original settlers. Any one initiated into the secrets of the book-trade must be aware, that copies of the *Newgate Calendar* are in constant and steady request throughout President Jackson's dominions; most families being anxious to possess that work from motives connected with heraldry and genealogical science. It is the same pardonable weakness that secures among *us* the sale of Mr. Burke's *Peerage* and *Commoners*. We all wish, naturally enough, to see the names of our relatives in print, and be acquainted with our remote kinsmen in the various ramifications of consanguinity. The connexions of Turpin may have been many; his history would naturally be expected, by our transatlantic countrymen, to throw some light on the motives which led a number of his contemporaries to depart for the land of the brave and the free.* Hence, the ill-natured persons of whom we speak have ascribed to similar causes the furious demand for copies of *Rookwood*, in the back settlements, on the ridge of the Alleghanies, down the Missouri, up the O. I. O., and on the banks of the I. O. U.; a river which, if it be not in the map of the States, among the other *καγα ρεεθρα* of Yankeedom, is well known to be the real Pactolus of the colony. Their Lycurgus is one "Lynch."

There were many brave fellows in Greece long before the birth of Agamemnon, but, owing to the art of writing not having been yet invented, they all died intestate, if not unsung. There were, doubtless, also, from time immemorial, many capital highwaymen

* *Constable's Miscellany* was, for a time, in brisk request, from a mistaken notion as to the nature of its contents.

in and about the Peloponnesus; but, as Tom Moore, in his comic song on "Wellington's name," says of the Irish rogues and rapparees,*

"Undistinguished they fell in the bye-paths of fame."

This state of things continued till the arrival from Egypt of Hermes Trismegistus, a nephew of Mount Atlas, according to Horace, who describes him as

"Callidum quidquid placuit jocoso
Condere furto."

Since then we have pretty accurate accounts of thieves and banditti in Magna Græcia, from Busiris and Procustes, down to Cardinal Ruffo and Fra Diavolo. But the personage known under the name of Hermes to the Greeks (to the Latins, as Mercury) is decidedly the most wonderful character of all antiquity. That the first inventor of written characters should also be the original patron of robbery would seem inexplicable, were we not aware that the Hebrew shepherd, Moses, was unquestionably the prototype of all that has been recorded of Hermes (including that very remarkable implement the symbolic caduceus), and that to the Egyptians the abstraction of their sacred vessels was a sore subject of reminiscence. The Latins, oddly enough, were in the habit of connecting literary allusions with the practice of thievery; thus, *homo trium litterarum, i. e.* FUR; *litteram longam facere, i. e.* to form an I, or to "dance," as our author has it, "to the tune of a hearty *choke* with *caper*-sauce." The same association of ideas probably suggested to Dr. Johnson the remark, that he who could make a pun would pick a pocket. All these matters could be enlarged upon, were we in a discursive humor; but we merely meant to state, that no class of persons appear to be such favorite subjects for historical or poetical narrative as corsairs and robbers, in their vast variety of impersonation. Schiller and Byron have, in truth, much to answer for, notwithstanding the latter poet's so-

* The best etymology yet offered for this word is that supplied by our author, in one of those songs that have made the first edition go off so triumphantly:

"'Kase they left not a *rap* in the country,
'T was thence they were called rapparees."

phistry concerning the effects of the *Beggar's Opera*;* Scott's *Rob Roy* and *Robin Hood* are of evil example; Moore's *Captain Rock* will, we fear, outlast his *History of Ireland; Paul Clifford* and *Eugene Aram* will be, unfortunately for the public morals, more durably popular than a hundred *Last Days* and *Last Tribunes;* and it will greatly surprise us if Mr. Ainsworth's forthcoming book, on the Admirable Crichton, shall cause the tale of Turpin to be forgotten.

This republication of *Rookwood* comes recommended by the addition of many novel and interesting features, calculated to heighten and enhance its previous attractions. Among them, we suppose it were needless to invite attention to the features of the handsome author himself, delineated by the magic pencil of Maclise and engraved by the potent *burin* of Edwards. That face (with figure to correspond) sold five hundred extra copies of our Mag. two years ago. The illustrations by George Cruikshank are worthy of his well-earned celebrity. Far be it from us to institute an invidious comparison between him and our own Croquis; the world is wide enough, and can accommodate Uncle Toby without any necessity for excluding the blue-bottle fly (*vide* Sterne, *in loco*). George is in the full zenith of his ascendant star, while the fame of our Alfred is silently growing to certain maturity.

> Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
> Fama Maclisi — micat inter omnes
> *Georgium* Sidus.

Were we not equally anxious to avoid the imputation of indulging in what is called the "puff collateral," we would advert to certain other *illustrations and vignettes*, with which the aforesaid Alfred has just now enriched a work in which we feel an uncommon interest; but haply we have acquired a habit of self-restraint and self-denial, so we resist our inclination, and turn aside from the tempting topic.

> "Be those bright gems unseen, unknown —
> They must, or we shall rue it:

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* "Aye — but Macheath's example? Psha! no more!
It formed no thieves — the thief was formed before."
Byron, *Hints from Horace.*

We have a volume of our own—
Ah! why should we review it?—
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
And dunces' books provoke us,
Let earth have something yet to show—
PROUT, *with Vignettes by* CROQUIS."

When first the romance of *Rookwood* burst on an admiring world, and claimed for its author a place in the foremost rank of contemporary novel-writers, the lyrical poetry with which the work abounded challenged for him a name among the most distinguished modern votaries of the muse. The *songs* formed a leading and substantive merit of the book, and were found to be so successful, that Mr. Ainsworth, awaking one day, recognised in himself a poet. He has shown a due appreciation of the public's approval. More than a dozen additional ballads and odes adorn the pages of this new edition; and we must say that they decidedly are of the right sort, full of glowing enthusiasm, and redolent of inspiration. We know not whether he has yet determined what school of poetry he intends to patronize—whether the *lake* or *leg of mutton school;* should he consult US, *we* think that he has a decided vocation for the "*sepulchral:*" his immortal ballad of "the Sexton," which still haunts our imagination, revealed in him the existence of a power akin to that of Ezekiel, and was in sooth, as glorious a vision of dry bones as we can recollect just now. Southey has chosen a domicile on the margin of his favorite lakes, to enact the *genius loci;* it is not without reason that Ainsworth has latterly selected a rural residence close by the grand necropolis on the Harrow Road: if "the cemetery company's directors" have any brains, they will vote him 500*l.* a-year, and create him laureate of the grave-yard, with the grass of the enclosed grounds in fee-simple to his Pegasus for ever.

* * * * * *

And so we bid thee good night, Dick Turpin. Keep thy powder dry, my lad; let all thy movements be regular: but let not thy intellect get rusty by too much rustication. The world is impatiently awaiting thy next appearance in the character of "the Admirable Crichton." From what we know of thy handicraft we anticipate a tale as skilfully put together and as well wound up "As the best time-piece made by HARRISON." (*Juan*, i. 17.)

SABBATH JOY.

Hurrah! hurrah! the earth and sky
Interchange their glances free,
And every sweet face that passes by
Looks bright with Liberty!
The generous front and elastic air
Of hearty, hopeful man,
Are glad as though life, never stirred with care,
To the eternal ocean ran.

"This, this is the day the Lord hath made,
Be glad, and rejoice therein!"
Let no care perplex, no doubt degrade,
The soul now bright within!
What slave shall dare to cross the path
Of our joyous or pensive way?
Let him dread the flash of a freeman's wrath,
For this is the freeman's day!

Look up lone mourner, thy youth hath fled,
Thy vigorous manhood's gone —
The hopes of thy life lie cold and dead,
And thy heart is left alone!
Look up, one free-breathing day is thine,
One snatched from the sorrowing seven;
Then open thy soul to the ray divine,
For the light is a "light from heaven!"

'T is a light to gladden both young and old
Whose foot-way the hell-hounds track,
With a thirst to be quenched by naught but gold,
And a hate that will never slack.
Blessed, oh, blest be the Sabbath morn,
When the devils must hide their claws,
When a respite is found by the heart forlorn,
And misery knows a pause.

THE STATESMAN.*

This book is unquestionably the production of a very clever man. Its author is well acquainted with the ways of office. He is thoroughly conversant with the circumstances under which public business is carried on; and he knows from experience what qualities are most essential to form an efficient public servant. But the work is altogether unworthy the author of *Philip van Artevelde*. It assumes, indeed, a high philosophic character, and pretends to open up a yet unbroken track of political science. It arrogates to itself the dignity of being a treatise, which might be dove-tailed with advantage, as a supplemental chapter, into all subsequent editions of the political speculations of Spinosa, or Bacon, or Machiavelli. "While," says Mr. Taylor, "the structure of communities, and the nature of political powers and institutions, have been extensively investigated, the art of *exercising* political functions, which might seem to be no unimportant point of political science, has occupied hardly any place in the speculations of its professors." To occupy this virgin ground, the poet has descended from the moral and intellectual eminence to which his dramatic work had raised him. We are sorry for it. The task was quite unworthy Mr. Taylor and his reputation. He has denominated his book *The Statesman;* and writing, as he does, "from practical observation," we are willing to take for granted that the title is well applied. In our opinion the work, which consists of little more than an exposition of such low principles of cunning as are at present acted upon in the neighborhood of Downing Street, might have been better named. It should have been called "*The Art of Official Humbug systematically digested and familiarly explained.*"

* The Statesman. By the Author of "Philip van Artevelde."

Mr. Taylor has, from his position in the Colonial Office, been much conversant with public men during these last few years of Whig ascendency; and his views of statesmen, their objects, and their characters, have necessarily been formed from the examples before him. "A statesman," according to his estimation, appears to be an individual who is destitute of all principle, except the love of place and power; for whom no talent is requisite, except that of obtaining and keeping a seat in the cabinet; who, instead of private friends, has the skill to discover and connect himself with a set of suitable dependants and hangers-on, by whose means he may work out his inventions, and whom our author has designated "his instruments;" and who never for a moment yields to any generous or kind emotion, but is constantly directed in his conduct, even toward those with whom he is on the most familiar terms, by a cold, pitiful system of calculation, of which the sole object is to keep and to command the services of his adherents.* To create such a thwart, disnatured mass of egotism, is, thank God and the spirit which he inspired into man, a task that cannot be achieved without difficulty, or in a single day. That work of demoralization — that gradual erasure of the divine image from the heart — that extirpation of every social affection — the cultivation of that bloated, grasping, and unmixed selfishness, which are demanded, according to the author of *Philip van Artevelde*, for the construction of a perfect statesman — must be begun in the very earliest years of life, or there is no hope of their effectual accomplishment. The boy, as a boy, must be trained in the way he is to go. "At the age of *sixteen*, or thereabouts, the general education of the boy should be for the most part completed, and the specific should begin." Poor, devoted, little victim! At this early age he is to be cut off from all such books as might exalt the imagination, and refine the sentiments, and enlarge the capacities of the heart. Already he is to be disciplined to worldly views, and worldly thoughts, and worldly feelings. Every thing is to be presented to his mind in a matter-of-fact and business-like form. He is to read history; but all such "*summary* histories" as deal only in the great events and noble actions of past ages — a

* See chapter entitled, "On the Arts of Rising," pp. 93, 94, *et seq.*

class of reading which is pregnant of infinite profit, for it engenders and sustains the spirit of patriotism, the love of honor, and the thirst of lofty enterprise; and leads us to cherish the memory of our ancestors with reverence, by persuading us that there were indeed giants upon the earth in their days—all this delightful and invaluable description of books is to be excluded from the library of the tyro statesman. History is for him to be stripped of all philosophy and Romance. She is not to present herself before him in the attractive form and with the flowing drapery of the Muse she is, but with the bowed back and snuffy habiliments of some withered conservator of the public records. From his earliest years he is to be chained to the most flat and blank realities; and all his information respecting the glowing and animating transactions of past times, is to be received, dead and colorless, from the long, dull, and wearisome documents of the State Paper Office. These, however, are to form only his lighter studies. Law, political economy, and the "more prominent *defects* of a constitution," of which, in better days, all Englishmen, of all grades and ages, used to delight in contemplating and admiring the beauties, are to be adopted as that "wholesome exercise for the reasoning faculties" on which his graver moments are to be employed. As an amusement, the miserable little martyr is to be allowed to frequent debating societies; but only those from which "political topics are excluded." This is a prudential exception. The boy's soul is fattening for sale; and that it may be given over, without let or hinderance, to the free and unrestricted use of the party that can afford to pay best for such a commodity, care must be taken to prevent its birth and natural proprietor from compromising himself by any awkward intimation of his having a preference for one set of opinions rather than another, before the day of public bidding for his services in the political auction mart shall arrive. "If," says the cautious Mr. Taylor, "he were to take a part in political debates, he would be betrayed into a premature adoption and declaration of political sentiments; than which nothing will be more injurious to his character and *fortunes* in after-life." All moral and religious principle would appear to be superfluous in a statesman; and, consequently, our author's chapter "On the Education of Youth for a civil career" is closed without containing

the slightest notice on the subject. Indeed, as he has informed us in a subsequent chapter that a statesman may lie *ad libitum*—that he lives under "a well understood absolution from speaking the truth"—that the "conscience of a statesman should be rather a *strong* conscience than a tender conscience"—that "a statesman should have some hardihood, rather than a weak sensibility of conscience"—and that "conscience, in most men, is no more than an anticipation of the opinions of others"—he perhaps conceives that the gentle sympathies of Christian charity, and the holy fear of deviating from the narrow path of God's commandments, would be worse than unnecessary—that they would be absolutely detrimental to a minister.

As it is supposed that, by the time he has reached his five-and-twentieth year, the course of moral hardening and intellectual perversion may be well nigh complete, Mr. Taylor recommends that the student should at that age be appointed to some office. It seems that something of the nobleness of human nature may still remain, restive and unsubdued, and liable to break forth at some inconvenient moment, if this conclusive process be omitted. "Let no man suppose," says our author, "that he can come to be an adept in statesmanship, without having been at some period of his life a *thorough-going drudge*." About the same time of life, it is also advisable that the youth should be introduced into parliament: for it was a remark of the late Mr. Wilberforce, that "men seldom succeed in the House of Commons, who had not entered it before thirty years of age."

His seat being once obtained—having become, perhaps, member for Stroud—the statesman is now to begin looking about for "*instruments*" by whom he may execute his purposes when *place*, that great object of his ambition, shall be won. Every man who contemplates a public career, must be careful never to make a companion of any one who may not prove of service to him. He must not indulge himself in any unprofitable connexions, or gratuitous attachments. He must not permit himself to have any intimate, or acquaintance, but such as may either serve as a stepping-stone to office, or as an useful instrument when office is obtained. "In order to realize his knowledge of instruments," we are told, "a statesman would do well to keep lists, inventories, or descrip-

tive catalogues; one of men ascertained to have certain aptitudes for business, another of probable men." Mr. Taylor would recommend the statesman to choose honest men for his instruments, in preference to persons of loose principles. "It is less desirable," he says, "to be surrounded and served by men of shallow cleverness and slight character, than by men of even less talent, who are of sound and stable character." And he has justly added, that "where there is a high order of *virtue*, a certain portion of wisdom may be relied upon almost implicitly. For the correspondencies of wisdom and goodness are manifold: and that they will accompany each other is to be inferred, not only because men's *wisdom* makes them *good*, but also because their *goodness* makes them *wise*." In this respect we agree with our author to the fullest extent of his proposition. The best kind of wisdom is always found in connexion with the purest virtue. The fear of God is wisdom: and there is no question that a man can have to decide and act upon, to which some one of the laws of the decalogue will not apply, and in which that law will not be found the safest guide for him to follow. Most confident also are we that every minister should appoint none but the wise and good to official situations, because they invariably make the most efficient public servants—because they alone can be depended upon as invariably loyal to their king, and inflexibly devoted to the welfare of their country. But are these the grounds of preference suggested by Mr. Taylor? Quite the reverse. Such reasons are far too noble and disinterested to have an influence on the utter selfishness of the character of his "statesman;" and the motives by which he would induce him to look for "men of sound and stable character," in making his appointments, are all drawn from the muddiest and most offensive shallows of egotistical calculation. Such a distribution of his patronage is not to be adopted because it is demanded by the claims of religion and patriotism—because it is the way in which his God and his king and his country can best be served—because thereby virtue may be exalted and vice abashed. No! But why? Because, first, "a statesman will be brought into fewer difficulties and dilemmas by men of sound and stable character"—because, secondly, "he will be more readily excused for befriending them above their merits"—because, thirdly, "they will be

creditable to him in one way, if not in another"—and because, lastly, "their advancement, bringing less envy upon themselves, will reflect less odium upon their patron." It is painful to contemplate the possibility of any portion of political power falling into the hands of a human being base and mean enough to be operated upon by motives so superlatively narrow and contemptible.

Mr. Taylor has given directions with regard to the best mode of retaining the adherents which a statesman may have made. It appears that few promises ought to be made. A frank refusal may sometimes be hazarded. "Excess of profession evinces weakness, and therefore never conciliates political adhesion." A leader should appear to be "willing to befriend an adherent, but prepared to do without him; and this appearance," we are told, for reality is out of the question, "this *appearance* is best maintained by a *light cordiality* of demeanor towards him, and a more careful and effective attention to his interests than he has been led by that demeanor to anticipate." *Light cordiality* is an admirable expression. It exactly paints the manner which we have observed in all that numerous class of persons, whether swindlers, sharpers, blacklegs, or political adventurers, who speculate on turning the confidence they may be able to excite to profitable account, and for which we never could find before a brief, terse, and graphic description. Like the numerous impostors whom he resembles in manner, the statesman only allows one of his adherents occasionally to win, for the sake of assisting him in cajoling others; for, says our author, if you "give one example of expectation exceeded, of performance outrunning profession, hope and confidence will live upon little for the future." We have no doubt but there exists a multitude of persons with whom all this artifice and trickery may succeed. Men, who are blinded by their own lust of advancement, may become the easy and willing dupes of the statesman's *light cordiality;* but most assuredly the wise and good will never be among the number. Those, whom it is the object of all this *humbug* to attach, will never be taken in by it. To secure the wise and good as his adherents, the statesman must be himself possessed of wisdom and of goodness. The really virtuous are the last persons on whom false appearances ever make

the desired impression. Whenever the manner or language of the individual they have to do with is less true than their own, they feel an awkward embarrassment in his presence, and an unaccountable revulsion from his society, which convince them that they are not constituted to coalesce harmoniously, and that, if they would retain their feelings of charity towards him, they must have as little communication with him as possible. Mr. Taylor has, we are sure, read Coleridge a good deal, for he has borrowed from him very often; and he may, perhaps, remember,

> "That to be innocent is nature's wisdom.
> The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
> Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter;
> And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
> The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
> Oh, surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
> Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
> By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
> Reveals the approach of evil."*

In the chapter on "Manners," the author lays down the different methods of flattery and address by which different classes of men may be imposed upon, and which may be practised with best advantage by the statesman. But we cannot continue our contemplation of this disgusting subject. If the political world really affords instances of characters animated by such principles, and directed by such views, as those which Mr. Taylor has represented, the career of ambition must be far more demoralizing than we had hitherto even supposed it to be; and if such execrable tricks and impositions are necessary to rise and thrive, then no man who has a regard for his reputation in this world, and his salvation in the next, should dare venture to engage in it. Thank Heaven, this class of political intriguers and charlatans, though they follow each other in constant succession, do not individually trouble the world for any great length of time. Like other venomous insects, they are short-lived. They buzz and sting while they live; but they are ephemeral. "Few effective statesmen have lived their threescore years and ten." The death of which they seem to stand most in peril, is worthy the ignominious character of their lives:

* *Zapolya*, act iv. sc. 1.

"they generally die of over-eating themselves." Such, according to Mr. Taylor's observation and experience, is the life and death of the statesman. It must not be forgotten, that his acquaintance with ministers and cabinets has been entirely confined to these latter days of Whig ascendency. We most confidently believe that, in the old Tory times, all was not so thoroughly base, and hollow, and unprincipled, as these official personages appear to be with whom our author is now unhappily conversant; and we may hope that the return of the Conservatives to power will bring back the old English virtues of truth, and honesty, and sincerity, and put to flight the smooth, glossy, fair-seeming, and fair-speaking vices, that have usurped their place in the cabinet and the public offices.

Mr. Taylor states expressly that what he writes is from "*practical observation;*" and his excuse for writing the sort of book which has formed the subject of this article is, that, had he applied himself to any other kind of work, "he must necessarily have written more from speculative meditation, and less from knowledge." It has amused us a good deal, in the course of our perusal of his volume, to trace back his general theoretical observations on what the conduct of a statesman ought to be, to their source in those acts of particular members of the present cabinet which might have suggested them. Our author, for instance, must have had the union that subsists between Lord Melbourne and O'Connell in his eye when he wrote, "If it be indispensable to a statesman to accept services, which no very high-minded or creditable adherent could render, still he should be careful not to admit to personal intimacy those whom he thus employs."

Again, in writing the following passage on the inexpediency of granting many interviews, he must have been thinking of the embarrassment into which Mr. S. Rice had been betrayed by his incautious facility.

"On such occasions," says Mr. Taylor, "statements are made which must unavoidably, though perhaps insensibly, produce impressions, and to which, nevertheless, the party making them is not deliberately and responsibly committed. Further, no statesman, be he as discreet as he may, will escape having ascribed to him, as the result of interviews, promises and understandings which it was not his purpose to convey: and yet, in a short time,

he will be unable to recollect what was said with sufficient distinctness to enable him to give a confident contradiction."

Again, Mr. Taylor must have had his eye fixed on the trial of Norton *v.* Melbourne, when the lines below received their impress from his pen:

"A statesman, while unmarried, will be liable, in whatever conjuncture of affairs or exigency of business, to some *amorous seizure, some accident of misplaced or ill-timed love, by which his mind will be taken away from his duties.* Against these casualties, which may happen to a statesman howsoever devoted to political life, marriage will be the least imperfect protection; for business does but lay waste the approaches to the heart, while marriage garrisons the fortress."*

But we have given to this book as much space as it deserves, and must bring our observations to a close. For Mr. Taylor's reputation sake, we are heartily sorry that it has been published. The perusal of it can do no man any good; and the protracted labor of composing it could not have been undergone without pernicious influences to the moral sense of the author. Its style, though occasionally a little formal and antiquated, is for the most part admirable. For pages together, the language is so apt and transparent a vehicle of the workings of the author's mind, that we forget we are deriving the knowledge of them from a book: we seem to receive his thoughts by intuition, and lose all recollection of their being conveyed to us by any material method of communication. In this respect Mr. Taylor has really evinced himself the worthy disciple of his great and unrivalled master, Robert Southey. But here the resemblance stops. No trace, we regret to say, of the friendship with which that great and good man honors him, is discernible in the principles and sentiments contained in his work. It is all of the world worldly, from beginning to end. There are, indeed, some very sage maxims and shrewd remarks scattered over its pages; but they are all so chilled by the icy atmosphere of the public office, that it makes one's teeth chatter to read them.

* The title of the chapter in which this passage is found is thus quaintly worded: "*Concerning the Age at which a Statesman should Marry, and what manner of Woman he should take to Wife.*"

CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

"So Ecstacy,
Fantastic Dotage, Madness, Frenzy, Rapture
Of mere Imagination, differ partly
From Melancholy, which is briefly thus:
A mere commotion of the Mind — overcharged
With Fear and Sorrow, first began i' th' brain,
The seat of Reason; and from thence derived
As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affections."— Ford's *Lovers*.

Shakespeare has written plays, and these plays were acted; and they succeeded; and by their popularity the author achieved a competency, on which he was enabled to retire from the turmoils of a theatrical life to the enjoyment of a friendly society and his own thoughts. Yet am I well convinced, it is impossible that any one of Shakespeare's dramatic works — and especially of his tragedies, touching one of which I mean to speak — ever could be satisfactorily represented upon the stage. Laying aside all other reasons, it would be, in the first place, necessary to have a company such as was never yet assembled and no money could at any time have procured — a company, namely, in which every actor should be a man of mind and feeling: for in these dramas every part is a character, fashioned by the touch of Genius; and, therefore, every part is important. But of no play is this more strictly true than it is of that strange, and subtle, and weird work, *Hamlet*.

"The heartache,
And the thousand natural ills the flesh is heir to;"

human infirmities, human afflictions, and supernatural agency, are so blended — questions and considerations of Melancholy, of Pathology, Metaphysics, and Demonology, are so intertangled — the

powers of man's Will, which are well nigh almighty, and the dictates of inexorable Fate, are brought into such an appalling yet dim collision, that to wring a meaning from a work else inscrutable requires the exercise of every faculty, and renders it necessary that not an incident should escape the observation, that not a word should be passed over, without being scanned curiously.

Hamlet is, even more peculiarly than *Lear*, or *Macbeth*, or *Othello*, a play for the study. And not this alone; for it is, in good sooth, a work for the high student, who, through the earnestness of his Love, the intensity of his Thought, the pervadiug purity of his Reason, and the sweep and grasp of his Imagination, is, the while he reads, always thrilled by kindred inspirations — sometimes visited by dreams, and not left unblessed by visions. To speak in other words, *Hamlet* is essentially a work for the student of Genius. And Genius, I consider with Coleridge, to be the action of Imagination and Reason — the highest faculty of intellectual man, as contradistinguished from Understanding, that interprets for us the various phenomena of the world in which we live, giving to each its objectivity. But Coleridge does not go far enough in this his description of Genius. It is the action of Reason and Imagination, tempered, and regulated, and controlled, and affected by the Understanding: for the instinct of Reason is to contradict the understanding, and to strip what we call substances, and our sensations with respect to them, of their fantasies; and this action of Reason and Imagination obviously must become, with reference to the rest of mankind, madness — if it be not cognizant of conventional realisms — if it be not operated upon by worldly circumstances, which exercise an attractive power to prevent it from wandering from the sphere in which we move, or are, haply, "crawling 'twixt earth and heaven." This, I fancy, will reconcile all the notions that have been wisely uttered with respect to Genius — notions which are severally true — but none in themselves wholly true. Coleridge declares, "Genius must have Talent as its complement and implement, just as in like manner Imagination must have Fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can act through a corresponding energy of the lower."

Now Talent, he himself tells us, lies in the Understanding, and, therefore, may be inherited; by which he must mean, an apt or-

ganic conformation, and a happy mental disposition to a particular talent — such as that for painting or singing, or play-acting, or any fantastic mechanical art — may be inherited; of the which, the most extraordinary instances are recorded. But this is beside the subject. To proceed: if Talent, which lieth in the Understanding, be essential to Genius, it follows that Experience and Time, and the same use of the physical organs with respect to the external world, are necessary to Genius; and thus it is we can concur with Johnson in the opinion, not that Genius is "a knowledge of the use of instruments," but that this divine knowledge is one of its noblest attributes; and we can assent to the proposition that, "Genius is the philosophy of human life." So it is; but it is much more also. The very first step of real philosophy is the passing from without mere self — the annihilation, so to speak, of the self-selfish. And thus can I, without going beyond the limits of my description, assent to these downright practical views of it; and yet, at the same time, agree with Coleridge, that, "all Genius is metaphysical, because the *ultimate* end of Genius is ideal, however it may be actualized by incidental and accidental circumstances."

After this explanation, I may go on to repeat that *Hamlet* is essentially a work for the student of Genius, who, as a necessary consequence of his diviner intellect, is devoted to those sad and solemn themes of Research and Labor that encumber and enwrap our mortal existence; and whose mysteries (vain though it be!) he must, with a fond despair, to the last struggle to unveil. Such are the phenomena of our own being, our "fearful and wonderful" construction — Birth, Life, Death — the secrets of the Grave — the dread Hereafter, and the dreams that it may bring — the powers of our own Will — "are they not illimitable, and ought they not to be omnipotent?" our own minds and faculties viewed, dissected, pored over pathologically, considered in every state, from health to disease in its more dire form, God, Destiny, Free-will, Duty — the obstinate questionings of the spirit, touched the realism and the phantasmal forms of things — and all such other matters of fearful and forlorn speculation; and together with these, moreover, all arts and sciences that minister thereunto, that flatter us with the possibility of elevating ourselves above the conditions of

our humanity, and achieving a satisfactory solution of the doubts that torture us, and that, by sublimating our thoughts, by spiritualizing our minds, by accustoming them to wander free from all corporeal considerations and volitions, by drawing us so constantly into a world of shadows, do actually make us skeptical of every thing in this world wherein we have our being. These are the studies that make bloodless the face, and plough the deep wrinkles into the brow of youth; these are the studies that make sad the heart of man with the vanity of vast knowledge, with bootless aspirations, with fond longings; these are the studies

"That cloud the mind, that fire the brain,"

that are withering to mortals — *αἰνὰ βροτοῖς*.

Now this leads me to observe, that the student of Genius finds in Hamlet the man a kindred spirit — in Hamlet the play, a subject for study, analogous to those others whereof I have spoken, and with which he is familiar; and when, with reverential Love, which is the first faculty of men and angels (for the seraphim, angels of Love, are declared to be the highest in the Celestial Hierarchy — and here on Earth, be it remembered, that for the Love which beat in Mary Magdalen's bosom all her sins were forgiven her by the Saviour), and with earnest knowledge, *that* student has studied *that* Hamlet, he will yet find himself at the end, as after those other labors, afflicted with the sickness of Desire, ungratified — with the hollow-heartedness of Doubt — with the sensation of having been acted upon by an inscrutable power.

Consider *Hamlet* in whatsoever light you will, it stands quite alone — most peculiarly apart, from every other play of Shakespeare's. A vast deal has been written upon the subject, and by a great number of commentators — by men born in different countries — educated after different fashions — moving in different grades of society — bred to the pursuit of different professions, avocations, occupations, from necessity or choice — gifted with different intellectual powers — possessing learning of different species, and in degrees — and, finally, born in different ages of the world; yet it requires no very earnest examination and reflection to satisfy one's mind that, up to the present moment, little indeed has been written to the purpose. At first, this seemed strange. Con-

templating the labors of a miscellaneous multitude, I was surprised that the several deficiencies of the one individual had not been successively supplied by the others—that each had not, after his lights and information, been enabled to furnish some valuable contribution to the general stock, which, by the agency of some plastic hand, might have ere now been moulded into a mass, well proportioned, clearly developed, available and satisfactory to the ordinary student: and for this last work the inspiration of Genius would not have been required. But upon thinking more deeply, and in a wiser spirit, because with a more reverential consideration of the author, I became conscious that a true comment on *Hamlet* could no more be the product of labor by a number of minds, than could the astounding drama itself be born as it is, a harmonious and complete creation, otherwise than by the throes of one all-sufficing Intelligence. As a single soul inspired the work, so should a single soul be breathed through the comment; and it should be, moreover, of a kindred order. The partial labors of a number of commentators produce merely bundles of sentences—sand without lime—things incongruous and worthless, because they are interpenetrated by no binding and dominant spirit. When we perceive and acknowledge this, as we needs must, the marvel ceases: the failure of the multitude was inevitable. We might hope to see a second Shakespeare, if the world had ever produced a commentator worthy of *Hamlet*. The qualities and faculties such a man should possess would be, indeed, "rare in their separate excellence, wonderful in their combination." Such a man as Shakespeare imagined in him to whom his hero bequeathed the task of

> "Reporting him and his cause aright
> To the unsatisfied,"—

such a man as Horatio, the profound scholar and the perfect gentleman, might have done it; but where in the actual world, that holds nothing of unmixed purity, can be found a man possessing the heart so bold and gentle—the feelings so exquisitely refined—the deep knowledge of man, and of all human learning—the proud exemption from the weaknesses and passions of frail mortals, that should qualify him for such a task? Alas! nowhere. But although we may not hope to see such a paragon upon earth

yet is it a gracious and a pleasing labor to add to the heap of materials already piled for his use; and, therefore, even I, an humble worshipper of Shakespeare's genius, now venture to put forth some remarks upon this *Hamlet*, his most subtle and difficult work. They are feeble indications of ideas that have flashed across, or possessed my mind, the while I surrendered myself to the melancholy delight of poring over the play. All I can hope is, that peradventure they, in some sort, may possibly serve as hints of theories, capable of being wrought into things really and convincingly true and good, by men of learning and ability.

And now, without further preface, I address myself to my task.

I have said, that amongst Shakespeare's plays, *Hamlet* stands quite alone. True, there is a class to which it may be appropriately referred; but, even here, I conceive it essentially and esoterically preserves its separateness: in other words, it is of the same order, but not of the same essence, with its fellows. These are, *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Cymbeline*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*. Were I to venture upon designating them as a class, I would borrow an epithet from Wordsworth, without applying it precisely in the same manner, and style them "Dramas of the Imagination."

They are obviously distinct from all the other plays; they are of a higher and subtler quality, a more sublime and universal character, than the classical or the historical plays (I, of course, make no reference to the comedies); they are dramas that relate to *man*, and not to *men*—to the Lord of the Creation, considered abstractedly from all accessories and circumstances which would individualize him quite, give him not alone a personal but a local idiosyncracy—and not to the demigod or demon of one particular age, or climate, or country, or caste of human beings. They are psychological dramas; their theme is the Mind of Man, his Reason, Understanding, Will, Powers, Passions. The operation of certain circumstances of the external world upon these serve to actualize and display them, and so create the drama. To effect this metaphysical exhibition, the agency of some brief, dry, cold, and, in other hands, incapable story of human life, or fragment of a story—some

"Tale of Love and Sorrow,
Of faithful Love, enduring Truth,"

or the opposite or some quaint legend of supernatural agency, or snatch of an old ballad on one driven distraught by filial cruelty, is enough for Shakespeare. Little cares he for the intrinsic value or congruity of the scanty materials that he seizes: he has seen that they be sufficiently vague to leave him unembarrassed by details of the earth earthy, and is sure to make them potent for the one great object he has in view, and to which every thing else is but subsidiary. The probability of the story is to him a matter of no consideration; nay, he seems rather to delight in choosing subjects on which the improbable march of the physical events shall contrast strangely with the now exquisite, now appalling truth, of the mental developments. In other tragedies, in which he assumed the fetters of history, his fidelity to character and costume, in its wisest sense, of men who flourished, and the circumstances in which they lived, and moved, and had their being, is right marvellous. But in these dramas of the Imagination, the stories of the three — *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Cymbeline*, are impossible; the stories of the remaining three improbable, to an extent, which renders them all but impossible. And yet, why attempt to draw distinctions amongst things wherein there can be, in truth, no difference? — all are alike physically and morally impossible. This must be obvious to every body who may contemplate them, even invested as they are without all the witchery of divinest poesy, and rendered earnest, and awful, and soul-searching, by the interfusion of all of appropriate passion and power which the world we live in and the world of spirits could supply. It is rather difficult, then, to conceive that the fact escaped the observation of the Magician who picked up the dry, bare materials, to work his spell withal, or that he selected them such as they visibly, essentially, and unalterably were, without some special object. Ay, certainly it is difficult: but commentators delight in difficulties; and infinitely more, I do believe, in difficulties they create, than in those they overcome. The first flatter them with the show of originality; the second could only confer on them the notoriety of singularity. They have, accordingly, exhausted a vast deal of research in accusing, and now convicting, and again acquitting Shakespeare, of misstating things which he, in sooth, invented — of failing to work out a moral which he never meant to draw, or

intimate an intention to convey — of committing (to borrow the language of the old sentence-juggler, Johnson) "faults too evident for detection and too gross for aggravation," when these faults lay inherent in the story, and were in no sort to be avoided — of being guilty of inaccuracies, anachronisms, and blunders, which could not be, since all such are relative; and here they had nothing accurate, or fixed, or determined, to which they could refer. The very selection of the subject-matter of the Plots ought to have guarded the Poet against such criticisms: they are most disgustingly absurd — worse even than the comments on the *Institutes*, which Pantagruel characterized with a coarse but quaint felicity, that would make one stop the nostrils in deference to the learned giant's judgment could he do so the while he enjoyed a hearty laugh. In four of the tragedies, Shakespeare adopts antique and isolate fables, which bring him back to a period so remote that every thing is phantasmal — even time is a shadow. In another, he takes some snatches of a wild and barbaresque tale — that is *Othello;* and in *Romeo and Juliet*, he founds his exquisite drama of Love and Fate upon the catastrophe of an old and fond tradition. From the very circumstances, then, of his choice, I maintain that he set himself free from all the ordinary observances with respect to climate, country, manners, costume, and so forth — he passed into the land of Dream, far beyond all standards for such matters — he dealt with the heart and brain of man, with "the seat of our reason and the seat of our affections." The only practical commentators, then, upon these, the most august of his creations, should be the Metaphysician and the Pathologist.

Flinging aside for the present your carping critics, I would now proceed to call attention to consequences that must necessarily follow from the choice of the materials. First to the scholar's eye that penetrates the outward show of things, and can conceive and comprehend the one idea which forms the initiative of the method*

* The word Method (μέθοδος) being of Grecian origin, first formed and applied by that acute, ingenious, and accurate people, to the purposes of Scientific arrangement, it is in the Greek language that we must seek for its primary and fundamental signification. Now, in Greek, it literally means *a way* or *path of transit*. Hence, the first idea of Method is *a progressive transition* from one step, in any course, to another; and where the word Method

pursued with respect to them, there must be a genial similarity between these plays and the ancient Greek drama. In either case, the theme of the story is purely mythic — a homeless fable, or a legend haunting some spot like the spirit of its dream; the subject of the poet is the soul and passions of man, stripped of the idiosyncracy they might derive from the peculiar conformation of the mass of clay which was their instrument or their victim. Being both creations psychological, they treat of the mind, healthy and diseased — of the passions, urgent for good or evil — of the will, weakly, or potent to a miracle amongst the children of earth — of faculties, perverted, or devoted to the noblest uses. The Good and Evil which concurrently exist in every thing, like the *plus* and *minus* in a quadratic radical, are as calmly and as irrefragably displayed as they severally would be in an equation, after the manner in which you worked it. Impulses and motives are exhibited, as acting upon the mind according to their proper powers; and there, consequently, cannot be, in any case, what the commentators would regard as a moral. For, if we consider of it, how could there? It would go to prove there was no mixed nature, no freedom of Will: some beings should be all perfect; and Good in the world

> "Should hold its icy current and compulsive course,
> And keep due on."

There would then, too, be no Fate, no Fortune: yet we ourselves sometimes make, sometimes mar both, as they do us. They are, in sooth, with us, and in us, and of us. Yet we fall by them; not (to speak in the tone of forlorn merriment, which, peradventure, for the wise man best befits such subjects) by any suicidal operation or spontaneous combustion, but by the conflict with others, in which the weaker spirit must always be quelled, or by the crash

is applied with reference to many such transitions in continuity, it necessarily implies a Principle of Unity with Progression. But that which unites and makes many things *one* in the mind of man, must be an act of the mind itself — a manifestation of intellect, and not a spontaneous and uncertain production of circumstances. This act of the Mind, then — this leading thought — this "my note" of the harmony — this "subtile, cementing, subterraneous power (borrowing a phrase from the nomenclature of legislation), we may not inaptly call the Initiative of all Method.

of circumstances, which physical in their origin, and partly physical in their quality, do yet act like a moral earthquake, laying all things prone — the auspices and the intellect of an Alexander, and the congenital baseness of a Thersites. In every great character, in every great event, there is a tinge of Fatalism; and it is a dominant tinge, coloring all. This is most especially to be observed in the stories of Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, the Earth's true demigods — in the men whom Nature, in the labor of centuries, produced with its dearest throes, and could not suffer to expire without a convulsion. And as in every great character and in every great event, so is there in every great work, a tinge of Fatalism. The plays of Shakespeare, whereof I speak, are the greatest works the world has yet known.

We know the misty sketches of dreams upon which the Englishman has written: they might be, in the modern vulgar parlance, styled Gothic. The pirns whereon the Greeks wind their weird-story are classic, small in number, inflected after the fancy of the poet, but that only — the glorious imagination of Prometheus, the first champion and martyr of liberty — "the tale of Troy divine" — the fated House of the Labdacidæ; these are the themes of all the Greek Dramatists. I shall have little to do practically save with the first of them, in every sense — Æschylus.

We have a complete trilogy from Æschylus. Now, it is a fancy of mine, that Shakespeare's psychological dramas and the ancient Greek dramas do alike severally resolve themselves into *tableaux* — (I regret being obliged to use the spurious word, but I fear there is none in our native English adequate to convey the same meaning.) This *tableau*, whether partaking of the qualities of Painting or of severer Sculpture, is, to my mind, a sort of embodiment of the moral resolution of the Drama: it is "the be-all and the end-all," up from which and down to which every thing can be traced. It is the result of the dominant human passion, or mental aberration, or supernatural agency, actualized by circumstances. It is the expressed result in a particular case of the idea (using idea as the correlative of law, and, therefore, as a rule laid down) — of the idea upon which the drama was constructed, which creates its unity, and regulates its progression through the throng of circumstances up to its fulfilment. It is the practical subject-

matter of the play, as it would meet the outward eye. There is the murder, or the sacrifice, with its character, actors, and victims displayed: *that* existed in the physical world—it is a thing to be seen; the poet saw it with the visionary eye, the whilst, most probably in childhood, he heard the mythic legend of the primal gods, or of the doomed demigods of his race, or lay thrilled with a pleasurable awe as his nurse whispered him the witch-story of "Macbeth with the bloody hand;" or he read of Lear or Othello at his mother's knee; or, probably enough, a sculptured group may have furnished forth immediately the theme of an Æschylean Drama. The how, and why, and wherefore this so-depictured event came to pass, it is the province of the play to detail and explain. We have, as I observe, a complete trilogy from Æschylus; and thence I take my illustration. The Dramas, in their order, are the *Agamemnon*, the *Choëphoræ*, the *Eumenides*. The murder of the triumphant "King of Men" under his own roof-tree, the sacrifice of Clytemnestra, the purification of the Avenger from blood-guiltiness in its most appalling form, and the compact between the venerable Goddesses and the tutelar Divinities of Athens, are the themes of the trilogy; and each of these is embodied in its own *tableau*. At the close of the first (v. 245), by means of the *eccyclema*—ἐξώστρα, or ἐκκύκλημα—the interior of the fatal bathing apartment was displayed; and there lay Agamemnon a corpse, and over him stood Clytemnestra the Murderess, and her Paramour. In the *Choëphoræ*, Orestes is seen, in like manner, standing over the corpses of his mother and Ægisthus (v. 946). These are subjects purely for sculptured groups; as, indeed, were always the *tableaux* presented by means of the *eccyclema:* as, for example again, in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, wherein Creon appears with dead Eurydice in his arms; and the *Ajax*, wherein the body of the distracted hero, surrounded by slaughtered sheep, was exhibited. There were never more than three or four figures. But in the *Eumenides* we have an exception; there is a large group—too large for the *eccyclema* a hundred fold—and yet, properly, were it at all embodied by art, a sculptured group: Orestes, the blood-stained suppliant—the Goddess of Wisdom presiding—the Eternal Furies—and "the God of Life, and Poesy, and Light," as advocate for the Avenger. Into these *tableaux*

severally the plays of the trilogy (and into the last the three plays — but that is beside my purpose) resolve themselves. The psychological dramas of Shakespeare invariably include, at the last, a *tableau* "terminating all;" and to which, and from which, every thing can be traced. Fate, the Inexorable, has been satisfied: the theorem has been worked out for good or evil. The *tableau* is the expressed solution of the theorem, and the Drama is its proof. In *Hamlet*, "the quarry that cries on, havoc!"—in *Othello*, "the tragic loading of the bed"—in *Romeo and Juliet*, the bloody sepulchre gorged with the brave and beautiful, the young and lovely — in *Cymbeline*, the gentle reunion, after many and sore trials, of lovers and kinsfolk long parted — in *Lear*, the apparition of the father with his murdered darling — in *Macbeth*, the ghastly head, the grinning mockery of fiend-fostered Ambition — these, with their accessories, do severally form the *tableaux;* and they are to the Greek *tableaux* as pictures would be to sculptured groups: for there be not a few personages, all of which are essentially important to express the story of the event, but there be many, and of these the greater number are sketches. The Greek *tableaux* have all the stern, cold realism, of chiselled marble — the Shakespearean, much of the glow of painting, and something of the phantasmal character of its groups; both, however, we apprehend, must have been objects of great care and interest in the original representations. We know that this was the case on the Athenian stage; I believe it must have been so upon the early English, when "Masques and Triumphs" were held in high repute by the wise and great, as we have abundant reason to know they were in "Eliza's golden reign." Shakespeare's plays, too, are replete with *tableaux*, which might be made highly effective. Many of the very short dialogues, in scenes that shift presently, were obviously introduced only to explain — to serve as posies to *tableaux*. The reader of Shakespeare will understand this, the mere play-goer can know nothing about it; he rarely sees more than two thirds of the characters and of the scenes in a drama: in fact, he enjoys little more than the mouthing of certain extracts, selected by incompetent persons.

It is by embodying and expressing *tableaux* such as these, or the incarnation of a Feeling, or a Passion, or a legendary Spirit,

from its attributes, that the arts of Sculpture and Painting become united with Poesy. Unless they can effect this, and be capable, after the manner Dick Tinto wished — or, I should say, imagined — his sketch to be, they are nothing worth ; and those who made them, no better than fantastic stone-cutters, or painters and glaziers, misemploying their craft in making idle daubings upon canvass. It is, of all affectation of useless knowledge, the most paltry ; though, from its very paltriness, it be little, if at all mischievous, to prate about difficulties overcome, of handicraft achievements in these matters — "the delicate chiselling of the stone, the fine classic flow of the drapery, the exquisite coloring, the masterly handling, the grand drawing, the mighty genius displayed upon bits," together with the rest of the anthology of cant phrases in which your chimpanzee critic puffs out his article, with "an empty noddle and a brow severe." Pah! "it smells in the nostrils." Unless a picture or a piece of sculpture be capable and tell a story, and a heart-home story, it is but colored canvass or a chiselled stone.

Next, I would draw attention to the fact, that in dramas like unto these of which I have spoken, that are founded upon a *tableau*, there is (I care not how wild may be the story) a realism, which the physical nature of the *tableau*, whether expressed, or capable of being imbodied by any man at the instant, might seem to lend to them. Moreover, they are necessarily of a homogeneous character, and, therefore, are calculated to convey to the mind the impression of a perfect work, and to leave it quite satisfied with the conclusion, be it for the parties wherein the tale in its progress has interested you fortunate or miserable.

The mind of him who composed the work, and of him who reads it, must be alike impressed with a sense of fatalism ; which, though it be awful, is yet wholesome and pleasurable to the Imagination. In illustration of these doctrines I have been propounding, permit me to refer to single examples, taken from the numerous works of writers who each enjoy a mighty reputation, not alone in their own countries, but throughout Europe — I mean, Sir Walter Scott and Victor Hugo. The examples I take are not dramas in form — they are not divided into acts and scenes — but they are, nevertheless, in the essence, dramatic : they are what

dramas might be, if addressed to the mind of a man struck blind. The physical show of the several characters is described; the scenery is painted in "words that have hues"—words rich in the magic of associations and memories, instead of being shadowed forth by a cold art upon canvass; actions and events, in like manner, are described with a poet's illimitable powers, and so conjured up before the visionary eye, instead of being represented on a narrow stage by poor creatures with painted faces and fantastic garments. And this is the difference: in one case, the drama is addressed to the mind and to the outward eye; in the other, it is addressed to the mind alone.

The romances I speak of are the *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Notre Dame de Paris*. The first is, in my judgment, pre-eminently the most Shakespearean of Sir W. Scott's works. I do not think I can give it higher or more appropriate praise. And this, it will be remembered, was constructed upon a *tableau* of four figures—a *tableau* that might have been represented by the *eccyclema*. There is the Master of Ravenswood, the brave, the true, the noble-hearted, who loves with all the overweening, the desperate, world-defying fondness, of one who has chosen very waywardly, and taken for his mate a gentle creature merely, whom he may cherish, protect, and elevate—who loves with all the fervor of the intellectual man, whose Will is indomitable, whose spirit never knew the chilling touch of Fear. There is Lucy, who has felt the glory of that purest and most ennobling love, and returns it with the intensest worship of the heart. You dote upon her as you read her story, even as the Master might; for the whole business of her existence, apart from her persecutors, is grateful love! There is the representation of cold, blind, inapplicable Duty, in the person of the Presbyterian Minister; and in the Mother there is an imbodiment of that spirit of Evil so constantly to be encountered upon Earth, which cannot endure the pure unconventional happiness of others, and that is ever in its restless malignity, disposed to be miserable itself, that it may make others miserable.

Now, mark the effect produced upon this particular work of Scott's, by the origin and mode of its construction. Is it not, as a whole, the most harmonious in its parts, the most complete in its structure, of any one of the novels? It is a most deep tragedy.

You have, however, from the first, been prepared for a catastrophe of Death and Doom; and you rise from its perusal with satisfaction, with a calmed mind, because you feel that the worst is over, that the Master and his spirit's mate "sleep well"—"nothing can touch them further;" and you know that your soul has been chastened and purified by that heavenly sorrow in which there is no selfishness. Of all the other novels, I cannot remember one at the close of which you are under the influence of the same feelings. In many, abounding, too, with passages of the intensest interest—such as *Old Mortality*—you rise from the conclusion, which is slovenly, and abrupt, and unsatisfactory, like the breaking of a dream, with a sensation of unrest, if not of positive annoyance. Sir Walter Scott's mind was essentially illogical; he could not reason. His attempt to write Napoleon's history, and his miserable book on *Demonology and Witchcraft*, make this but too evident. He had a rich but discursive imagination. He saw every thing as he oftentimes might the beloved scenery of his native land, through a mist which at one time rendered the features indistinct, and at another lent them a faëry beauty. He was irregularly educated; he had little classical knowledge, and less of classic taste or feeling: indeed, he had little accurate knowledge upon any subject. He never read upon a system; his studies were never made to converge or concentrate upon one great object. He loved reading, not for the powers it confers upon man struggling to overtop the fellow-men of his generation in this world, but because it enabled him to conjure up a world of his own: he was the minion of Romance, the ranger of the mountain and the heather; and they had from his infancy for him the choicest impulses. He had a fine and happy sense of the beauties and the grandeur of external nature, a noble feeling of chivalry, and a power of pathos scarcely surpassed by that of Shakespeare or of Homer. But all this was in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;* and there never was any thing more since, in any one of his works, excepting only the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Scott had talent in the highest degree, but not much of absolute Genius; whereof, as Coleridge observes, it is a good gauge, or criterion, to observe whether it progresses and evolves, or merely spins upon itself.

The germ of every thing Scott has invented may be found in

the Ballads. The sketches of all the characters he has created may be seen there; and they are few: he proceeded in an inverted order from that of Shakespeare. The writer of *Othello* and *Hamlet* went from causes to results: he took Passions, Faculties, and Feelings, and from these he made his man and fashioned his life; he worked from the abstract, as the Creator of all might do; he possessed the almighty intelligence, and a portion of this, as he listed, the inspired into the mass of clay he took, or declared in his imagination. Scott, on the other hand, worked from the concrete; he went back from results to causes; he availed himself of an impersonation made from an actual man and circumstances of his life, with certain accessories furnished from the personalities, moral and physical, of other men and markworthy events of their story; and thence he came to shadow forth original and dominant Passions, Faculties, Feelings. It will be easily perceived, accordingly, why it was that Shakespeare excelled, even in reference to his own works, in the characters which he created purely; and that Scott was most successful in the characters he described. Let me be understood to mean by the characters described, the characters he has taken from history, dressed out in their attributes and memories, and made movers in a scene; or the characters he had himself received his instructions for (to borrow a lawyer's phrase), from personal observation in the circle of his acquaintance and in humbler life. These the romancer might easily form to the purposes of his story. But Shakespeare drew his *Othello* and *Hamlet* from no living model, from no traditional sketch; he wrought them forth from his own brain. It may be observed, too, that Scott's works are severally in the nature of collections of importraitures of passages in the external world, and in human life; they are not interpenetrated by one great principle which concentrates them upon an object, the which being once attained, the mind is satisfied with the whole. They are like an opera, in which there are many exquisite melodies and concerted pieces, but which has no pervading theme wherewith the senses and imagination should be always possessed, and on the successive development of which the interest should be continuously increasing (as in *Fidelio*), until it ends with communicating that excitement which, for the moment, has raised

you above the ordinary conditions of humanity; and on which, therefore, your memory loves to repose. Hence it is, I should presume, that all the attempts to dramatize Scott's novels have proved such lamentable failures. The only one which might have made a tragedy has, I believe, never been profaned by the scissors of the playwright. Yet I am not surprised at it: nobody but a man of high ability and delicate feeling could have done it; and with equal facility, and more honor, might such a person write a tragedy, which should be acknowledged all his own. The *Bride of Lammermoor* is, I do say, a grand fusion of a Shakespearean Tragedy. The dread spirit of the *tableau* on which it is founded is interfused throughout; the Fatalism, the Supernatural Agency, the Mental Aberration, which necessarily occur in all the psychological works of Shakespeare, are in it — the lore of the heart as to mankind in all stations of life — the sense and relish of fun, which is electrically potent upon the reader — the wild admixture of humor and the most afflicting tragedy, as at the grave of Ophelia, are all there! It is, if we will only consider it curiously, a marvellous work for Scott; and mind, it is the only one made upon a *tableau*.

The author of the second romance to which I would refer has, in a preface, well explained how and under what state of feeling and inspiration a drama, or romance, should be composed. The one which he so introduces has been put forth in the right spirit:

"Un roman selon lui naît, d'une façon en quelque sorte nécessaire, avec tous ses chapitres; un drame naît avec toutes ses scènes. Ne croyez pas qu'il y ait rien d'arbitraire dans le nombre de parties dont se compose ce tout, ce mystérieux microcosme que vous appelez drame, ou roman. La greffe et la soudure prennent mal sur des œuvres de cette nature, qui doivent jaillir d'un seul jet et rester telles quelles. Une fois la chose faite, ne vous ravisez pas, n'y retouchez plus. Une fois que le livre est publié — une fois que le sexe de l'œuvre, virile ou non, a été reconnu et proclamé — une fois que l'enfant a poussé son premier cri, il est né, la voila, il est ainsi fait, père ni mére n'y peuvent plus rien, il appartient à l'air et au soleil laissez le vivre ou mourir comme il est. Votre livre, est-il manqué? Tant pis. N'ajoutez pas de chapitres à un livre manqué. Il est incomplet. Il fallait le compléter en l'engrendant. Votre arbre est noué? Vous ne le redresserez pas. Votre roman est phthisique, votre roman n'est pas viable? Vous le nui rendrez pas le souffle qui lui manque. Votre drame est né boiteux? Croyez moi, ne lui mettez pas de jambes de bois."

These are Victor Hugo's opinions respecting the mode after which a romance should be sent forth, and he certainly has acted upon his own fair ideal with respect to *Notre Dame de Paris*. And it is, in the essence, as complete a dramatic work as any wrought forth by a Greek Tragedian. He says himself, he made it upon the word, 'ΑΝΑΓΚΗ — Fate. Of course, every great work of Fiction has been founded upon Fate: but he also made it upon another word, from whence it took its peculiar form and color; and that word, also inscribed upon the wall of the dark student's cell, is *Ἀναγκεία*, whose causality upon the lives and fortunes of all the leading characters is the minister of Fate. I say, leading characters, to distinguish them from characters which, in the *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Notre Dame de Paris*, are rather ancillary than belong to the dramatic working-out of the composition, and, in some sort, discharge the functions of the Chorus in a Greek Play. The leading characters are few, and upon all these the stern decrees of Fate are executed, through the agency and impulses of *Ἀναγκεία* — of Uncleanness, Lust, or, let us mitigate the expression, animal Passion. The Romance, too, is formed upon a *tableau;* and a most fearful one. The dark towers of the mystic cathedral frown upon the scene, which is inspired by its terrible spirit, inscrutable, but everywhere felt. Its own familiars, too, the familiars of that dread Gothic pile, are the prominent figures. It is prefigured and explained in the following passages. It is fulfilled at the last, when the poor little dancer of the *Parvis* is suspended from the gallows, with the executioner on her shoulders, and the devoted children of the cathedral — all three the victims of animal Passion — are contemplating the fearful group, "*ce groupe épouvantable de l'homme et de la jeune fille — de l'araignée et de la mouche.*"

"Dom Claude abîmé en lui-meme, ne l'écoutait plus. Charmolue, en suivant la direction de son regard, vit qu'il s'était fixé machinalement à la grande toile d'araignée qui tapissait la lucarne. En ce moment une mouche, étourdie que cherchait le soleil de Mars, vint se jeter é travers ce filet et s'y englua. A l'ébranlement de sa toile, l'énorme araignée fit un mouvement brusque hors de sa cellule centrale, puis d'un bond elle se précipita sur la mouche, qu'elle plia en deux avec ses antennes de devant, tandis que sa trompe hideuse lui fouillait la tête. Pauvre mouche! dit le procureur du

roi, en cour d'église; et il leva la main pour la sauver. L'archidiacre, comme réveillé en sursaut lui, retint le bras avec une violence convulsive.

" 'Maître Jacques,' s'écria-t-il, 'laissez faire la fatalité.'

" Le procureur se retourna effaré; il lui semblait qu'une pince de fer lui avait pris le bras. L'œil du prêtre était fixé, hagard, flamboyant, et restait attaché au petit groupe horrible de la mouche et de l'araignée.

" 'Oh! oui,' continua la prêtre, avec une voix qu'on eût dit venir de ses entrailles, 'voilà un symbole de tout. Elle vole: elle est joyeuse, elle vient de naître, elle cherche le printemps, le grand air, la liberté; oh, oui! mais qu'elle se heurte à la rosace fatale, l'araignée en sort, l'araignée hideuse. Pauvre danseuse! pauvre mouche prédestinée! Maître Jacques, laissez faire; c'est la fatalité! Hélas! Claude, tu es l'araignée! Tu es la mouche aussi! Tu volais à la science, à la lumière, au soleil, tu n'avais souci que d'arriver au grand air, au grand jour de la vérité eternelle; mais en te précipitant vers la lucarne éblouissante, qui donne sur l'autre monde, sur le monde de la clarte, de l'intelligence, et de la science, mouche aveugle! docteur insensé! tu n'avais pas vu cette subtile toile d'araignée tendue par le destin entre la lumière et toi! tu, t'y es jeté à corps perdu, misérable fou! et maintenant tu le débats, la tête brisée, et les ailes arrachées, entre les antennes de fer de la fatalité! Maître Jacques, maître Jacques, laissez faire d'araignée!' "

Victor Hugo has written several dramas, and other novels, but nothing like *Notre Dame de Paris;* which is decidedly a noble and an august composition. A romance of the middle ages—it is in force, power, variety—gracefulness in the multifarious outline—grotesqueness occasionally wild yet harmonious—beauty, quaint and delicate beauty, in the details—and magnificence and massiveness in the whole—like unto one of those grand cathedrals in which these ages expressed their intellect, imbodied their genius. Formed upon the principle *ἀναγκη*, the agent *ἀναγκεία*, and the *tableau* into which they resolve themselves to conclude the tale, nothing can be more perfect, and, consequently, more simple, than the structure of the plot. Fancy and Imagination, and the powers of gorgeous illustrations, which in his other works run wild, are herein controlled to their appropriate purposes, and rendered most efficient. All his knowledge, all his personal experience, all his learning, have been heaped upon the *tableau* of this romance; and, strictly guided by the Principle and the Agent I have mentioned, they have in no sort encumbered it. But it is the one and only work of the man's life: his whole soul is there. Were we to estimate his capabilities by the gauge of any other of his com-

positions, we should say that for him, and for a man of his time of life moreover, the work was miraculous. He is yet young. In the filling up of *Notre Dame de Paris* the faults are glaring, the plagiaries innumerous, and annoying because useless, the author being always best when he depends upon himself; yet the unity of the design, and the circumstance of his quaint knowledge—architectural, and antiquarian, and historical—his magic powers of expression, and his powers of delineating, in the spirit of a metaphysician and pathologist, the workings of the inward Mind, as well as marshalling before the eye the features of external Nature, being all rendered ancillary to that design, even the characters he takes (which are in no sort original) compel you to forget every thing respecting the materials and the mere process of construction, and to regard only the whole structure and its result, as you must do, with unmixed admiration. The simple earnestness of the Design, the soul of his *tableau*, reconciles to probability, under the aspect and by the medium through which you are compelled to view them, the traditional exaggeration of Romance—the magician, the monster, and the angel in woman's flesh. There be, moreover, in the formation of Claude Frollo, Quasimodo, and La Esmeralda, recollections of Faust, Manfred, Lewis's monk, De Bois Guilbert; of all the man-monsters of Hugo's own menagerie; of La Preciosa, Rebecca, and a host of other lovely and most exquisite damsels of despised castes—Jews, gipsies, and the like—at whose birth, there was a social miracle—Art, and Circumstance, and Education, having been dispensed with in the creation of a Charmer. All was left to Nature—

> "And Nature said, now will I make
> A ladye of my own."

But Notre Dame has made them, one and all her own. The archdeacon—the gentleman, the scholar, the noble specimen in every respect, mental and physical, of the "paragon of animals"—the beloved child, into whom the mystic soul of the dread edifice of gramarye has been inspired—and the brutal bell-ringer—the Foundling—the creature whose very humanity is doubtful from his savage appearance, and whose intellect is smothered from the lack of conduits, whose community is only with the rude

and grotesque materials of the structure, apart as they (Claude and Quasimodo) would seem, are yet together as familiars of the cathedral. They are like the *plus* and *minus* in a quadratic radical. The ἀναγκη of *Notre Dame de Paris* is over both, as it is over the poor little flutterer of the *Parvis :* the instant ἀναγνεία is instilled into the soul and senses of the three, it impels them to their fate: they severally become each the other's destiny, and the dramatic Romance gushes forth to its fulfilment in the *tableau,* over which Fate hovers satisfied. You feel that nothing touching the victims has been overstrained—that all has terminated as it necessarily should.

I shall make no apology for instituting a comparison between the Greek dramatic works and things so different in outward form and show, because upon reflection it must be evident, that true likeness depends upon the intrinsic qualities, and not upon the apparent qualities, of such matters. I have not hesitated, then, to predicate, that there is an analogy between the two Romances and the Greek Drama, and an essential resemblance between the Greek Drama and the psychological plays of Shakespeare. The form of the structure was departed from, and, doubtless, with advantage, considering the different circumstances and climate under which the scenic representation was to take place. But, to speak figuratively, the spirit of the old Greek drama, when its august fane was in all its exquisite and harmonized proportions laid prostrate, came to furnish forth the living soul of a Gothic temple, which, though irregular on occasions even to grotesqueness, is nevertheless grand and enduring—better suited to the climate in which it has been reared, and the genius of the people who are to be its worshippers. Here Shakespeare was the Hierophant, and in himself he united the several excellences of the ancient Masters—the lyric flow of Euripides, the wise tenderness of Sophocles, together with all the vigor of Æschylus, and his power of dealing with the dim supernatural—of intimating it darkly, and yet weaving it as the fatal thread into the woof of his story.

Now, if we were to inquire why it was, and how it was, that this intrinsic similarity was brought about, I think it would appear to have resulted from the circumstance of Madness and Supernatural Agency—family legends and popular superstitions—toge-

ther with Fatalism, of course, being the dominant intrinsic qualities, and being used as the most potent materials in the construction of the Shakespearean as well as the ancient Greek Dramas.

It has been long since, and very frequently, observed, that Madness, especially in the milder and less declared forms (such as *mania mitis monomania*, and every thing coming under the head Melancholy), has been prevalent in England. Humorists have always abounded in every walk of society, even in the persons of those whose sanity was allowed. Pinel, the greatest writer upon Insanity of the present day, remarks the melancholy richness of the English tongue in epithets to describe and characterize every form and variety of Madness. And certainly we bear, with good humor, allusion to the prevalence of mental disorder amongst us. Nobody, however patriotic, is offended when the Grave-digger tells the Prince of Denmark that young Hamlet, being mad, was sent into England, or at the reasons he assigns for it.

"*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1*st Clown.* Why, because he was mad. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1*st Clown.* 'T will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he."

It has at all times, moreover, been the fashion to introduce mad people in our Dramas. It was done freely enough in the ancient drama, sometimes with great effect, by learned men; and the practice has been continued to the present time, though not with the same good results. It is a dangerous matter for mere playwrights to handle: the only genuine mania you can perceive is in the overweening presumption of the writer; there is none in his character. Yet, notwithstanding the many notable instances of absurd failure, and the pleasant objurgations of Sheridan's Puff, the heroine of our modern tragedies continues to go punctually mad in white muslin, and the hero to rant, and roar, and attitudinize, after a manner not very common amongst Bedlamites.

The introduction, too, visibly as well as by dread intimation of supernatural agency, is common in our drama. The character of the people, so sombre and so superstitious as it really is, and as Mirabeau saw it was; so intensely earnest, and, in the healthiest

of such morbid activity—the character of the constitution—that free constitution, capable of elasticity, and controllable by resistance, without absolute and irreparable injury, have led in no small degree to this. Our stage, I do believe, has, like our country, enjoyed greater freedom than any other. Certainly, even in the old monkish times at least, at high solemnities, great latitude was allowed; and, since the Reformation, there has been no vexatious meddling with the Drama here upon religious grounds. Indeed, if there were, it would have been impossible that matters of abstract and occult Philosophy could have been so freely discussed, or the vagaries of the mind diseased so faithfully depicted. But in England there has well nigh, at all times, been the freedom to represent the madman from actual observation: and the existing superstitions of the country, and its story, which had a vague and dim but yet thrilling touch of reality about them for spectators of every class, were interwoven with the play. In other countries it was different—whilst retaining the form, they quite lost the spirit of the old Greek drama; which, be it remembered, was represented under free institutions (that is, free for citizens, I think not of slaves), and without a grinding censorship. In that old Greek Drama, "the noble mind o'erthrown" was, in tragedy, exhibited as a fitting subject for contemplation; and the freaks and foibles of mania, in any mitigated form, as a proper theme for laughter in comedy. Personal peculiarities, moreover, were held up to ridicule; and the characters, even when not portraits, were drawn from Nature. In Greece, too, great latitude was allowed upon the stage, with respect to the doctrines and dogmas of Religion. The "happy gods, living listlessly at their ease"—μακάρες θεοὶ ῥεῖα ζώοντες—were treated with that indifference they were supposed to entertain. Prosecutions for blasphemy were always political, or deadly personal. But in countries wherein, contrariwise from its free condition in England, the drama was subjected to the screw of a censorship, religious and political, it took the classic shape, which, in my opinion, is fitting for no scenic representation except the lyric drama; and I have some degree of belief, that the old Greek plays were performances in which music and spectacle bore a large part, were, in a word, what operas at the Académie Royale ought to be, at the best you could conceive them. The

unities, be it observed, are embarrassing only when you come to give a drama as a recited poem, and as the French did in their tragedies, in one measure; without the transition to the metre of the ode, without any relief from variety. None of the intrinsic qualities, however, of the ancient Drama remained; and it is curious to remember that disquisitions touching supernatural agency and the art magical held by mimic characters on the English stage, were actually, at the same time debated solemnly in the Sorbonne and the convents. Thus questions, which in the one kingdom were matters of perilous doubt to learned Doctors and Christian Prelates, were in the other, at the Poet's inspiration, bandied about upon a stage, from mouth to mouth, by excommunicated persons — the offscouring of society — with painted faces and an antic dress. Ay, and after Macbeth and Hamlet, with all their forlorn metaphysical reasoning and supernatural terrors, had long been exhibited to the gaping English million, the curate Grandier, under the courtly reign of Louis XIV., and intellectual rule of Cardinal Richelieu, by the immediate agency of Dignitaries Ecclesiastical and Legal, was condemned to death, and burnt at Loudon, for sorcery, upon the testimony of some lewd nuns and perjured friars.

But in Shakespeare's time, peculiarly of all others in England, there was a vast deal of profound learning upon almost all subjects, and men of the mightiest intellect flourished. It was a great age. The English of that day possessed all the noble qualities of their Norman forefathers, the unconquerable warriors by sea and land — refined by courtesy and sublimed by learning — the same wild spirit of adventure — the same enterprise — the same endurance; and, with these, the greatest genius which has ever yet been displayed in any era of the world's story. The monuments of the famed Augustan age cannot, in truth, compete with those of the Elizabethan; it can boast two minds that, in Lord Byron's words, "might furnish forth the universe." Bacon might dispute the palm of Genius, and its particular imbodiment, Poesy, with Shakespeare himself; Bacon understood and exemplified Philosophy; Shakespeare understood and illustrated it: Bacon, in his explanations, delighted us with the qualities and graces of Poesy; Shakespeare, in his poetry, gives us the results and operations of

all philosophy, as it bears upon human life. Now, naturally enough, from the deep and sterling learning which prevailed, the age was addicted greatly to metaphysical disquisitions, and therefore, to psychological inquiry, and to investigation and observation with respect to all mental derangement. Likewise, all scholars were curious touching Demonology and Witchcraft — themes of study always intensely interesting, but which James I., on his accession, had, whilst Shakespeare was yet writing, rendered fashionable.

In Shakespeare's psychological works, we find the consecrated essence of all the learning of the time upon both these forlorn and fearful themes of study.

With regard to Madness — as, indeed, with regard to all other subjects dilated on — Shakespeare appears not alone to have exhausted for his results (and they are invariably correct) all the learning of those who went before him, but to have anticipated all that has since been heaped together. All our subsequent discoveries and conclusions wrung from study and observation, up to this moment — even to the remarks which I am about to suggest, only tend to prove the perfect accuracy of Shakespeare's delineations, and to establish the existence of that degree of knowledge in him which would seem properly to be that of a creator. Sir Henry Halford, in an ingenious and highly interesting essay on the Homeric wounds, showed how strangely accurate the old Greek was in his description of injuries to the human frame, and the consequences that were the result, physiologically and anatomically. The same might be proved of Shakespeare, in reference to the human body and its ills; and we find the knowledge extended also to the mind diseased. He produces a mad person before you, and without explaining why or wherefore, or reasoning upon the course to be pursued, or making the slightest discernible effort at effect, he just makes that madman say and do precisely what he ought to have said and done, laboring under a particular species of Insanity, acted upon by particular feelings and passions, and surrounded by particular circumstances. There is, meanwhile, an intuitive action of the Understanding, which tells you that the thing has been done, the individual man has been made, and Reason sees "that it is good." In this there is exhibit-

ed, at the same time, a consciousness of power and a conviction of success. At all times, too, we may remark in Shakespeare that abhorrence of exaggeration, with the view to produce effect, which is common to all gentlemanly natures. It has been styled, happily enough, by painters, in reference to the figures of Velasquez and Murillo, "quiet power." It is pre-eminent in Shakespeare; and in no respect is it more wonderfully exhibited to the thoughtful eye, than in his delineation of madmen. The best institutions for the cure of madness, the best writers on the subject, the most successful practitioners in cases of insanity (such as Pinel and Esquirol), are now-a-days to be found in France; knowledge has accumulated: the theme of mental derangement, connecting itself with so many diseases, has, of course, become common amongst French playwrights, who have set about dramatizing the Nosology; and they have introduced mad people in abundance in their plays, "and yet never a good one," though they have striven hard for it. Shakespeare, on the contrary, has never once swerved in the accuracy of his delineations. He has, in his plays, introduced persons suffering under insanity in various forms, and so drawn the disease in various types. These, one and all, may, with a single exception, be referred forthwith to their proper head in the Nosology.

In several of his plays, too, Shakespeare has introduced supernatural agency; and a boding strain may be observed to pervade all his tragic works of the highest order. In these, the greatest monuments of human genius illustrative of the puzzle called human life, the indication of superhuman influence is always to the student solemnly awful, if not absolutely appalling. The actual production of visitants from another world on the stage is made effective (I speak not of the closet, or the visionary eye). It is not in the power of mock realism — of the paltry show of actors and of a stage, to mar the power of the witches in *Macbeth*, or the ghost of Hamlet's father. With the exception of *Hamlet*, all the plays of Shakespeare, whether supernatural agency or insanity enter into their composition and the current of events, are straightforward plays. The heroes and heroines are men and women; you may like them or dislike them; and in doing either you have, according to your own lights, intelligible grounds whereon to pro-

ceed, because you can understand them: you can perceive and appreciate, to a sufficient extent, their motives, and so satisfy yourself as to the reasons and circumstances which conduced to the catastrophe of the play. A man, though scant well learned in the Nosology, can refer the insanity of each individual to its particular head, and each and every of his actions and words to the peculiar form of malady. The object, too, of the demoniac influence is apparent, and regularly worked out to its natural and appointed conclusion; so is the operation and resolution of the dominant passion — Love, Ambition, Jealousy — fully set forth, thoroughly explained. Take *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*. In the first, there is little more than an intimation of the oracles of Fate; yet they are not, from the very commencement, in the least doubtful. The "ill-starred wench" must have been miserable in her unnatural match: the noble Moor appears before us a predestined sacrifice. The conclusion quite satisfies you. There should not, and there could not, have been any other. "King Lear" you can perfectly understand. It is a grand pathological study for the medical reader, and would seem to have been, in some sort, a pathological exercise for the poet; for almost every incident of terror or pathos is made to bear directly upon some distinct point in the gradual and clearly-defined progress of the malady. In *Macbeth* it is plain-sailing enough; the demoniac agency only ministered to his cherished wishes. The end may be divined, the conclusion was inevitable.

Incidentally, too, I may remark, that, in the comedies, Mania is always brought in judiciously and pleasantly from its mildest form, in the outrageous lying of the "starved Justice Shallow," to the gentle melancholy of Jacques, and the inordinate vanity of Malvolio.

But nothing of all this can be predicated of *Hamlet;* and though, as I have already observed, standing in the same class with the psychological dramas, it is nevertheless apart from them one and all. Yet, peradventure, doth it more nearly in the spirit resemble a play of Æschylus than any of the others; it might have been represented on an Athenian stage with as much facility as the *Eumenides*. Like the *Eumenides*, moreover, it is a ghastly play; and this without its solemn and religious conclusion, heart-

awing to the people of Theseus, as a memory and an omen. Oh! *Hamlet* is a ghastly play — cold as a philosophical experiment; cold, I should rather say, as a demonstration, the subject being the mind diseased. The Spirit of Love is most potent throughout all the other tragedies of the Passions and Imagination — Love, which springs in its purity from the Reason, and to which the Senses only minister — Love, which, as the highest faculty of Reason, distinguishes Man from Brute (for brutes have Understanding as well as we, but they have not Reason, nor, therefore, have they Love) — Love, which, I repeat, distinguishes man from brute; and Angels, as we are taught, in its degree from one another.

It is "stronger than death" in Juliet and her Romeo, in Desdemona and the Moor, in the poor mad father, Lear. It sheds a melancholy glory upon the blood-polluted victims of Ambition; it assumes an incarnation of Divinity, in the true wife, in sweetest Imogene. At the end of these tragedies, Love, bursting from the elements of destruction, hovers over all, invincible and triumphant; and this is balm to the soul. It is better medicine than Hope, the false stimulant which remained to console Pandora: for what is Hope but anticipated Joy, the disturber of the Present, the plunderer of the Future? This, on the contrary, makes sorrow heavenly for that gone by, and leaves no care for that which is to come. Hereby the great end of Tragedy has been fulfilled, which Aristotle, or some other ancient sage, did well declare to be Κάθαρσις τῶν παθημάτων — a purification of the passions.

And tragedy has been described to be "an exhibition tending, by the operation of pity and fear, to purify these and similar passions." This is not done by *Hamlet;* and for this reason, also, *Hamlet* stands quite alone amongst Shakespeare's plays. The Spirit of Love is weakest in *Hamlet*, and, therefore, it commands but little human sympathy. Ophelia does love, and she dies. There is a majesty in her gentleness, which you worship with a gush of feeling in her earlier scenes of the play; the painful nature of her appearances, whilst mad, makes you feel that death is a release; and that release comes in an appropriate form — the gentle, uncomplaining, sorrow-stricken lady, dies gently, and without a murmur of bitterness or reproach:

"*Queen.* Your sister's drowned, Laertes.
Laer. Drowned! Oh! where?
Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook: her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death."

The meek lady is no more, but the tragedy proceeds. As for all the other characters, they are of a very mixed nature indeed, with two exceptions. Of Hamlet, as a personage in the drama, I do not now speak (and character, which, in its proper sense, is a completely fashioned Will, he had none), and the exceptions I make are Fortinbras and Horatio; of whom, the first is a magnificent sketch of a chivalrous prince — a youthful Alexander; the second, the noblest gentleman ever drawn. As for the remaining characters, you cannot esteem any, you cannot respect some; some you must laugh at; some you must despise; and even Horatio and Fortinbras have little sympathy from us, albeit they have the while entire admiration — they are so secure, so perfect in themselves, so elevated by the force of their own Will above the ordinary conditions of humanity. I may here, too, avail myself of the opportunity to observe, that, for a play so bloody for the English vulgar, and in itself so morally tragic for the scholar and the gentleman, *Hamlet* is for both, in its performance on the stage, strangely beholden to spectacle, and to its comic scenes, or snatches of scenes: the visible show of the ghost — the processions — funeral — squabble at Ophelia's grave — fencing-match — and, at the last, the "quarry that cries, on, havoc!" have much power

over the common spectator. I doubt if he could abide it without these, and without having Polonius buffooned for him, and, to no small extent, Hamlet himself; as he always was, whenever I saw the part played, and as the *great critic*, Dr. Johnson, would seem to think he ought to be. For he says, "the pretended madness of Hamlet *causes much mirth ! ! !*" And this he follows up by adding, in grandiloquent maudlin, "the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, *and every personage produces the effect intended;* from the apparition that, in the first act, chills the blood with horror, to the fop in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt." So that in defiance of poor Ophelia's eloquent lamentation over

"Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,"

we may, upon the authority of the doctor, conclude, that to cause much mirth by pretended madness was an effect intended to be produced by the personage, Hamlet. But, throwing aside this grave folly, let me observe, that even the man who really can feel, if not quite understand the play, which Johnson did not understand and could not feel — the man who can perceive if he cannot quite comprehend its idea, must perceive how essential to the conduct of the plot, and the development of character, is the forlorn merriment which pervades the drama; and how different this is from the comedy introduced in the other psychological dramas, which to some may seem impertinent and wearisome, and to none useful, save as a strong contrast, like a coarse dash of paint in a picture upon some one part, to bring out an effect elsewhere upon the canvass. But in *Hamlet* the intermixture is a very marvel of art. In that astounding scene at Ophelia's grave, the coarse "quips, and cranks, and gibes" of the grave-diggers, come in like discords in one of the most sublime and weird of Beethoven's compositions.

The praise of variety has been challenged for *Hamlet*, and with great justice, both as respects the incidents, the characters, and the nature of the scenes. As a consequence of this, we find that all those matters, severally difficult of treatment in other plays — as insanity, supernatural agency, subtle passion — are introduced in a still more difficult form in *Hamlet*. The cause and descrip-

tion of Ophelia's madness are plain enough. But Hamlet's madness, if he be mad, or his conduct, if not mad, as well as the management of the ghost and his powers, have as yet been riddles; and neither is the progress of events clear, nor do they indicate the catastrophe to which they lead — nor, being thereat arrived, are you content they should have done so under the circumstances — nor is the conclusion in any sort or sense whatsoever satisfactory, but dreadly the reverse.

In a word, *Hamlet*, to my mind, is essentially a psychological exercise and study. The hero, from whose acts and feelings every thing in the drama takes its color and pursues its course, is doubtless insane, as I shall prove hereafter. But the species of intellectual disturbance, the peculiar form of mental malady, under which he suffers, is of the subtlest character. The hero of another of these dramas, King Lear, is also mad; and his malady is traced from the outbreak, when it became visible to all, down to the agony of his death. But we were prepared for this malady — the predisposing causes existed always; it only wanted circumstance to call it forth. Shakespeare divined and wrote upon the knowledge of the fact, which has since been proclaimed formally by the physician, that it is with the mind as with the body: there can be no local affection without a constitutional disturbance — there can be no constitutional disturbance without a local affection. Thus, there can be no constitutional disturbance of the mind, without that which is analogous to a local affection of the body, namely, disease, or injury affecting the nervous system and the mental organs — some previous irregularity in their functions, or intellectual faculties, or in the operation of their affections and passions; and, again, general intellectual disturbance will always be accompanied by some particular affection. But I am using well nigh the words of Esquirol. He says, "Presque tous," (and by this qualification he only intends to exclude those in whom he had not the means of ascertaining the fact) — "Presque tous les alienés confiés à mes soins avoient offert quelques irregularités dans leur fonctions, dans leur facultés, intellectuelles, dans leur affections, avant d'être malades, et souvent de la première enfance. Les uns avoient été d'un orgueil excessif, les autres très colérés; ceuxci souvent tristes, ceuxla d'une gaieté

ridicule ; quelques-uns d'une instabilité désolante pour leur instruction, quelques autres d'une application opiniâtre à ce qu'ils entreprennoient, mais sans fixité ; plusieurs vétilleux minutieux, craintifs, timides, irresolus ; presque tous avoient eu une grande activité de facultés intellectuelles et morales qui avoient redoublés d'énergie quelque temps avant l'acces ; la plupart avoient eu des maux des nerfs ; les femmes avoient épreuves des convulsions ou de spasmes hysteriques ; les hommes avoient été sujets à des crampes, des palpitations, des paralysies. Avec ces dispositions primitives ou acquises, il ne manque plus qu'une affection morale pour déterminer l'explosion de la fureur ou l'accablement de la melancolie."

Now, in all Shakespeare's insane characters, however slight may be the mental malady, with the exception only of Hamlet, we have accurately described to us the temperament on which madness is ingrafted. Thus of Malvolio, who, on his introduction to us, shows the intolerant vulgarity and impertinence of the upstart, combined with the wisdom of the menial—with cunning at least—and the chattering of proverbs, gravely on occasion, we hear from Maria: "The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser—an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself—so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him: and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work." And from this we can well see how little provocation it required to drive him beside himself, and into that most contemptible alienation of mind which springs from inordinate vanity and sordid selfishness. Of Jacques we learn that he had been a debauchee, "as sensual as the brutish sting itself." He is satiated quite—is now naturally enough struck with a gentle melancholy—"with a most humorous sadness." Goneril, too, prepares us for Lear's madness: "The best and soundest of his time has been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-ingrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them." But of Hamlet alone we have no account of any positive predisposing cause to mania, or faulty temperament; nor can we catch

from the lips of any third person any thing which might lead us to question his sanity before the commencement of the play. All is to his praise. He is the esteemed of Fortinbras, the friend of Horatio, the beloved of Ophelia. We are abruptly brought to contemplate the noble nature warped, the lofty mind o'erthrown, the gentleman "in his blown youth blasted with ecstacy." To comprehend and account for this, we must study the drama with the same pervading sweep of thought that we would passages in human life, occurring within our observation, from which we wished to wring a meaning, and by which we hoped to solve a mystery. There is nothing beyond to look to. We must judge Hamlet by what he said and did: I open the volume in which this is recorded.*

* Properly speaking, this character of Hamlet belongs to, and should have appeared in "The Shakespeare Papers." It was omitted, by inadvertence. — M.

AGNEWIDOS.

Liber I.*

ΑΝΔΡΑ *μοι εννεπε, Μουσα, πολύτροπον·* Κ. τ. λ.—Homer.

"Castiliano volto: for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face."
Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, Act I. sc. iii.

"Auf das Unrecht, da folgt das Uebel,
Wie die Thrän' auf den herben Zwiebel,
Hinter dem U kommt gleich das Weh,
Das ist die Ordnumg im A, B, C.
Ubi erit victoriæ spes,
Si offenditur Deus? Wie soll man siegen,
Wenn man die Predigt schwänzt und die Mefs,
Nichts thut, als in den Weinhäusern liegen?"
Schiller, *Camp of Wallenstein*, sc. viii.

"Versibus ornari tragicis res comica non vult."—Horace.

וְפִתַּח אֱנוֹשׁ אניש בְּרוֹם חֲלֻדָּת
עֵינָיו בְּקוֹל דִּמְדָּה וַיְיַלֶּל־בָּהֶם׃
אָז בַּשֶּׁבֶר יֵלֵךְ וחמויֹלֶדֶת
חֹדֶשׁ תַּחְבּוֹשׁ אֹתִי כְּבִנְחֻשָׁתַיִם׃

Rabbi Hyman.—

* No more than this portion of an eccentric and amusing satire on Sir Andrew and the meeting in favor of his Sabbath-breaking bill was published. It appeared in *Fraser* for May, 1836. Sir Andrew was a fanatic Scotch Baronet, of much zeal and large income, who, in and out of Parliament, agitated fiercely for new and stringent laws to enforce the strictest observance of the Sabbath.—M.

"Apre l' uomo infelice allor che nasce
In questa vita di miserie piena
Prià ch'al sol, gli occhi al pianto; e nato appena
Va prigionier frà le tenace fasce."—*Sonetto del Marini.*

"When people first their eyes unclose
Upon this world of grief and twaddling,
They are predoomed to various woes —
Beginning in their swaddling clothes,
And ending in a close of swaddling."

BARRY CORNWALL.

"Il faut passer la manche
Pour voir mes amis comme on garde un dimanche."—DR. BOWRING.

"Churches and steeples he 'd gobble up
(He used to come of a Sunday);
Whole congregations were to him
But a dish of Salmagundi."—PERCY'S *Reliques.*

SUNDAY virumque cano, quo non atrocior unquam,
Verily do thinko, terris apparuit humbug.
Est infernal enim Scotchman, cordesque per omnes
Vult strikare metum, rigido pius ore locutus,
Quo minus on Sunday meat-pies hottosque voremus
Puddings. Multum ille à young folks detested et old folks,
Multa quoque et risu passus dum addresseret Housam,
Inferretque simul Billam, sermone lugubri.
Musa mihi causas memora, what members abetting,
Quidve volens animis Commons, tot pullere faces
Insignem nihilo numskull, tot makere speeches
Twango infernali, quid tot propoundere billas,
Permittat. Tantum superest parl'mentary leisure?
Est domus Antiquo Yardo,* Westminster ad aulam
Spectans, quam plures ipso coluisse feruntur
Bellamy posthabito. Siquid contenditur, utrùm
Whig vel Tory majus valeat pecus, aidere viewas
Quo meliùs possint domus hæc Radlœia semper
Accipit hospitio.† Hic meetings pro talibus objects
Holdendi, hic proprium sanctum, huc concurritur always.

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* Palace Yard, in front of Westminster Hall.—M.

† Radley's Hotel, Bridge St., Blackfriars.—M.

Jamque dies aderat. Venientes undique circúm
Long-faced sleek homines vidit Radlœius hospes.
Undique venerunt — Agnewia turba — viamque
Totam complerunt loudœis sighibus atque
Sobbibus. Haud aliter taurorum Althorpia sœcla
Belloware solent inter jucunda vireta,
Dozantemque vocant dominum, subque arbore somnos
Rumpunt; tantus erat venientûm singular hubbub.
Nunc simul atque fores Family panduntur Hotelli,
Intravere omnes members, sedesque tenebant,
Fleetwoodque, et Plumptree, et vultu Stanley severo,
Plagiary Baines,* sanctusque Trevor, sanctusque Sir Oswald.†
Quin subitò extremâ surgit de parte roömæ
Slight murmur, strepitus qui mox effertur ad outright.
"En venit ille! venit dominus sanctissimus Agnew,
En venit ille, deus nobis qui hœc otia fecit!"
Conclamant omnes, thumpuntque outrageously mensas.
Ille autem upturnans oculos, tacitusque per aulam
Incedens Baronet, solium petit, agmine certo

* * * * * *

Mox cum consurgens animis virtute severâ
Tristes cuique viro corners demiserat oris
Verus amor patriæ, junctis palmisque genisque,
Clearat thoracem genitor; — dein talia fatur.
"O gentlemeni, rerumque hominumque magister
Quum vocat, et dignum qui jam committee præessem
Me putat esse suæ tanto renuare favori
Haud possum; nec enim, quod dat Deus ipse, gravandum est
Officium; tamen in meliores displicet olim
Non cecidisse manus. O sirs, me percutit horror
Quo me cunque fero — furor, indignatio, amazement,
Ut circumspicio et nostris de moribus ævi
Considero. O gentlemenni, me percutit utmost
Woe, gravis et concern, spectantem tempora nostra.
Quis nescit pietatis enim, Lordisque dici,
Contemptum penitus cultum? Quis nescit ad ipsum
Adproperare Devil as fast as possible all things?

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* Sic audit apud Cobbettum passim: idem apud eundem *the Great Liar of the North* sæpe sonat. Extat *Register* defuncti senis posteritati perutile monumentum. [Edward Baines, then M. P. for Leeds, had incurred Cobbett's anger, as Editor of the *Leeds Mercury*.—M.]

† Members of Parliament, who supported Sir A. Agnew's Sabbatharian movements. Sir Oswald Mosley was ground-landlord of a large portion of what was then the *borough* and is now the cotton-spinning *city* of Manchester.—M.

Dicite, mî friendes — inform us — anne ferendum est
Ut petat inferior people sibi certa parare
Gaudia, non aliter quàm si felicior esset
Gens hominum, nostrâ et quæ conditione potita?
Ut sibi desirant pleasures, lususque, et amusements,
Et recreare optent sicut recreamus et ipsi?
Naturâ miseri, sic fient arte beati?
Most shocking mores! O tempora truly licentious!
O gentlemenni, drivantum ut nuper in Hyde Park
Me meus on Sunday rapido tulit agmine currus,
Vidi mendicum — et fateor liver urere cœpit
Bilis, ut I perceived his wife and family with him;
Nam mendicus, I say, fuit hic mendicus, et omni
Paupertate gravis, squalens, miserabilis, æger,
Et tamen uxorem qui duxerat! — Illa lacertis
Two tulit healthy babies, alii sunt quinque secuti.
Quos procul aspiciens groanavi pectore ab imo,
Pauperis illius referens scelera omnia classis.
Justa sed ah! mentem quanto magis ira tenebat
Cum steterint nearer, gestumque atque ora videbam!
Non vultu despair, gemitus nec voce ferebant,
Ut decuit; verùm (scelerati!) dulcia secum
Verba loquebantur — referam vis omnia? — cœlum,
Et terram, viridemque herbam, ventosque salubres,
Carpere non aliter visi quam si sibi cuncta
Tum bona constiterint, nullisque doloribis aeti!
Nay, sirs, ridebant — (quis credat?) sicut et ipsi
Sub pedibus flores, ridebant pectora læti!
O gentlemenni, non possum plura — tumesco,
Horresco memorans, uror, vox faucibus — (*hear, hear!*)
Quin hæc sufficiant. Nunc quando talia possit
Impia mens hominum, cùmque impia tanta libido
Instat vivendi, pariterque doloribus et pains
Impius objection — nobis occurrere morbo
Quo datur huic visum est nihil else superesse but one thing —
Illud nempe meum — res vel notissima — Billum.
Hoc vos ut rebus animisque et voce juvando,
Omnibus anteferatis, ego Dominusque rogamus.
O memores estote, precor — sit mente repôstum,
NUNQUAM PAUPERIBUS SORTEM IGNOSCAMUR INIQUAM."
Dixit, et in mensam magno cum pondere pugnum
Impegit; tollunt illi ad sidera loud cheers,
Fleetwoodque, et Plumptree, et vultu Stanley severo,
Plagïary Baines, sanctusque Trevor, sanctusque Sir Oswald.
Tum contra tales referebat pectore voces
Poulter.—"Nil equidem, ut nobis, chairmanne, videtur,

Aptius esse potest, nil excellentius, isto
Quod memoras Billo; fuit omni parte probandum,
Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatemur.
Attamen hoc vereor, licet omnibus anteferentes,
Et rebus nostris animisque et voce juvemus,
Per hookam aut crookam nos hoc proferre per Housam
Nullo posse die. Quæ contemplatus, amici,
Ne totum frustretur opus, maneatque for ever
Libertas populi nobis intacta Britanni —
Propositum framare novum non ipse timebam.

* * * * * * *

Et nos vincemus. Fuerit then, at any rate unâ
Utile re tandem Billum, Lord's-dayque labores,
O chairmanne, tui — modò quod discrimine nullo
Nescio quæ notion mentes jam possidet omnes,
Res quasi non dubitanda foret, sed certa futurum
Per fati decreta, novis sub legibus illa
Subjicienda dies ut sit, populique proceedings,
Seriùs aut citiùs. Tantum botheratio pollet
Et sine fine die repetitum quicquid in omni est!
Nil opus est nos rem celare; hic inter amicos
Omnia fas fari. Rabblum latuisse videtur —
Nosmet non latuit — quæ tanti causa laboris;
Quippe metus, nostris ne constituentibus ousti
Perdamus places, cum toti — siquid agendum est —
Ex Methodistorum votis pendemus, et ultrà
Quod speremus adhuc, nisi detestation et hatred,
Quo nos cunque Deum petimus, nil prorsus habemus.
Certus I am, quite wellque scio, quòd smellere rattam
Incipiunt most noses; O then, mens publica nostros
Ne prius observet, quàm libertate peremptâ,
Consilio parere meo, nec obesse monenti,
Imploro hunc meeting atque alto corde beseecho."
Talibus orabat Poulter, cunctique fremebant
Assensu vario. Tum contrà talia Sibthorpe.
"Non ego quem nobis sermonem fecit, amici,
Member honorandus, possum laudare precisely.
Ingenium laudo, placet ars — res displicet *(hear, hear!)*
Displicet à veteri quidquam ratione remissum,
Displicet id populo, sir, succubuisse petenti.
Namque, O gentlehomines, vos oro, dicite tandem,
An decet, an licitum est, manibus quæ tradita fræna
Hæc laxare quidem, segnes, virgamque timentes
Flectere divinam? Foret indeed too bad, amici,
Cùm Deus ipse suis nobis dedit esse ministris,
Atque vir ille (viro modò si contingere tanta

Mortali possit virtus) sanctissimus Agnew
Talis dux nobis præsit qualis datus olim
Judæis Moses — Domino nec carior illo —
Esset, I say, too bad, sub circumstantibus istis,
Nos hôc, gentlehomines, nostro præbere minores
Officio. Quid enim? quid nôstis dulcius illo,
Quidve majus pleasant? En, vilis currit in omne
Mobba nefas: majis in coaches ridare than ever
Nunc placet hacknæis, cabbisque, ferentibus et twelve
Diris omnibiis; Astley's juvat ire theatrum;
Non legisse pudet libros, magazinsque, nec ipsas
Costantes unum most dang'rous penny gazettas.
Quid referam tap-rooms, et amantes pocula side-boards,
Neenon piporum nubes atrosque cigarros,
Et beero benches obmersas, tipsyque rowas?
Quid referam whole pots of vile potabile quidquam,
Sit Meux, sit Whitbread, seu sit Truman, Hanbury, Buxton —*
Pots, inquam, on Sunday, vicinâ sæpe tabernâ
Jussos — mox certo repetundos ordine same pots;
Nullo et depositas potboyi tempore curas?
Quid cook-shops, rapicè et volventem ad Tartara pie-crust,
Et gravy, rem Domino invisam, brownosque potatoes,
Atque omne hottorum studium fatale ciborum?
Gentlehomines, etiam tea-gardens crowdere vidi
Multos sæpe viros, pueros, women, atque puellas;
Walkere pars, airâque frui, pars talkere secum.
Talia cùm prohibet, jubet et lex carpere contrà
All of an afternoon in backparloribus altos,
Non divina quidem, sed certè Agnewia, somnos.

* * * * * * *

Atque ibi ni fallor datur huge lot of kissing and drinking
Res quæ I think not correct — not I — by the curl of my whisker."
Hœc ubi dicta dedit, cuncti simul ore fremebant,
Fleetwoodque, et Plumptree, et vultu Stanley severo,
Plagiary Baines, sanctusque Trevor, sanctusque Sir Oswald.
Nescio qui nem. con. tum facti denique motions,
Discedit meeting. Ego te, mea Musa, petivi.

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* The reader will here recognise the names of eminent porter-brewers in London.—M.

MR. GRANT'S "GREAT METROPOLIS."*

Mr. Grant, the perpetrator of this book, is infinitely complimentary to us, and we are grateful accordingly. "Fraser's contributors," he says, "are numerous and talented. They are a little literary republic of themselves. I am satisfied that there is no other periodical whose contributors are better acquainted with each other, or who are more united in principle and purpose. They are quite a harmonious body; it would do Robert Owen's heart good to see them; they all play into each other's hands, and all feel a personal interest in the fortunes of the Magazine. They are a happy brotherhood, living in a world of their own, and pitying, and despising, and abusing every one who lives 'in the world we call ours:" viz., the world which is beyond the confines of their snug little planet. I can have no personal inducement to speak favorably of the literary colony who love and worship 'Regina,' and bask in the sunshine of her smiles. My last two works were somewhat roughly handled by 'her majesty,' and, possibly, this one may fare still worse. There will be no harm though it should; but — there is no use in denying it — Fraser's contributors are a set of choice spirits, learned, clever, and witty."

What can we do in return for this extravagant eulogy, unless render back such compliment as is in our poor power to bestow? Mr. Grant's book fare ill at our hands! Impossible! We intend to praise him in the highest degree, and in a style which the most fastidious follower of Mina, Zumalacarregui, Lord Palmerston, or Jack Scroggins, could not consider savage. As it is our custom, we draw it mild.

* The Great Metropolis. By the author of "Random Recollections of the House of Lords and Commons. 2 vols., small 8vo. London, 1836. Saunders and Otley. — [I give this review as a specimen of Maginn's *quiet* way of "smashing" a very absurd book. — M.]

Why should we not? Mr. Grant has occasioned us an immensity of fun. His book is like Lady Blessington's, "a Book of Beauty." In every page there is that which serves to divert, to amuse, and to instruct. To divert, because there is something irresistibly laughable in the pretension to knowledge which does not exist; to amuse, because there is much to please in the blundering assumption of an acquaintance with secrets at which the author could never even guess; and to instruct, because the exhibition of human folly is a thing which must lead us to think upon the fallen situation of all human intellect, never rendered so pregnant with moral as when the exhibitor revels in the dream-land of self-satisfaction.

Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*, says — for Mr. Grant's sake we do not quote the Greek — "What first, what last, what middle, shall we relate?" and the same idea comes over our minds in reading *The Great Metropolis*. We for several years belonged to a club in Field Lane, Holborn, of which, what Horace would call the *conditio vivendi*, was, that each gentleman belonging to the club should, after paying the preliminary sum of twopence ("tup*pence*," as Feargus O'Connor calls it), prod into the pot with a three-pronged harpoon for a chance of the contents. One evening we fished up a turkey, another time we speared the fragment of a haggis. A purloined partridge from the poultry shop opposite sometimes rested upon our prong; at less fortunate moments our lot might be no more than a particle of purchased potato. In a similar manner now, we dip into the literary pot, and, behold, what sticks to our harpoon is a metropolitan goose! which goose we now proceed to place on our dissecting-table.

Mr. Grant's first volume contains seven chapters, headed severally, 1. General Characteristics; 2. The Theatres; 3. The Clubs; 4. The Gaming-Houses; 5. Metropolitan Society — the Higher Classes; 6. The Middle Classes; 7. The Lower Classes. His second volume contains eight chapters on the following subjects:— 1. The Newspaper Press — Morning Papers; 2. Evening Papers; 3. Weekly Papers; 4. General Remarks; 5. Parliamentary Reporting; 6. Periodical Literature — The Quarterly Reviews; 7. The Monthlies; 8. Weekly Journals. We will take these in order.

His first chapter is on the "General Characteristics of the Great Metropolis." He gives us, in it, the information that it is of "amazing extent," and that the best way to go from *Hyde Park* Corner to *Poplar* is "through *Oxford Street*, Holborn, Newgate Street, Cornhill," &c., &c.! which, to those who consult our friend Fraser's admirable map of London, will appear somewhat astonishing. He then quotes the census of 1831, and tells us, that nearly two millions people live in houses "almost all of a dark brown color. The only exceptions are the churches, which are built of Portland and other stone." From this we learn, that all the *houses, excepting churches*, have very dirty faces. We next learn, that Regent Street is covered with a "certain cement," and that "most of the public buildings are chiefly formed of *granite*"—the only "public buildings" in London "formed of granite" being Waterloo and the New London *Bridges!* He kindly throws out advice, and shows how we may escape a crack on the sconce for impertinence, by hinting, that we "have hardly ever to push any one aside" when walking the streets, which, he informs us, are "crowded with cabriolets, hackney coaches, &c., &c." He calculates that one hundred thousand persons *per diem* pass along Cheapside, whilst "one may, for example, enter *Gower Street*, and look nearly a mile before him without seeing above three or four individuals." Can this be the case, when we recollect that the illustrious university of *Stinkomalee* is at the end of it! He has ascertained, by experiment doubtless, that "you may, if you please, walk on all-fours in the public streets, without any one staying to bestow a look upon you;" and that there are no robberies or outrages in London, which is (consequently, we suppose) "the healthiest metropolis in the world." He gives the fiat of his approval to all districts *west* of Leicester Square, being deemed "*fashionable*;" meaning thereby, we presume, Oxenden Street, Coventry Court, and the rural retreats situated between Wardour Street and Regent Street! He has, moreover, counted up his countrymen, and tells us that there are one hundred and thirty thousand Scotchmen in London—"Ma conscience!" as the Bailie said. We are informed, that cabs and cabmen become "dispirited from sheer exhaustion," and that you may bawl at the top of your lungs to a friend walking arm in arm with you, without the slightest chance

of being heard. After this, Mr. Grant concludes his preliminary chapter with a bit of sentimentality. He stations himself on the top of St. Paul's ("four hundred and eighty feet above the general level of the metropolis"), and becomes in idea one who,

> "A king, sat on the rocky brow
> That looks o'er sea-born Salamis;"—

and Mr. Grant weeps with XERXES!

Chapter II. is on "the Theatres;" which, he says, it would be "an unpardonable omission to pass over in *silence*;" accordingly, we have a *few words* stretching over *only eighty-four* pages! The first piece of information that meets us is, that there is "many a hungry belly and ragged back among the host of the unwashed in the upper galleries of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, &c., &c." Not having had the same opportunities of ascertaining this fact, we cannot gainsay it, but it seems rather a libel upon "the gods." After noticing Miss Helen Faucit, Miss F. Kemble, and Mr. Denvil, he introduces us to the King's Theatre. Here we find "Lord John Russell relieved from the toils of office, and disposed to enjoy the pleasures of the opera," wishing to go into the country, and therefore making a bargain with Mr. Sams to take his box off his hands, as he knows "too much the value of money to pay for what he cannot occupy!" We then "go in full dress" to the King's Theatre on a drawing-room day, which we find is "absolutely dazzling to behold." Next comes a little bit of puritanism directed against the ballet, and Grant Thorburn's opinion is quoted, he being represented to have said, that, "sooner than consent to make such an exhibition of themselves, the American women would encounter death in any of its forms." We respect our friend Grant Thorburn, or "Lawrie Todd," too much to say any thing as to his qualifications for giving an opinion on such a subject; but we may remark, that Mlle. Celeste has been in America some years, where she has cleared upward of fifty thousand dollars, and that the Yankees will not part with her.*

After a description of the manner in which an adventurer can manœuvre himself into the lesseeship of the Opera House, for

* This was in December, 1836. Celeste immediately after *was* "parted with" by Uncle Sam. — M.

which, doubtless, Messrs. Ebers, Laporte, and others, will feel very grateful, we have one of the most impudent caricatures of what happens in high life, that was ever *conceived by vulgarity, and penned by ignorance.* But, as we shall have to expose this "random reporter" in detail when we come to his description of what he is pleased to designate "the Higher Classes," we will let the thong rest awhile on this point — and, besides, we said we would draw it mild! Mr. Grant's "recollections" of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden are indeed "random." It is clear that he has never been *behind the scenes;* and the affectation of knowledge of the entries in the treasurer's book will amuse our good friend, William Dunn, not a little, as well as the information that "the theatre could *not be got let* as it used to be!" But we meet with an opinion which proves that this writer is as good a recorder of fact as he is an expositor of human nature. "It is now beginning to be considered a species of vulgarity of which no lady or gentleman of refined taste should be guilty, to be present during the representation of any of Shakespeare's plays." It is clear that Mr. Grant, in wishing to avoid this "vulgarity," and to be considered, "a gentleman of refined taste," has never gone near either Drury Lane or Covent Garden this season, or he would know that Shakespeare — but how should he know any thing about Shakespeare? Yet it is evident, that he thinks himself the wearer of the bard of Avon's mantle — nay, we would wager that Mr. Grant himself has perpetrated a play, for listen to his monody over his own fate: "And if there be a latent Shakespeare of the present day, one of surpassing dramatic genius, he is inevitably destined to remain *concealed* so long as the existing false dramatic taste prevails." Poor Mr. Grant! But if we have any interest with Bunn — and we have a little — we will ask him to rummage the "condemned cell," as the cupboard in the manager's room is called, and draw forth thy hidden glory into light.

We cannot trace this unfortunate writer through all his theatrical blunderings — his knowledge of the dressing-rooms of *prima donnas;* his experience of the fact that there is now a half-price at the Haymarket; his conviction that Arnold really did lose money at the Lyceum; his King's Place reminiscences of the "excellent local situation" of Braham's theatre; his praise of the

fair widow's "fortunate choice of pieces" at the Olympic; his opinion that battles, &c., are as well done at Astley's, as in Hyde Park or at Waterloo; and his intimate acquaintance with the neighborhood of the Victoria, the Surrey, and the Pavilion theatres: nay, we must perforce pass by his episode relative to the "damning" of *The Fortune of War* at Covent Garden theatre, of the effectors of which it is probable he can exclaim, "*pars magna fui.*" It is all very immensely fine—our readers may take our word for this, for we have actually read through it. But he has been guilty of one great omission. In his notice of the theatres of "the great metropolis," he has never mentioned the glory of "*Bartlemy*"—RICHARDSON'S! [alas! that great manager* has yielded to his fate!] Perhaps he desires to forget the education-home of early years; if so, he is very ungrateful, for it is no secret that Mr. Grant used to be a splendid tumbler, and perfectly unrivalled at grinning matches; and in spite of the apparent ingratitude of his book, it gives us pleasure to learn that he has mounted a crape for the memory of his defunct master.

We now come to "the Clubs," where, it would seem, Mr. Grant has picked up a quantity of information from the waiters and porters, for it is very clear that he never got beyond the vestibule of any one of them. The value of this information is great; for instance, he tells us that *White's* club is *Whig;* and that "the grand qualification for the Carlton is," as this elegant writer expresses himself, "the having the entrance-money, £10 10*s.*, in your pocket, a good coat on your back, and your being known to be a person who will go the whole hog in conversation." We regret to say, that in consequence of that unreasonable and aristocratic demand of a clean coat, Mr. Grant has no chance of ever being elected a member.

We cannot sufficiently admire the industry with which this "random" writer has pried into the pecuniary affairs of the different clubs; nor can we adequately extol his impudence in publishing them, unless we say that it and his ignorance are co-ordinately measureless. He asserts that the Carlton Club subscribed £20,000 toward the last contest for Middlesex; coupling with it the asser-

* Who left a thousand pounds to Cartledge, "because he spoke *bould.*"—M.

tion, that the members did this, but would not pay their poor tradesmen.

"To give," says Mr. Grant, "£500 to serve a party purpose, while poor tradesmen, almost with tears in their eyes, appeal to them time after time, without effect, for the payment of a bill of a few pounds, is quite compatible with Tory notions of honesty: so it is, I regret to add, in too many instances with those of the Whigs." This is dealing with equal justice indeed! But what of the Radicals? Why, Mr. Grant forgets *his own* report of a case before the Kingsgate Street Court of Requests, where the following strong definition was given by a defendant of the three parties. "You see there's three ways of paying. There's your reg'lar Tory, he says at once, '*I wont pay*,' slap. Then there's your dirty, sneaking, snivelling Whig, he '*promises for to pay*;' and then there's your *hout and hout* Radical, he says—'*Vy, I did pay*.'"

Proceeding, we have a long eulogy upon the "Reform Club," or "Hole in the Wall," which is evidently a pet of Mr. Grant's. He is "the fond ally" of the Dukes of Sussex, Grafton, Bedford, &c., &c., and "all the members of Lord Melbourne's administration!" We learn the very interesting fact, that, "occasionally are seen at dinner in it the Duke of Cleveland, the Earl of Essex, and other distinguished noblemen;" and that "the Tail" get their food at about one shilling a head "during the sitting of Parliament."

But, in the midst of this panegyric, comes the fatal case of Cornelius O'Brien, member for Clare. After having been tolerably robbed, this gentleman, who, for his sins, is destined to be one of "the Tail" thought it full time to become restive, and sundry rag-men, crockery-ware factors, tobacco-pipe makers, spittoon dealers, pewter-spoon moulders, porter-pot twisters, shag and pig's-tail duffers, gin-spinners, tripe-sellers, and others of the principal merchants who supplied the ordinary necessaries, and the prime luxuries of the club, have come down on the unfortunate Cornelius, as being one of the few solvent men of the concern. As he resists this with a spirit worthy of the mother of the Gracchi, or the father of alchemy, the details are highly interesting, and we recommend them to the attention of Mr. Grant for the next edition of

his work, if, now that the age of miracles is generally considered to have passed, so marvellous an event happens to take place.

The scene at the Literary Union, "which," Dr. Wade says, "was the richest 'flare-up' he ever witnessed," is described, with a minuteness that might have led us to suppose that Mr. Grant must have been a supernumerary flunkey on the occasion, if it was not false from first to last. "The Oxford and Cambridge Club" gives him an opportunity of having a fling at the universities, asserting, that "many persons go to them stirks, and come out asses." Nature, evidently, saved Mr. Grant the necessity of going to college. "The universities cannot put brains into the heads of the brainless, nor make scholars of those whom fate has made dunces." Again, we see the reason why he did not go there. With regard to "The Oriental Club," he eagerly remarks, that, "as the cost of snuff averages so little, *possibly* most of the members are in the habit of carrying boxes of their own." Of "The Junior United Service Club," he remarks, that, "among the trustees there are no gentlemen of *any great distinction;*" and he then gives their names: viz., Admiral Sir J. P. Beresford, bart., Gen. Sir John Elley, Gen. Sir James Cockburn, Col. Sir Archibald Christie, Lieut.-Col. Nelthorpe (not 'Althorpe,' as he calls him), and Lieut.-Col. Mills! very undistinguished, truly!

Next arrives a page of impertinence against an individual member of this club, whom he designates as "the dog of war," for which the said "Dog" will, most probably, give him a specimen of his power of teeth. The "well-known colonel," the "Dr. ——," and the "little lean gentleman," will also, doubtless, show their *gratitude* for the notice taken of them by this pot-companion of their own waiters. Mr. Grant says, that the conversation at this club is all professional, and that he "would not wish his greatest enemy, provided he did not *belong to either of the services*, to sit and listen to it." If he "did not belong to either of the services," how could he belong to the club? The birth abortive of the "Westminster" is soon recorded, and then we have Mr. Grant's general ideas, which are evolved in a wretched attempt at being funny. He defends clubs from the objections of the ladies, by saying, that they are such *Xantippes*, that the men must run from them somewhere; *i. e.* to these "benevolent asylums, without the unpopularity of the

name!" We hope he does not speak from home-experience of the matrimonial state; for, we fear, that he will have no such an asylum to fly to as those which he describes, after the information of his friends, the knights of the shoulder-knot.

We do not mean to tomahawk Chapter IV. on the "Gaming-Houses," because it is evidently written with the praiseworthy and informer-like intention to expose their pernicious tendency. But even this chapter is full of errors and misrepresentations. He describes Crockford's in a true George Robins style. "The bottoms of the chairs are stuffed with down, and the carpenter-part of the work is of that unique description," which is indescribable. We learn that "Crockford's cook is the celebrated Mr. *Oude* [who is *he?* Ude we know well, but the illustrious Mr. Grant confounds him with the king of Oude, whose regal title graces a piquant sauce], with a salary of a *thousand guineas per annum*, and with an assistant at *five hundred*," but that he never "superintends the culinary process unless *solicited*" by the "Duke of Argyll or some other distinguished member," and then he condescends! We are next informed, that "the Marquess of Hertford has, from first to last, in the course of his life, won upward of £1,500,000." To which piece of veracity is added the very gentlemanly remark — "how it has been spent is pretty generally known to the public. He now plays but seldom; hardly ever, unless when a pigeon is to be plucked!" We leave this insinuation* just as we find it, merely remarking that a Whig nobleman† of high class is at present somewhat under a cloud as to the art of card-packing; that a "rising statesman" is acquainted with the Alp-climbing name of Auldjo;‡ that Lords Teynham and Audley, Lord Sefton, and Mr. Ruthven, are liberal Whigs; adding to all, that every word of the above, relating to Lord Hertford, is untrue. The following passage is recommended to the attention of Mr. T. Duncombe and Count D'Orsay. "It did seem to be surprising that such persons as a well-known *metropolitan* M. P., and a certain foreign Count, equally celebrated for the 'prodigiousness' of his

* An unjust one — the Marquess had £60,000 a year of his own, and cared not to win or lose, at play. — M.

† Lord de Ros, afterward convicted of cheating. — M.

‡ The Marquis of Clanrickarde, son-in-law of George Canning. — M.

whiskers, and his gallantry toward a Countess of great personal attractions, and distinguished literary reputation, but without, proverbially without, a farthing in the world—it did, I say, seem surprising to me, how such persons could, night after night, be playing at Crockford's for thousands." As to Mr. Duncombe, we are no admirers of his politics, and will never cease to attack them; but, in spite of our own personal quarrels with him, we must not leave him to be insulted by such a grub as this; and, as to Count D'Orsay, he is liked by every body who has the good fortune to know him. The allusion to the Countess—we know not why we should not write her distinguished name—the Countess of Blessington—is an unnecessary piece of mean scandal, uncalled for, and unmanly, gathered from the merest cesspools of filth. With these exceptions, this chapter is likely to produce a good effect; and, indeed, it is the only one in the two volumes that can induce us to take one *tail* off our literary cat, and withhold a stripe or nine.

We now arrive at those chapters in which Mr. Grant attempts to describe the three classes of metropolitan society, and we feel bound to give him credit for a vast deal of ingenuity, and philosophical observation. Indeed, we are not aware that any writer on the statistics of morality—we coin a phrase, to show our admiration of our author—ever exhibited so much acumen, philanthropy, and practical discrimination—so much of what we may term microscopical industry, rendered the more admirable by his prefatory declaration, that, "in his anxiety to procure correct information on the various subjects he has treated, the author has, in several instances, visited places, and mixed with classes of men before unknown to him."

To make our readers fully aware of Mr. Grant's great merits, we will give a rapid analysis of his views of society, with one or two examples of his very apt and correct method of illustrating them.

"No one," says our moralist, "has ever had an opportunity of studying human character, as exemplified in the conduct of the higher classes of this country, but must have been struck with their *want of regard* to the truth." Now Mr. Grant has had the "opportunity of studying" all this; he has "mixed with classes of men before *unknown to* him," and therefore has, by dint of a few

half-crowns judiciously administered to "my lady's" footman, or my "lord's" valet, been "struck" with divers practices of "the higher." Their "want of regard to the truth" he illustrates in a manner that proves that, at least, he has got as far as the porter's chair in the hall, for he mentions with honor the practice of instructing the servant to say "not at home!" Three pages of virtuous sensibility are given upon this horrible system of lying; and he quotes Dr. Johnson as saying that "a man who would tell a lie would pick a pocket," which is unfortunate, as Dr. Johnson never said any thing of the sort. Next comes the charge that "the *insincerity* of the upper classes is one of the most prominent traits in their character;" and to prove this we have a long string of vulgarisms imputed to the female members of the aristocracy, such as that Miss Harley calls Miss Jerningham "my dear," and gives her a "vigorous kiss;" and when her back is turned, calls her "a horrid creature," "a detestable wretch," &c., &c. Then we have a Miss Grantley meeting a Miss Vernon "at the *soirée* at the Colosseum" (Braham must dismiss Mr. Grant from being a *reporter* there any longer) most affectionately, and immediately afterward saying, "the odious reptile! she is always crossing my path. I would as soon encounter a tiger as meet her. I abhor the very thought of the vulgar wretch." (!) Then comes a sermon against the mothers who "are as guilty as their daughters;" and next a most delicious illustration of his knowledge of the insincerity of the "male members of the aristocracy." But we must quote the passage:

"Lord Mandon puts a personal construction on some expression which has been made use of by the Marquess of Alvey. He appoints a friend. The latter does the same. A hostile meeting takes place. *But before they attempt to hurry each other into eternity, they shake hands.* (!!) A person unacquainted with the ways of the aristocratic world would suppose [but Mr. Grant, being "acquainted," &c., &c., does not suppose it!], on seeing them *embracing* each other before firing with mortal intent, that they were two friends who were about to part for some time. They fire a first and a second time; on both occasions they providentially miss: the seconds interfere, and determine that each of the parties has vindicated his honor. Of course, they then quit the

field. But do they do so in the way you would expect of persons who, but a moment before, had been deliberately, and in cold blood, meditating each other's murder? No: instead of demeaning themselves toward each other as deadly enemies, they shake hands [again?] with the greatest apparent cordiality, and evince the warmest apparent interest in each other's welfare." (!)

We have lately been rubbing up our *fistical* knowledge under the able tutorship of Samuel Evans, alias "Young Dutch Sam." We read the above passage to Sam. and asked him what he thought of it. "Think," said Sam, "why, hah, hah, hah!" Sam could not speak for laughing. We are in the same condition; we cannot write for the tremendous guffaws that burst from us. There! the last explosion has broken a tumbler-glass of whiskey-punch at our elbow, so we must perforce be steady. Gentlemen shake hands before blazing away at one another? Do they? It is new.

Mr. Grant next asserts, that, "as respects the higher classes, their hourly conduct is but a living exemplification of the most profligate principles;" then, his moral thermometer getting up, that their "criminality" does not stop at "seduction," which he had just said was "the *only* business of their lives," but "rises yet higher in the scale of social and moral enormity." Then comes an illustration: "A noble and learned lord, whose name meets one's eye in almost every newspaper, is said to have lately paid the immense sum of £10,000, to get the proceedings stayed which were commenced against him for *crim. con.* with a lady* who used to figure prominently in all the movements of the fashionable world." We do not affect to be ignorant as to who the "noble and learned lord" is whom this poor thing endeavors to damage by insinuation, wanting the courage to speak out, because we have become accustomed to the practices of the party to which the yelper belongs, viz., to run down their dreaded foe by the meanest whisperings, and the most false imputations. The noble and learned lord (noble by his own exertions, having received his patent as the reward of his learning) can well afford to pass by these carpings —the lion heeds not the asthmatic bark of mangy curs—but we

* Lord Lyndhurst and Lady Sykes were the parties alluded to.—M.

will not allow the pack so much license as to keep silent when we see them emerging from their congenial dung-heap, to scatter their slimy poison through society.

This Mr. Grant, for instance, has the audacity to pollute the public ear by publishing such infamous falsehoods as the following: "Virtue is laughed to scorn amongst the aristocracy." "Would you be a favorite in the fashionable world—would you be a hero in the aristocratic circles—you must go through a previous course of moral and social profligacy. The greater the number and enormity of the injuries you have inflicted on society, always provided you take care not to render yourself amenable to the criminal jurisprudence of your country, the more popular you are sure to be among the higher classes of London." But we cannot debase our ink by quoting more of such proofs of "the correct information" possessed by this wretched penny-a-liner as to the morality of a class of which he knows as little as the scavenger who sweeps their crossings.

The pages devoted to the "social condition" of the higher classes are equally contemptible: those to their "notions of dignity" are meant to be vastly witty. Poor fellow! Then comes this question: "Are there not numerous instances on record, in which dukes, earls, lords, and others, have married actresses and other females whose virtue every one knew to have long previously taken to itself wings and fled away?"

Lamentable scribbler! Does he mean to say this of the Countess of Craven (Miss Brunton), of the Countess of Derby (Miss Farren), of Lady Becher (Miss O'Neill), of Lady Thurlow (Miss Bolton), of Mrs. Bradshaw (Miss M. Tree), and of many others whom we could name?

The remarks on the House of Lords we pass by altogether; they are precisely such as we should expect from this writer, and we pray Heaven to avert from that illustrious body the heavy damnation of Mr. Grant's praises. But, reader, it is time you should have a laugh again. You shall have one. Here are passages in which the habitual conversation of the "higher classes" is thus most *correctly* (for Mr. Grant "has mixed with classes before unknown to him") dramatized. "'What savage is that with a face like a *boiled lobster?*' inquired Lady Mortimer at Almacks!"

"'My dear marchioness, who is that *she-bear* with blowsy hair and her face like *pickled cabbage?*' "Oh! I can't endure the sight of that mountain of humanity, that *beetle-squasher*, Lord Henry Manning.' 'Look at that *laughing hyena*, that piece of vulgarity, Miss Tompkins.' 'Did you ever see such a brute as that Lord Brandon is?' 'I could dig that horrid woman's eyes out.' 'Who is that sow of a woman?'" &c., &c.

We are informed that "Mr. Bulwer says, that three fourths of the estates of the aristocracy are mortgaged to Jews." We do not profess to know so much about the tribe of Israel as Mr. Bulwer, and, therefore, cannot contradict him; it may be that that hon. gentleman has reasons for what he says—that his *qualifications* for judging of such matters are equal to those which enable him (*pro hac vice*) to sit for Lincoln. After this we meet with divers reflections upon matrimony, which would lead us to imagine that Mr. Grant is the hymeneal agent who so perseveringly advertises to "bring young people together;" and then the question by way of winding up: "I have thus endeavored to portray aristocratic character. Behold the picture! Is it like? Those who have seen most of high life [how much has Mr. Grant seen?], and studied the upper classes of society most attentively, will, I doubt not, bear testimony to its fidelity." We know not which is the most admirable, the utter impudence of the interrogatory, or the hopeless self-sufficiency of the answer. We will, however, tell this person what we think of the aristocracy of this country.

The aristocracy of England is a body of which England may be proud. It is adorned by the names of those who shed a lustre on by-gone ages, its glory is sustained by the accession to its ranks of those whose triumphs in the battle-field, in intellectual supremacy, or in successful exertion in aiding the prosperity of the empire, have achieved greatness. As a body, the aristocracy of England is high-minded without being haughty, and courteous without aping humility. There is not a charitable effort made but the aristocracy is always the first and readiest to answer the appeal—no danger can threaten the country but the aristocracy is ready to send forth its youth and its hopes to the contest. Its blood has been poured out like water in England's trial fields, and in peace it has fostered commercial enterprise, and, by employing, given life to the finer

arts. Although peremptory in the line which marks its class, it offers no insurmountable barrier to merit — a Brougham or a Copley are the peers of a Howard or a Percy. We will not affect to say that we are so conversant with the domestic manners of the aristocracy as the author of *The Great Metropolis* desires to be considered; but we are bold to assert, that a more recklessly untrue picture than his never was given of them. As far as our personal knowledge goes (and, without boasting, we may say we have some) compared with the aristocracy of any other country, that of England is pre-eminently moral and virtuous. It is not because some individuals are exceptions that a superficial scribbler, merely to make a book, should traduce the whole; partly to parade what he deems his own cleverness, and partly to indulge in that rabid political feeling which leads a man to envy and hate all above himself: we say, that these exceptions cannot deprive the aristocracy of England of the proud name of being the first body in the world.

Of "the Middle Classes" Mr. Grant contrives to say a few words of praise — a few grains of Scotch barley in a bowl of sour soup! But the whole tenor of this chapter is similar to all the others; the ignorance displayed being less pardonable, as, from his own description of himself, Mr. Grant belongs to this class, which, therefore, was not "before unknown to him."

We said Mr. Grant had given a description of himself — he tells us, that "the greatest error committed by the middle classes is, that of aspiring at being received into the circles of the upper classes;" and then proceeds to adduce an instance. *Ecce!*

"I know an instance — and let it be observed I am only speaking the sober truth — of two gentlemen whose ambition to be considered among the great, wofully contrasts with their pecuniary circumstances. They are now living, and have been for two years, in one furnished apartment on a second floor. There is no room for two beds in the apartment, and, consequently, one of them is obliged to sleep on the sofa. This they do alternately, or, if he who has the good fortune to possess the bed on a particular night, has occasion to rise earlier in the morning than his friend, the latter considers the circumstance *quite a windfall*, he leaps *at once from the sofa and takes possession of the vacant bed.* (!) But the

most ludicrous part of the business is, the way in which they manage their joint stock of linen. Every one has heard of Falstaff's ragged regiment, who only had three shirts, and these all tattered and torn, among them [is this in Shakespeare? look again, Mr. Grant], although one hundred and fifty in number. My two heroes were not quite so badly off, for they have four tolerably good shirts between them. By an arrangement which I cannot properly describe [*decent man!*], they always contrive to have one of the shirts ready for any emergency, and whichever of them happens to need it first is entitled to it. In the article of eating and drinking, when at their own expense, they are obliged to be remarkably moderate. They vegetate on next to nothing, and yet they are in the habit of dining out and mixing with persons moving, if not in strictly aristocratic society, in a sphere which approximates to it." In this case it is clear, that "the author has visited places, and mixed with classes of men before," now, and to continue, well known "to him!"

Mr. Grant's acquaintances seem to be rather sorrily off; for he tells us he knows families who "rent houses at £120 per annum—respectable houses being as necessary in their case as apparel—where they will have nothing deserving the name of a dinner for eight or ten days consecutively; (!) nothing, indeed, but a cup of coffee with a slice of bread in the morning, and a pint of beer with a dry crust in the afternoon." This living, he informs us, does not suit "delicate young females," for whom he evinces much consideration! After this he is facetious. We find him in "lodgings in Bishopsgate Street," deluding himself into a belief that he was to breakfast "at the west end of Oxford Street" with Mrs. Sale and Misses *Pipkinses*—we beg pardon—Warrenton, and a detail is given of his being "stupified" at finding "none of them out of bed" at nine in the morning. Mr. Grant was obliged to spend threepence at a saloup and coffee-stall.

The chapter on the lower classes is a tissue of vulgarity and slang, written in evident self-satisfaction and *gusto*. But even here his knowledge fails him. He quotes the lines of the poetical *conveyancer* who fancied his neighbor's goods; and he quotes them wrong. He gives them thus: "A Yorkshireman, who was committed a few weeks since to one of our prisons for felony, made it

his first work, on being locked up, to write on the walls, in the best orthography he could command, the following couplet:

> "'He who prigs wot's not his own,
> Is sure to coom to a prizzun.'"

He moreover explains [how kind!] that the word "prigs" means "steals," and the word "prizzun" means "prison." But, as we before said, Mr. Grant has forgotten the story. The poet was no Yorkshireman, but a "small boy," of convenient *pocket* height; and the lines he wrote were much superior to Mr. Grant's, viz.:

> "Him as prigs vot is n't his 'n,
> Ven he 's kotched must cum to pris'n."

In conclusion, we are told that the lower classes call *The Morning Chronicle* "the Chron.," *The Satirist* "the Sat.," and a cabriolet "a cab." Nay, further, that a waterman calls "Bo sa," for "Boat, sir?" and that butchers say, "Buy, buy?"—and so ends the first volume.

As for Volume II. we shall make but short work of it. The "great metropolis" in the eyes of Mr. Grant, consists of theatres, and newspapers, with slight episodes on all other matters. There are, perhaps, some things worthy of notice in London, besides what is going on behind the scenes, or in that awful apartment known by the name of editor's room; but we do not blame Mr. Grant for not dilating upon them. What can we talk of but of what we know? Into the society of a lady or gentleman the poor fellow had no chance of intruding: of Lords or Commons he had but random recollections, and how random! of what he saw in their Houses of Parliament, while "taking his turn" in the gallery: of the decent middle classes he is equally ignorant, as appears from the pathetic tale already alluded to of his wandering in a snowy morning from Bishopsgate Street to the Tyburn end of Oxford Road, prudently preferring a soaking to the skin to the dangerous experiment of calling a cab, in quest of a breakfast at nine o'clock, promised him by some young ladies the evening before; and his indignant remonstrances on being informed by the servant maid that they had not left their room, at that outrageous hour, when the drenched barbarian, still redolent, not of the sweet south, but of the unfra-

grant north, presented himself to the offended optics of the astonished domestic, who must have naturally taken him for an escape from the hulks. Even of the lower classes of London he knows nothing, except by his conjecture that they must resemble the people with whom he congregated in familiar friendship when at home. What his acquaintance with the theatres is, we have already discussed; but surely we thought he may know something of the newspapers.

Charitable was the thought, but erroneous. Even of them, though they are to him of such vital importance that he gives to them alone half the space of his whole budget of observations on the whole metropolis, he is profoundly ignorant. He really knows nothing of the actually governing powers of the newspapers. He is, we admit, profoundly acquainted with the prices expected by the reporters, and especially by the reporters of low degree, but here his information ends. He finds out, with respect to the *Times*, that Captain Stirling "does not go to the office;" that in the *Examiner*, Mr. Albany Fonblanque "does not go to the office;" that in the *Morning Post*, Mr. Mackworth Praed "does not go to the office;" that in the *Morning Herald*, Mr. Sydney Taylor "does not go to the office;" and so forth. He is "not prepared to state" fifty things about the most ordinary matters of routine in the newspaper press. He "understands" that Mr. Theodore Hook writes for *John Bull*, of the history of which he is wholly ignorant. He finds out that Dr. Maginn is one of the four regular editors of the *Age*. He assures us that Mr. Fonblanque writes for the *Morning Chronicle*. He knows that, when the *Chronicle* declared that the *Standard* was an obscure paper, which could not live, the *Standard* was in danger of being given up for want of advertisements. He believes that John Murray lost £15,000 by the *Representative*, which lived only half-a-year. He is sure that the Carlton Club, the wealth of which appears in his eyes unbounded, bought the *Times* for £100,000. He tells us that the *Foreign Review* was started by a son of Lord Gillies (who has no son), and by Mr. James Fraser, author of the *Travels in Persia*, confounding him with Mr. Wm. Fraser, no relative whatever. He is certain that Lockhart wrote an article upon Hogg's *Memoir of Sir Walter Scott* in our own Magazine, of which Lockhart knew

nothing till he saw it in print. He informs us that, after William Gifford ceased to be editor of the *Quarterly*, he was succeeded by Dr. Southey, who never edited the Review in his life, being quite ignorant, at the same time, of the fact, that the present Mr. Justice Coleridge was editor for some numbers. He repeats, with infinite credulity, the trash stories of Mr. O'D—— and Dick Martin, and the noble Lord and the gigantic Irishman of *John Bull*, both being untrue. He calls Giffard, Gifford; Banks, Bankes; Quin, M'Quinn; Dios Santos, De Santez. In short, he bungles and blunders in every thing, great and small, even in the very trade to which he happens to be attached, in the character of flunkey.

These things are trifles, our readers will observe, and we agree with them. We think the whole book stuff of the most trifling kind; but, what shall we say of a literary man, or one who professes to be so, devoting a whole volume to the petty details of newspapers and magazines, utterly ignorant of what is going on in their internal management all the while, and never dropping a hint of the existence of any other species of literature in "The Great Metropolis?"

We hand him over to the indignation of Mr. E. L. Bulwer.

EPAMINONDAS GRUBB, OR FENIMORE COOPER, *versus* THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

THIS is, of its kind, a remarkable article, and should not be suffered to drift away unobserved on that foul current of republican abuse and calumny to which it belongs. It is worth while to catch hold of the vile thing — pulling it forth with a pitchfork — and exposing the intricate texture of its black web — the materials being spite, envy, hatred of order, and of all deservedly exalted characters; hatred, too, of the best efforts of successful genius; and the whole production brought out for effect, under a pretended zeal for "principle."

This precious critique, as the author instructs us to believe, has been written from stern dictates of duty; and his *conscience* would not have allowed him to rest unless he had promulgated it to the world. "We think it time," says he, "that the voice of Truth should be heard in this matter; that these old and venerable principles, which have been transmitted to us from God himself, should be fearlessly applied!" For our own parts, though we understand well enough what the word principle means, when *correctly* interpreted, yet, at the outset, we are somewhat puzzled by these

* The malevolent and abusive article, on which we have here animadverted, appeared in "The Knickerbocker, or New York Monthly Magazine," for October, 1838. But, with laudable impartiality, the proprietors of that journal have, in their number for December last, published a "Reply to Cooper's Attack on Scott;" which, however, did not fall in our way, till after our own remarks had been for some time in type. As Mr. Cooper's countrymen and the editor of the "Knickerbocker" (who should know best) have fixed on that eminent romance-writer the paternity of the attack, we owe an apology to our old acquaintance, *Epaminondas*, for having so freely indicated our belief that *he*, more probably was its author. *Palmam qui meruit ferat!* — O. Y.

epithets, "old and venerable." A venerable eternity would sound rather strange, but not more so in our estimation than an old and venerable *principle*. However, so much is quite clear; the *plan* of our transatlantic moralist is the "fearless application of principles," and the immediate *object* of his exertions, as will soon be apparent, is to show, that Sir Walter Scott had trampled on *all* principles, being most pertinaciously addicted to "fraud, falsehood, avarice, selfishness, treachery, low cunning, abject meanness," and other such propensities, which are to be discovered often enough in the world, but of which, according to our author, Sir Walter's character was pre-eminently, if not exclusively, made up!

Such is the plan, and such is the drift, of this exquisite American *brochure*. But notwithstanding the grave dignity of the introduction, there is not so much of novelty in the performances of a paltry insect trying his best (or worse) to undermine an oak-tree, as to have induced us to notice the article, had we not been confidently assured that it comes from the pen of Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, author of the *Last of the Mohicans*, the *Spy*, and numberless other works, for whom (as well as for Sir E. L. Bulwer, and other *indefatigables*), we are bound to entertain all due respect. And if Mr. Cooper be in reality the writer of the critique before us, the sentiments of an individual so much distinguished, especially when he appeals to "old and venerable principles," are, questionless, entitled to consideration; at all events, should not be passed over in utter silence.

But for our own part, we avow at the outset, that we have some reason to believe this paper is not the production of the "great American novelist," but has emanated from the pen of Mr. Epaminondas Grubb of Massachusetts, a genius whom, by singular chance, we recollect to have seen in London several years ago, when it was still the practice of certain publishers to give large sums for the copyright of novels, even when execrably bad. He came into the market with a huge three-volume MS., of his own composition, for which he modestly demanded fifteen hundred pounds. And we can recollect that it was Grubb's decided opinion, even at that period, that Sir Walter Scott had been ridiculously overrated. He thought, moreover, that the inhabitants of this country were poor, paltry, ignorant beings, compared with

those of Massachusetts; lastly, we are sure that Grubb did also talk about "old and venerable principles."

Yet, as already said, the production before us has been fathered, by the force of *on dit*, on Mr. Fenimore Cooper, and that he *may* have written it, is, we think, quite within the limits of possibility. There was an article not long ago in the *Quarterly Review*, where Lockhart happened to treat the "great American novelist" with considerably more of justice than ceremony; and, from the virulent animosity betrayed by the *soi-disant* "moralist" against the review and its editor, one can scarcely help surmising that some slight alloy of egotism must have blended with the zeal for "old and venerable principles," before he could write so bitterly.

Still we do incline to think that the author is not Cooper, but our old acquaintance, Epaminondas Grubb, who, we believe, really and unaffectedly despised every mortal but himself. Be this as it may, Mr. Fenimore Cooper unquestionably does belong to a class of authors, all of whom (whether *he* forms an exception is another question) did most cordially hate Sir Walter when living, and who rejoice in having a fling at the lion when dead. There are divers novelists who, thanks to that sort of public taste which used to support the "Minerva Press," and the splendid industry exhibited by some of our west-end booksellers, not only have "had their day," as regards pecuniary emolument, but continue to see their works paraded in public. Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, such authors being in a predicament much like that of builders who have run up houses that will hardly stand wind and weather even for *one* generation—these gentry, we say, have an awkward propensity, not only to get into a rage when their productions are scrutinized or begin to moulder away, but they entertain the most bitter vindictiveness against each contemporary (or even deceased) artist, who happens to have completed twenty or thirty edifices of unquestionable character, which have stood and are likely to stand firm, and to bring high prices in the market.

We have known numbers of aspirant and incipient authors, not having advanced so far as to get either praise or blame, who lisped in *affected* admiration of the "Last Minstrel" and the Waverley novels; but your *middling* writers—your creatures of

puff—your straw and patchwork gentry—(who, instead of being middling, wish to be esteemed first-rate)—this *genus* were, and are, all against him to a man, and ready to calumniate him in every possible way. And if they have not shown much fight, this was not from any want of envious rancor, but of opportunity and courage, and because it did not occur to them to begin, like Epaminondas Grubb, "in King Cambyses' vein," with "old and venerable principles." Among the really enlightened members of society, those by principle, education, aims, and objects, fitted to become authors "for all time," it is almost superfluous to observe, that we never knew even *one* who did not rejoice in contributing just praise to the character, both public and private, of Sir Walter Scott.

But it is full time that we should proceed to the article itself, which commences with declaring that, in the author's opinion, the "very important task of writing the life of Sir W. S. being delegated to Mr. Lockhart, had fallen into the hands of a very improper person." The circumstance, it seems, of the near connexion existing betwixt the biographer and the deceased, is one reason for this impropriety; but, above all, the decisive fact against Lockhart, as we shall see hereafter, is that of his being editor of the *Quarterly*, and also the writer of articles (generally the most *trenchant*) in the journal which he edits. This is the "damned spot" affixed to his character, which all the merits, literary and moral, of his *Valerius*, *Reginald Dalton*, *Matthew Wald*, *Adam Blair*, translations from the Spanish, and other works, cannot efface or compensate.

The author goes on to his charges against Sir Walter; but *au commencement*, very wisely recollects that perhaps some one may start the question, *cui bono?*—for which, however, he is quite prepared on "old and venerable principles;" as, forsooth, he benevolently intends, "by proper exposure, to prevent the young and inexperienced from following in footsteps which have been made to appear hallowed."

The first delinquency alleged against Scott, is, that he sanctioned the notion of his life being written, and his diary published, by Mr. Lockhart, and named him his literary executor. "The very fact of designating a biographer," says Grubb (for we can hardly

suppose that Cooper would write such arrant nonsense), "infers something like *a fraud* on the public, as it is usually placing one who should possess the impartiality of a judge in the position of an advocate, and leaves but faint hopes of a frank and fair exhibition of the truth." Consequently, and in order to avoid the commission of "something like a fraud," Sir Walter must either not have appointed any literary executor, or devolved that duty on an utter stranger; unless, indeed, it had been his fortune to number among his acquaintances an individual so thoroughly imbued with "old and venerable principles," and so perfectly free from any alloy of prejudice, envy, uncharitableness, or resentment, as Epaminondas Grubb or (shall we add?) Fenimore Cooper.

He tries back, of course, on the old tack, viz., his abhorrence of Lockhart. Not only, he tells us, is the appointment of a literary executor in itself a fraudulent act, but "Mr. Lockhart was one of the last men that Sir Walter Scott should have selected for this office." So sound a logician as our *ci-devant* friend, Epaminondas, is, of course, always ready to support every *dictum* by premises, and here comes the reason: "Mr. Lockhart was disqualified for the task, because a man can no more maintain a connexion with a publication like the *Quarterly Review*, which is notoriously devoted to profligate political partizanship, reckless alike of truth and decency, and hope to preserve the moral tone of his mind, than a woman can frequent the society of the licentious and hope to escape pollution." That Mr. Lockhart is the staunch adherent of a political party — that he has no great admiration of the condition, social or political, of the United States; that he detests modern (so styled) Whigs, with their precious reformations, their economy, their foreign policy, their Irish tail, and their "tender mercies" of various kinds — all this is true enough; but, as already said, we suspect that all this would not have been sufficient, and that there exists behind the curtain some *other* cause for the "moralist's" immitigable spite against the *Quarterly* and its conductor.

As above, we have been favored with the *first* proof, according to "old and venerable principles," of Scott's propensity to "fraud." We proceed to number two, whereby he is arraigned of having sanctioned "deliberate falsehood" and "aggravated treachery,"

the charge being founded on the following passage, which occurs in a letter from Sir W. S. to his brother, Mr. Thomas Scott: "Dear Tom—I observe what you say as to Mr. * * *, and as you may often be exposed to similar requests, which it would be difficult to parry, you can sign such letters of introduction as relate to persons you do not honor, *short*, T. Scott; by which abridgment of the name I shall learn to limit my civilities." The remarks of Epaminondas on this letter are as follows: "He who is not shocked at the fraud the instant he is told of it has reason to distrust himself, for he may rely on it he is wanting in the very elements of honesty. Reflection only makes the matter worse. If the marks do not contradict the words of the letter, they are clearly unnecessary; if they do contradict the words of the letter, they become a deliberate falsehood, and a falsehood that is so much the worse, as it is connected with treachery cloaked in the garb of friendship," &c., &c.

Grubb, in every passage, wishes to blacken the memory of Sir Walter Scott; but in every instance when *truth* (which he professes to revere) is made known, the blow recoils against his own purposes and on his own head. *Here* the truth happens to be, that Scott's hospitality and kindness to visitors were so profuse (comparatively with his means and fortune), that a friend and relation need to be very cautious whom he introduced. Moreover, the poet was often admonished by those who had his welfare at heart, on this kind of improvidence, which infringed on his time, purse, and patience. He was himself not unconscious of the fault, and considered it a duty to *aim* at caution and discrimination. The simplest words of ordinary courtesy in a letter of introduction were enough to secure his invitation, not merely to dinner, but (if in the country) to stay all night (and possibly for days). His brother held an official situation, and had many acquaintances, to some of whom, doubtless, he made no scruple in flatly refusing an introduction; among others who deserved at least politeness at his hands, it was necessary to indicate those on whose good conduct he could place reliance, and those of whom he could only say, "I did not like to refuse the man a mere letter of introduction, though, to tell the truth, I know very little about him." We say it was absolutely requisite, not merely upon "old and venerable princi-

ples," but on principles of right and wrong, which are *neither old nor new, but are universal and eternal*, that Sir Walter should be apprized by his brother of this distinction; and for the sake of his wife and family, if not for himself, that he should desire and request to be thus apprized.

The next accusation is against the moral rectitude of Sir Walter, for a certain letter addressed to Gifford, when the *Quarterly Review* was organized. In this letter, Scott, in the plainest manner, states his opinion as follows: "It would certainly not be advisable that the work should assume, especially at the outset, a professed political character. On the contrary, the articles on science, and of miscellaneous character, ought to be of such a quality as might fairly challenge competition with the best of our contemporaries. But, as the real reason of instituting the publication is the disgusting and deleterious doctrines with which the most popular of our journals disgraces its pages, it is essential to consider how the warfare shall be managed."

"*This*," asseverates Mr. Grubb, was "most gross fraud" on the part of Sir Walter, and he "does confess his astonishment at the coolness of the impudence with which it is related by the editor of the *Review* itself." Further, he says that "by the disgusting and deleterious doctrines of the *Edinburgh*, we are to understand only the slang of party, and not a high moral aim, as a brief consideration of the facts will show. The *Quarterly*," he continues, "is Tory—the *Edinburgh*, Whig. The first" [query, former?] "party taught the doctrine of undue deference to rank; of perpetuating the institutions (which was perpetuating an aristocratical polity) of obedience to the king, to cloak the power of the nobles; of submission to the thousand abuses that belong to such a system."

Then he goes on to state, that Sir Walter, being "servilely submissive to the great, in public, took his revenge by abusing them in private," and illustrates this latter position by two quotations from private letters, wherein Scott has alluded with bitterness to the depravity, egoism, and folly, too often imputable to the higher, even to the highest, ranks in this country.

Here, again, when the truth is fairly stated, Grubb's intended blow against the memory of the dead recoils, to counteract his own amiable purposes. Scott avowedly wished for the establishment

of a quarterly journal which should oppose the political misrepresentations of the *Edinburgh;* but on prudential grounds, as explained, he wished not only that it should appear, from the commencement, as a literary journal (its precursor having done so), but that the "miscellaneous and scientific articles should," *actually and truly*, "be of such quality as might challenge competition" with any and every periodical of the time. This is the whole truth, on which Grubb founds his impudent accusation of fraud; and so far is the letter from containing aught that requires concealment, it might, without impropriety, have been published (as from an intending collaborator) along with the prospectus and first number of the new journal.

But, as we have said, the American's blow recoils on himself; for, according to his assertions, Sir Walter had "*no moral aim;*" he was acting from mere self-interest, forsooth, and as the "tool of a party." [This is the main point — for motives are of more importance than actions in the moral world.] Be assured, most valorous Epaminondas, that, notwithstanding all the faults and frailties incident to the social condition of this and other countries, it is quite *possible* to cherish the most fervent sincerity and entire personal disinterestedness, in all one's views and wishes, although connected with a party; for on public questions no man can act alone. And that Sir Walter Scott was sincere to his heart's core in his detestation of those *impulses* (most erroneously or mendaciously styled *principles*) which actuated the Whigs in Scotland, at the time when he co-operated with the *Quarterly*, no impartial judge can for a moment doubt. As little doubt can there be that he abhorred the vices, and despised or lamented the weaknesses, of divers existing members of the aristocracy in England, as a country gentleman may conscientiously wish to support the church establishment, although perhaps he feels himself bound to censure the conduct of his own parish rector, or of the nearest bishop. But, above all, we are reminded by Grubb's attack how true have proved the predictions of Scott, that under a Whig administration almost every previously existing evil or danger has increased tenfold; and that by the breaking up or shaking of old institutions there has been introduced into the country a spirit of demoralization, and an almost utter abandonment of principles, rightly so

termed, which, were it not for the growing strength, the intelligence and steadfastness, of the Conservative party, might render us entirely hopeless.

The fourth and fifth accusations (founded on letters to Thomas Scott and Mr. Ellis) are absolute shadows; there is nothing to grapple with. As to the notion that Jeffrey's flippant review of *Marmion* had been an inducement for setting up the *Quarterly*, it is too ridiculous for notice; and Scott's allusion to that article is written evidently in a tone of the most good-humored badinage.

The next imputation of "fraud and deception" hinges upon this that Scott, having written a very favorable review of Southey's *Kehama*, remarks, about the same time, in a letter to Mr. Ellis, that had he been disposed to turn it into ridicule, the work afforded ample opportunities for so doing. Let his words be sifted and twisted in every possible way, they will amount to no more than this; which, moreover, is exactly what every man of critical tact and common sense (placing Southey himself at the top of the list) would have thought and said of such a poem as *Kehama*, had he been asked to review it. But there is afterward another charge represented as very serious, and connected with this poor matter of a reviewal, on which Sir Walter Scott probably never bestowed a second thought. A letter is printed in Lockhart's book, addressed to Southey, wherein Sir Walter says, he "has *not yet* seen *Kehama*;" and this Grubb resolutely insists was written *after* the above-mentioned letter to Ellis, of which Mr. Lockhart observes, that it is without date. We happen to have in our own possession several autograph letters from Scott, two of which having been sent by post, and *en envelope*, are without date — by no means an unusual occurrence in his despatches, though it is possible enough to guess at the date from the contents of the letter, or style of the handwriting. Grubb, however, stoutly maintains, that in this instance, above-mentioned, the date had been torn off, and "suppressed, *pour cause*," &c. But we are growing heartily tired of the reptile's rubbish, though not yet half through with his closely-printed pages.

Seventhly — the insect tries to raise an immense pother, because in writing *about* Lord Melville and *to* the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Walter Scott said of *each* of these friends, that he had been "the

architect of the Border Minstrel's little fortune." To those having any access to know the real characters of those noblemen, it will give little cause for wonder if the Minstrel spoke of them, at all times, in the warmest terms which confidence and friendship could dictate. And though, in strict reality, neither one nor other had been the architect of the poet's fortune, yet, as both had the sincerest heart to serve him, it was generous and graceful on his part to overrate whatever benefits were conferred, and acknowledge the "will for the deed." When *both* happened to dine together at his table, he might possibly have found an opportunity to say—"You have been the *architects* of my little fortune." But Grubb, the moralist, must needs express great wrath, because in writing to (or of) each of them *separately*, Sir Walter should not have taken care when he eulogizes *one*, to reckon up, at the same time, the benefits for which he conceived himself indebted to the other.

Eighthly—the grub tries to be quite solemn upon the enormous fact—the indelible crime of Scott having reviewed the *Tales of My Landlord*, and therewith the Waverley Novels, for the *Quarterly*. The northern Minstrel, be it remembered, had been engaged and relied on as a writer for that review from its commencement, and as he was not addicted to the physical sciences, nor then *wrote* much on politics, *belles lettres* was his proper (if not *only*) department. He had determined not to admit his being the author of *Waverley*, or the "Landlord's Tales" (which last were then supposed by many to be the work of a third party); and to keep up this harmless delusion, also in fulfilment of his promises to Gifford at the outset, he agreed to review them, stipulating, however, that Mr. W. Erskine (Lord Kinnedder) should be jointly engaged with him in the critique. That the laudatory parts of the review originated with Erskine, all who are acquainted with that gentleman's propensity, to express strongly and in detail, his critical opinions of every new work, must be thoroughly convinced. (Indeed, without *his* encouragement, we doubt much whether *Waverley* itself would ever have been completed.) Grubb, of course, knows nothing about Lord Kinnedder's habits or style of writing; however, he indicates his entire disbelief that his lordship had any thing to do with the article, and almost gives the *lie direct* to persons who were as widely distinguished from him in character as

an antelope is from a muckworm. But although Grubb knows nothing about Lord Kinnedder's merits, he cannot deny his knowledge (or access to know), that this lamented individual died three years before the disclosure of the authorship of the Waverley Novels.* Yet as a *clencher*, at the close of this charge, he insolently demands *why* Mr. Erskine did not come forward to justify his friend! The suppression of a fact, as Grubb elsewhere informs us, is tantamount to a direct lie, and in most instances this is correct enough. Let him have the full benefit of his own "old and venerable principles."

Next is paraded Hogg's notion, that Sir Walter had been the author of a review, in which he places himself at the *head*, and the Shepherd at the *tail*, of English poetical literature; a notion which the latter found reason to abandon. But Grubb, of course, insists on the probability that Scott *did* write the article.

Tenthly, comes a monstrous long passage, attempting to prove that Sir Walter had really no "sentiments" in favor of "hereditary power," but that he always paid homage to those who happened to possess it, no matter whence derived, and this merely for the sake of the worldly advantages which he might extract from them. The grand evidence which gives rise to this allegation is a note addressed to Sir William Knighton (who was then in the confidence of George IV.), not asking directly or indirectly any favor, but announcing that his son (who had been already introduced to his Majesty) was about to marry a lady of fortune; and with obvious exultation he adds, that though thus situated, the young officer had no thoughts of quitting the army, and that his bride would accompany him to the quarters of the 15th Hussars, in Ireland.

Of this note to Sir W. Knighton our *amiable* critic observes, that a "more whining and pitiful letter was never written; it is almost abject," &c. But, as usual, the intended ruffianlike blow recoils on his own head. Twist the letter in every possible way; it contains no more nor less than we have stated above. And most true it is, that Sir Walter was fervently interested in his

* Lord Kinnedder's death took place in August, 1822; Scott's avowal of his sole authorship of the Waverley Novels was made on February 23, 1827.—M.

son's welfare; as, indeed, his affection for the members of his own family, and his indulgent regard for all those dependent on him, were carried to a degree perhaps approaching to weakness: but, if so, it was the weakness of a generous and noble nature. He cared not how far friends and connexions tried his temper and patience. So long as there was plain dealing, with a frank and warm heart, honorable motives, and spirit to manifest them, a hundred disqualifications would be overlooked. His elder son had from boyhood deservedly engrossed a large share of his confidence and affection, and he would have gone great lengths to promote his welfare. But the servility and whining imputed to the letter exist only in the vile and morbid brain of Grubb; for no roundabout or servile methods were needed. Sir Walter had been on friendly and convivial terms with Sir William Knighton. In the joy of his heart, he mentions his son's marriage, and intention to continue in the army; having good reason to believe that such information would be well received, both by the acquaintance to whom it is addressed, and by the sovereign to whom it would also be communicated.

Hereafter follows a long passage, which, if it has any meaning at all seems to indicate that Sir Walter, expressing as he did, a respect for hereditary rights, ought to have voted George IV. out of his kingdom, and the Duke of Buccleuch out of his dukedom. *This*, we presume, may be passed without comment — as, indeed, might have been the whole paper; though we still maintain that, in its way, it is a fine specimen — something like those articles in a naturalist's cabinet, to which he gives a place as being good *of their kind*, however worthless, unsightly, and offensive.

But we might long ago have said, "*Ex uno disce omnes;*" and must now hasten to a close. The reptile afterward does all that is in a reptile's power to rake up the old accusation against Sir Walter, of having unjustly assigned over to his son the landed property of Abbotsford; and as to the unparalleled exertions which the poet made betwixt 1826 and 1831, with broken health (and, we had almost added, with broken heart), the spiteful miscreant coldly and brutally observes, that considering such "great advantages" (that is to say, *salaries*, no matter how much *bespoken*), "so far from its being extraordinary that he should at-

tempt to pay his debts, it would have been extraordinary had he not attempted it."

The only other endeavors of this writer *specially* to blacken the private and personal character of Scott, hinge on the stern and unforgiving conduct which he apparently evinced toward his brother Daniel, and on the circumstance of Lady Scott having expired at Abbotsford, whilst her husband was at Edinburgh. From commenting on these passages we are withheld only by the feeling, that to draw the veil from the sanctuary of domestic life, or to write on subjects of a solemn nature, would be extremely out of keeping with the tone and treatment which alone such a production as that now before us deserves at our hands. Those who knew aught of Sir Walter's domestic character, of the principles which guided his conduct, or impulses which were paramount in his heart, will perfectly appreciate the motives which on this occasion induce us to be silent.

The rest of the trash is made up by an *affectedly candid* estimate of Scott's literary powers, of which, notwithstanding the vague meanderings and ridiculous contradictions, the *real drift* is perfectly apparent, namely, to depreciate all the writings (but especially the novels) of the distinguished individual, whose moral character he has before endeavored to traduce; and to prove that these writings belong in reality to the *middling* class, whilst Fenimore Cooper and Epaminondas Grubb (perhaps, also, other worthies) have been unjustly denied that palm of superiority to which their achievements entitled them.

DID HANNIBAL KNOW THE USE OF GUNPOWDER?

I. THE ROCK IN THE ALPS.

As the march of Hannibal across the Alps is confessedly one of the most wonderful of military operations, we must not be astonished to find that it has been rendered still more wonderful by the addition of further marvels. Of these, the most famous is the blasting of the rock by fire and vinegar.

It is now useless to look after the early authorities for the history of Rome. We have only scanty and dubious fragments of Fabius Pictor, and the others; and Titus Livius must represent them all to us. From this, our main fountain of Roman history, we learn that Hannibal, after surmounting many difficulties during his Alpine march, came at last to a rock which defied all ordinary efforts. In this emergency (Liv. lib. xxi. 37)—

"Inde ad rupem muniendam, per quam unam via esse poterat, milites ducti quum cædendum esset saxum, arboribus circa immanibus dejectis detrumcatisque, struem ingentem lignorum faciunt; eamque (quum et vis venti apta faciendo igni co-orta esset) succendunt, ardentiaque saxa infuso aceto putrefaciunt. Ita torridam incendio rupem ferro pandunt, molliuntque anfractibus modicis clivos, ut non jumenta solum, sed elephanti etiam, deduci possent."

Which is thus translated by George Baker:—

"The soldiers were then employed to make a way down the rock, through which alone it was possible to effect a passage; and as it was necessary to break the rock, they felled and lopped a number of large trees which stood near, with which they raised a vast pile of timber upon it; and as soon as a smart wind arose, to forward the kindling of it, set it on fire, and then, when

the rocks were violently heated, they opened a way through it with iron instruments, and softened the descent by gentle windings, in such manner that not only the beasts of burden, but even the elephants could be brought down."

Florus merely says, that "Punici belli vis et tempestas medias prefregit Alpes;" Eutropius, that "Alpes adhuc eâ parte invias patefecit;" Orosius, that "Invias rupes igni ferroque rescindit;" and Cornelius Nepos, that "Alpicos conantes prohibere transitum concidit, loca patefecit." Juvenal's "Et montem rumpit aceto" must be familiar to every reader.

Silius Italicus introduces the incident of getting rid of the rock into his *Punics*, but without the aid of vinegar. He says:—

"Dum pandit seriam venturi Jupiter ævi,
Ductor Agenoreus, tumulis delatus iniquis
Lapsantem dubio devexa per invia nisu
Firmabat gressum, atque humantia saxa premebat
Non acies hostisve texet, sed prona minaci
Prærupto turbant, et cautibus obvia rupes.
Stant clausi; mœrentque moras, et dura viarum.
Nec refovere datur torpentia membra quieta
Noctem operi jungunt, et robora ferre coactis
Approperant humeris, ac raptas collibus ornos.
Jamque ubi nec darunt silva densissima montis
Aggessere trabes; rapidisque accensus in orbem
Excoquitur flammis scopulus. Mox proruta ferro
Dat gemitum putris resoluto pondere moles,
Atque aperit fessis antiqui regna Latini."—*Punic.* lib. iii. 630–'44.

The author of the *Punics* has met with an English translator in the person of Thomas Ross and we shall adopt his version:—*

* "The second Punick War, between Hannibal and the Romans. The whole seventeen books Englished from the Latine of Silius Italicus. With a Continuation from the triumph of Scipio to the Death of Hannibal. By Tho. Ross, Esq., Keeper of his Majestie's Libraries, and Groom of his most Honorable Privy Chamber. *Aut prodeste volunt, aut delectare poetæ.*—Horat. London, printed by Tho. Roycroft, and are to be sold by Jo. Martin, Ja. Adestry, and Tho. Dicas, in St. Paul's Churchyard. 1661." It is a handsome folio, dedicated to Charles II., whose portrait adorns the volume, which is besides abundant in plates. Charles is preferred to Hannibal and Scipio in prose and verse. It is only fair to the loyal translator to say, that the original dedication is dated at Bruges, Nov. 18, 1657, when adulation to Charles might have been, at all events, disinterested.

"While Jove the series of Times to come
Doth thus infold the Libyan captain from
Th' unequal hills, through wails perplexed descends,
And dubiously, on quarries moist extends
To fix his sliding steps. No furious shocks
Of foes deter him; but the obvious rocks,
Whose prone and threatening cliffs obstruct the way;
So as besieged they stand, and the delay
And difficulties of their march lament;
Nor would the time allow them to foment
With rest their frozen limbs. They spend the night
In labor, and their shoulders all unite
With speed the forests from the hills to bring.
The highest mountains naked made, they fling
The trees in heaps together, and surround
With flame the rocks; which, with a dreadful sound,
Now yielding to their bars of iron, breaks,
And to the weary troops a passage makes
Into Latinus' kingdom."—Ross's *Translation*, p 83.

Of the Greeks, the most important testimony on every thing connected with the second Punic war, Polybius is silent, as to this demolition of the rock. So is Plutarch; but that, indeed, is of small consequence. Appian, in his *Wars of Hannibal*, gives the following version of the circumstance:—

Χίονος τε πολλῆς οὔσης καὶ κρύους, τὴν μὲν ὕλην τέμνων τε, καὶ κατακαίων, τὴν δὲ τέφραν σβεννῦς ὕδατι καὶ ὄξει, καὶ τὴν πέφαν ἐκ τοῦδε ψαφαρὰν γιγνομένην, σφύραις σιδηραῖς θραύων καὶ ὁδοποιῶν. In the not over-accurate version of his only English translator, J. D.: "And finding all the passages stopped with deep snow, and ice congealed together, thawing it by kindling mighty fires, and quenching the ashes with water and vinegar, and then breaking the scorched and cleaving rocks with iron hammers and wedges."

Such is the principal weight of testimony upon this point. That a rock was burst by the process of first heating it by burning wood, and then by the application of vinegar, has been always considered a somewhat strange operation. We must ask—

1. Where did Hannibal get the vinegar? Looking for vinegar in our sense of the word—the fluid called by the Latins *acetum*,

by the Greeks ὄξος — on the top of the Alps, more than a couple of thousand years ago, must have been a hopeless quest; and we can hardly stretch our faith so far as to imagine that Hannibal carried with him from the Ebro the quantity of so perfectly needless an article sufficient to stew down the Alps. Another solution — not of the rock, but of the difficulty — has been attempted by some modern historians, and adopted, strange to say, by so sensible a man as Ernesti, that the *acetum* was no more than the sour wine which the soldiers used as their common drink. "Monet etiam Ernesti acetum fuisse potum militarem, et hinc non mirum esse, tantam ejus copiam Pœnis suppetiisse," says Lemaire, in his note on this passage of Livius. *Non mirum*, indeed! What quantity of this wine was sufficient to cover a rock capable of defying the progress of an army under the command of such a general as Hannibal; or why he in his intensely rapid march, should have encumbered himself with any superfluous provision, solid or fluid, are questions which do not appear to have entered into the heads of these commentatorial quartermasters to inquire. Indeed, if they had taken the trouble of reading the books on which they were making notes, they would have found that, so far from there being any superfluity in the army of Hannibal, the Carthaginian troops were at times almost on the brink of starvation.

2. If Hannibal, however, had as much vinegar as would have flooded the Alps, another question occurs: Where did he get the wood? Livius boldly says, "Arboribus circa *immanibus* dejectis detruncatisque, struem *ingentem* lignorum faciunt." But here the ingenious historian draws, as usual, upon his own imagination. In the snowy districts of the Alps, there are no "immanes arbores," no materials for making the "ingentem struem." Polybius, who, not long after the time, had visited the country, informs us that τῶν γὰρ Ἄλπεων τὰ μὲν ἄκρα, καὶ τὰ πρὸς τὰς ὑπερβολὰς ἀνήκοντα τελέως ἄδενδρα, καὶ ψιλὰ πάντ' ἐστὶ. "The heights of the Alps, and the approaches to the ascents, are altogether treeless and bare." Polybius, we think, says this, with an express reference to the stories from which Livius afterward concocted his history, intending it as an oblique contradiction of the tale, in which immense trees and vast piles of timber are introduced, as

auxiliary to Hannibal in his task of rock-melting. "There are no trees on that part of his line of march," says Polybius, quietly, but significantly, alluding to the story of those who had so liberally supplied the invader with timber. Schweighœuser very properly remarks: "Quid quod, cap. 37, (Liv. lib. xxi.) in summis Alpium jugis, ubi ne virgulta quidem crescunt, et nil nisi nuda rupes est, nive plerumque, humo nusquam operta, immanes etiam arbores inducit, et lignorum ingentem struem; nempe his opus erat et ornandam fabulam, quam sicco pede pendens Polybius transit, de rupe incendio torrefacta, et infuso aceto putrefacta."

3. If there had been oceans of vinegar in the casks of Hannibal's baggage-wagons, and as much timber at hand as the Canadian forests supply, another and a very important question remains, and that is, Would all this timber heat, and all this vinegar dissolve, any rock towering some thousands of feet above the level of the sea? As for the particular rocks in question, we need only refer to De Luc or Saussure; and their works being read, ask any geological or chemical calculator to express the strength of wood-fire or of vinegar, requisite to melt the Alpine primary or secondary formations. J. B. F. Descuret, who describes himself as "Literarum, et Medicinæ, in Academia Parisiensi Doctor," in his edition of Cornelius Nepos, in the *Bibliotheca Classica* of N. P. Lemaire —(let us pause for a moment to say, that, take Lemaire's collection as a whole, it is deserving of the highest praise for accuracy and learning, completeness and convenience)—will not listen to it. "Hunc vero modum," that of bursting the mountain with vinegar, he says, in his note on the passage of Cornelius Nepos, which we have already cited, "veteres inter fabulas adnumerandas censeo. Quippe 1°. Vix totum universæ Hispaniæ acetum ad aliquot, calcaria quidem natura, saxa solvendum satis Hannibali fuisset. 2°. Hic autem tantum pro calcaria terra stant immensi Sicilitæ, qui aceto acetoso, imo acto acerrimo solvi negant."

Plinius (*Nat. Hist.* xxiii. 27) indeed makes no scruple in assuring us that the power of vinegar is such that it "saxa rumpit infusum, quæ non ruperit ignis antecedens;" which may be true of soft calcareous formations; though, perhaps, *rumpit* is not the exact word to express the action of vinegar, and it may a false lection for *rodit*. Galen (*De. Fac. Simp. Med.* i. 22), testifies to

something of the same kind; and Dio Cassius, lib. xxxvi. informs us that vinegar was used at Eleuthera in Crete, which was taken by Cæcilius Metellus, A. U. C. 686, through the treason of some of the inhabitants:—

Πύργον γάρ τινα οἱ προδιδόντες ἔκ τε πλίνθων πεποιημένον, καὶ μέγιστον δυσμαχώτατόν τε ὄντα, ὅξει συνεχῶς νυκτὸς διέβρεξαν, ὥστε θραυστὸν γενέσθαι. "The traitors continually wetted by night with vinegar a tower built of bricks, and of great size and most difficult to be taken, so as to make it fragile;" and Father Hardouin, in his note upon the passage of Plinius above quoted, states that the Duke of Guise used a similar stratagem in the course of the war, which he carried on in Naples, as the Duke himself testifies in his *Commentaries*. This we beg to refer to a note.* That the application of strong acids may corrode brick

* The duke wished to surprise a particular post in Naples, the Douanne de l'Huile; and finding that the enemy had nobody in it, he devised the following *invention assez extraordinaire*. He opened an underground passage in an abandoned garden near the Convent of St. Sebastian; and, after ten days' work, he had finished a mine of more than 1500 paces, capable of passing two men abreast; which mine "venoit aboutir à la cisterne de l'huile, de laquelle je fis trois ou quartre jours baigner les pierees de la muraille avec du vinaigre, et de l'eau de vie, qui estoit dissoutes par ce moyen, en grattant tomboient, sans aucum bruit toutes par morceaux, et l'on pouvoi renverser sans faire d'effort." How this *invention assez extraordinaire* was certain of success — how the duke had made all proper arrangements for the destruction of the Spaniards — how the enemy could not by any possibility have expected it — how a young *religieuse assez belle*, wishing to betray his operations, mounted on the wall of the Convent of St. Sebastian to throw a letter to her brother, who was of the opposite party, informing him of what was going on, when she unfortunately received a *mousquetade, qui, l'ayant tuée toute roide*, left her lying there with the billet in her hand — how this discovery made the duke urge his project more eagerly for fear of detection — how he advanced with his men on a dark and stormy night — how, in short, every thing was conducted with the greatest sagacity and success — and how unluckily it failed after all, because the Spaniards were in the cistern waiting to meet him with great impatience; on which the duke most hastily decamped, laying, of course, the blame of the failure of his enterprise upon the treachery of a captain;— all this, and many more incidents, will be found in the very entertaining *Mémoires de feu Monsieur le Duc de Guise* (Paris. 1668. Pp. 639–42): but it will be admitted that his extraordinary invention bears no more analogy to that of Hannibal, than the harebrained hero bears to Hannibal himself. As Hardouin quotes him, it would seem as if he had

and dissolve mortar is possible enough; and that the Eleutheran betrayers might have used such solvents for the purpose of rendering some particular portion of a brick-and-mortar wall less capable of resisting the blows of the battering-ram, which of course was directed to the spot agreed on beforehand between Metellus and his friends inside, is not impossible; but what analogy has this with splitting an Alpine rock, of such a size as to impede the march of an army? And yet these loose and random sayings of Pliny and Galen, some vague authority of Apollodorus, the case of Eleuthera, which is not at all applicable, and the extraordinary invention of the Duke of Guise, are all that the utmost ingenuity and research of those who are willing to believe in the story of Livius are able to bring forward. Be it remarked, that no one offers to account for the enormous quantity of *acetum* produced on the instant by Hannibal, or for the store of trees of immense size cut down so as to make huge piles of wood sufficient to heat through a rock of Sienite formation, amid the bare and treeless summits of the Alps.

On the whole, then, it is not wonderful that those who can not believe that Hannibal had either vinegar or *vin ordinaire* in sufficient store to throw away upon any unexpected incident of a forced and famished march — who well know that the snow-clad Alpine rocks are not to be heated by any quantity of timber which they can supply, or could be brought to them from elsewhere — and who are thoroughly convinced that all the blazing wood and all the vinegar in the world could have no effect upon Alpine Sienite — should reject the story. The silence, too, of Polybius is a fair ground of doubt; but still it is difficult to cast aside altogether the testimony of Livius and Appian, backed as it is by the general belief of all antiquity. Polybius had surely heard of the story, but not knowing how to believe or account for any thing so incredible or inexplicable, passed it by in silence; or as Schweighœuser says, "with a dry foot."

actually broken down the wall; the duke merely says that he would have done so: "Je *voulus* — aller et rompre la muraille pour donner." Fate however, determined to prevent him from making himself master of *all* the Spanish quarters; which, he adds, with characteristic nonchalance — "estoit infallible et aise." The Spaniards, in all probability, knew what he was about all the time.

The difficulty is resolved at once by supposing that Hannibal was acquainted with the use of gunpowder. An impassable rock opposes his path. He tries every means of avoiding it, or of marching round it but in vain. There it stands in his way. He then gathers wood, ignites it, adds to it something called by the Romans, or their informants, *acetum;* applies this in some manner to the rock; in a short time the obstacle is gone, and he passes through. Livius says, that during the operation, "Vis venti apta faciendo igni co-orta esset," which is something like blasting. Appian that it was effected—*ῥφύραις σιδήραις θραύων, καὶ ὀδοποιῶν*, which is something like boring. The word of Florus is *perfregit*—"Alpes;" of Osorius, "invias Alpes, *igni ferroque rescindit;*" of Juvenal, "montem *rumpit* aceto;" all tending to the same thing: the Alps were cut through by fire and iron—broken through—burst. It would not be difficult to procure from the wooded parts of the Alps, only a march or two in his rear, as much timber as would be amply sufficient to make charcoal; and *acetum* is probably some oral corruption of a Phœnician, or other Oriental word, to signify nitre, or sulphur, or some fluid combination, which might serve the purpose of both. A mixture of nitre and carbon, even without sulphur, would produce powerful explosive effect. Gunpowder is made by pounding charcoal, nitre, and sulphur, and mixing them carefully in due proportions; water is then added, until the whole mass is worked up into the form of a stiff but kneadable paste, when it is submitted to the operation of the grindstone. To this process, the *receipt* in Appian bears no small similarity. Hannibal cut down the wood, and burnt it, and then poured water and *ὄξος* on the *τέφρα*, *i. e.* mixed the nitre with the pounded charcoal by means of water, and, when duly manipulated, set fire to the exploding compound, and blew up the rock.

In our scanty knowledge of the Phœnician tongue, it is impossible to say whether our conjecture that *acetum* was a corruption of any word in that language which signified sulphur or nitre is tenable or not. That the invaders were not easily understood by the native Italians is evident from the mistake of "Cassinum" for "Cassilinum." *Acetum* was probably a mispronunciation of the same kind.

In the language of Spain, a country long intimately connected with Carthage, and in which Hannibal had long resided, *azeyte* signifies oil. We take the following from the dictionary of the Academy of Madrid:—

"*Azeite.* El liquor gruesso que se saca de las azeitunas, exprimiendolas en las molinas o prensas. Es voz Arabiga del nombre *zeit*, cuya raiz es del Hebreo *zaiit*, que vale oliva. * * * * * * * * Se llama tambien el xugo y liquor que se saca de otras cosas, y tiene semejanza con el que dan las azeitunas: come son azeite de lentisco, de abeto, de linaza, de jazmines, de ballena, y assi de otras especes, de quienes toman la denominacion: y tambien la suelen tomar dol inventor del azeite; como azeite de Aparicio, de Mathiolo," &c.

That is, *Azeite* is a thick liquor which is extracted from olives, by being expressed by mills, or presses; it is an Arabic word *zeit*, the root of which is the Hebrew word *zeiit*, which means olive. * * * It signifies, also, the juice and liquor which are drawn from other matters, and has a likeness to that which is produced by the olives; as, for example, oil of Lentisk, &c.; or of the inventor of the oil, as the *azeite* of Aparicio, of Mathiolo, &c.; or, as we say, Rowland's Macassar Oil.

Oil, we see here, as in other languages, is not merely the extract of olive, but any other liquid of oleaginous appearance; such as oil of vitriol, oil of almonds, oil of sulphur, among the rest; and many other oils, now banished from the chemical vocabulary by Greek-sounding compounds. Perhaps the *acetum* of the terrified Romans is but a corruption of the *azeyte* of Hannibal.

II. THE ESCAPE FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

By a mistake of his guide, Hannibal became entangled in the mountains, and Fabius took care so to bar up every pass that he had neither an opportunity of escaping nor of fighting. In this dilemma he had recourse to a very singular stratagem. We shall again transcribe the account of Livius:

"Ludibrium oculorum specie terribile, ad frustrandum hostem commentus, principio noctis furtim succedere ad montes statuit. Fallacis consilii talis apparatus fuit: fasces undique ex agris collectæ, fascesque vigarum, atque arida sarmenta, præligantur cornibus boum, quos domitos indomitosque multos inter cæteram agrestem prædam agebat: ad duo millia ferme boum

effecta. Hasdrubalique negotium datum, ut primis tenebris noctis armentum accensis cornibus ad montes ageret; maxime, si posset, super saltus ab hoste insessos primis tenebris silentio motu castra; boves aliquanto ante signa acti. Ubi ad radices montium viasque angustas ventum est; signum extemplo datur, ut accensis cornibus armenta in adversos concitantur montes. Et motus ipse relucentus flammæ ex capite calorque jam ad vivum ad imaque cornuum adveniens, velut stimulatos furore agebat boves. Quo repente discursu, haud secus quam silvis montibusque accensis, omnia circum virgulta ardere; capitumque irrita quassatur excitans flammam hominum passim discurrentum speciem præbebant. Qui ad transitum saltus insedendum locati erant, ubi in summis montibus, ac super se esse rati, præsidio excessere, qua minime densæ micabant flammæ, velut tutissimum iter, petentes summa montium juga; tamen in quosdam boves palatos a suis gregibus inciderunt. Et primo, quum procul cernerent, veluti flammas spirantium miracula attoniti constiterunt; deinde ut humana apparuit fraus; tum vero insidias rati esse, dum majore metu concitant se in fugam," &c. &c.

We subjoin the translation of Baker:—

"He devised a stratagem for baffling the enemy by a deception calculated to inspire terror; and resolved to set out secretly in the beginning of the night, and proceed toward the mountains. The means which he contrived for the execution of his plan of deception were these: Collecting combustible matters from all the country round, he caused bundles of rods and dry twiggs to be tied fast on the horns of oxen, great numbers of which, trained and untrained, he drove along with him, among the other spoil taken in the country; and he made up the number of almost two thousand. He then gave in charge to Hasdrubal, that, as soon as the darkness of the night came on, he should drive this numerous herd, after first setting fire to their horns, up the mountains, and particularly, if he found it practicable, over the passes where the enemy kept guard. As soon as it grew dark, the army decamped in silence, driving the oxen at some distance before the van. When they arrived at the foot of the mountains, and the narrow roads, the signal was instantly given that the fire should be set to the horns of the oxen, and that they should be driven violently up the mountains in front; when their own fright, occasioned by the flames blazing on their heads, together with the heat, which soon penetrated to the quick, and to the roots of their horns, drove them on as if goaded by madness. By their spreading about in this manner, all the bushes were quickly in a blaze, just as if fire had been set to the woods and mountains; and the fruitless tossing of their heads serving to increase the flames, they afforded an appearance as of men running up and down on every side. The troops stationed to guard the passage of the defiles, seeing several fires on the tops of the mountains over their heads, concluded that they were surrounded, and quitted their post, taking the way, as the safest course, toward the summits of the mountains, where they saw the fewest fires blazing. Here they fell in with several of the oxen, which had scat-

tered from the herds to which they belonged. At first, when they saw them at a distance, imagining that they breathed out flames, they halted in utter astonishment at the miraculous appearance; but afterwards, when they discovered that it was an imposition of human contrivance, being then convinced that they were ensnared by the enemy, they hastily, with redoubled terror, betook themselves to flight."

In this case the Roman historian has the advantage of being corroborated by Polybius, and, of course, by all the Latin authorities. Silius Italicus commemorates the stratagem in the seventh book of his *Punics*. After describing Hannibal as hemmed in by rocks and marshes, and incapable of escaping, while his army is in danger of perishing by famine, Silius makes him rise by night, and communicate to his brother Mago his plan of frightening away the Roman guardians of the pass; which is thus accomplished:—

"Rapida jam subdita peste
Virgulta atque altis surgunt e cornibus ignes.
Hic vero ut, gliscente malo et quassantibus ægra
Armentia capita, adjutæ pinguescere flammæ
Cœpere, et vincens fumos erumpere vertex;
Per colles dumosque (lues agit atra), per altos
Saxosi scopulos montes, lymphata feruntur
Corpora anhela boum, atque, obsessis naribus igni
Luctantur frustra rabidi mugire juvenci.
Per juga, per valles, errat Vulcania pestis,
Nusquam stante malo; vicinaque litora fulgent:
Quam multa, affixus cœlo, sub nocte serena,
Fluctibus e mediis sulcator navita ponti
Astra videt; quam multa videt, fervoribus atris
Cum Calabros urunt ad pinguia pabula saltus
Vertice Gargani residens incendia pastor.
At facie subita volitantum montibus altis
Flammarum, quis tunc cecidit custodia sorti
Horrere, atque ipsos, nullo spargente, vagari
Credere, et indomitus pasci sub collibus, ignes,
Cœlone exciderint, et magna fulmina dextra
Toeserit Omnipotens, an cæcis rupta cavernis
Fuderit egestas accenso sulfure flammas
Infelix tellus, media in formidine quærunt.
Jamque abeunt: faucesque viæ citus occupat armis
Pœnus, et in patulos exsultans emicat agros."

Thus translated by Thos. Ross:—

"Then to the boughs the fire applied:
From their large horns the flames aspiring rose
The mischief in an instant greater grows.
And th' oxen shaking their tormented heads,
Fan out a Pyramis of Fire, that spreads
Its basis largely, and o'er coursed the smoke,
The beasts, affrighted, through the forests broke;
Then o'er the hills and rocky mountains fly
As they were mad; and as their nostrils by
The flames besieged are, they labor oft
In vain to bellow. While o'er cliffs aloft,
Through valleys, Vulcan wanders, and ne'er stands
At all, but shining on the neighboring sands,
As manifold appears, as when at sea,
In a clear night, the mariners survey
Innumerable stars. Or when upon
Garganus' top, a shepherd sitting down,
Beneath him sees Calabrian forests burn,
Which husbandmen to fertile pastures turn.
O'er all the hills the flames with such a face
Appear to fly; and they whose chance it was
To be the guard, believed they wandering fled,
None scattering them, and that they furious fed
Within the hills. Some thought that Jove had thrown
From his incensed hand his thunder down;
Others that kindled sulphur gave them birth,
And from her secret caves th' unhappy earth,
Condemned to greater ruins, threw the fire."

The story is told by all the historians, in short, and it reflects great credit on the sagacity of Fabius and the valor of his soldiers. Folard, who, to do him justice, scarcely conceals his contempt of the Cunctator — perhaps the most undeservedly lauded general who had ever the command of an army — says, very truly, that the honor of the exploit belongs altogether to the oxen. Now, may we not save the renown of the steady legionaries, by supposing them incapable of being frightened by a herd of cows, no matter how awfully garnished with firebrands? That they might have been terrified at first is not improbable; but it will not redound to their credit if, as Livius relates it, they stood *(constiterunt)* while they thought the appearances preternatural, and ran off pell-mell, in flight, the moment they discovered that it was nothing more than a mere human stratagem. Such regi-

ments as these ought to have been decimated, as no doubt they would have been if this account of their conduct be true; and yet we hear of no punishment inflicted; on the contrary, we find those craven soldiers, a page or two further on, clamorous for war, and not showing any marks of shame for this panic abandonment of their post.

We shall consult their fame better, if we again call in the aid of gunpowder. If these dreadful flames were *rockets*, there is no disgrace attached to the Romans. Even the French soldiers, trained as they were to the use of firearms, and long exposed to their action, quailed, at Waterloo, before the then newly-invented Congreve rockets. The bulls might have been beaten off, but how oppose an enemy so strange, so wonderful, so terror-striking, and so irresistible, as these wandering and erratic projectiles? The *volitantes flammæ*, the *indomiti ignes*, *nullo spargente vagantes*, the *errans Vulcania pestis*, compared to an outburst of flame from the earth *accenso sulfure*, of Silius, afford no bad picture of a discharge of rockets. If the assailants were merely oxen, would not that have been discovered in sufficient time to allow of a reinforcement being despatched from headquarters to drive off such unworthy antagonists? Fabius, indeed, was applied to, but he declined sending any troops, alleging as an excuse, that he would not undertake operations by night; and, accordingly, he never stirred, while Hannibal's whole army was marching through the defile — an evolution which, of course, must have taken a considerable time. The fact seems to be, that the old man was as much frightened as his soldiers, and had no notion of opposing the strength of such dread and unexpected arms. That he conducted his campaign most miserably, in spite of the puffing eulogies of the Roman historians and poets, and failed in the only object he undertook — the stopping the onward march of Hannibal — is plain enough; but, in honor of the Fabian name, we should wish him to have been baffled by some more noble cause of fear than that supplied by a herd of cattle. The story of the bulls may possibly have been an afterthought. The soldiers did not know what to make of the matter, and the roaring sound suggested the idea of bellowing oxen; and that once admitted, the addition of the firebrands came of course. Perhaps the Carthaginian general

spread the story in order to keep away suspicion from his real secret. As to Fabius's punishing his men, which under other circumstances he would assuredly have done, that we may suppose was out of the question, if we take for granted that the general himself was as much frightened and puzzled as his men, and thought it the best policy to say nothing about it; and to get back to Rome as fast as possible, without venturing to pursue the enemy, under the old pretence of being called off to attend to religious ceremonies. Silius, who fights hard for the glory of Fabius, says—

> "Hæc [illegible] vigil processerat arte regendi
> Dictator, Trebiam et Tusci post stagna profundi
> Esset et Hannibale Fabium Romanaque tela
> Evasis se satis. Quin et vestigia pulsi
> Et gressus premeret castris, nisi sacra vocarent
> Ad patrios veneranda deos."

We may remark that this vigilant dictator had let his enemy after being trepanned by a mere accident, not produced by any foresight or tactics of Fabius, slip through his fingers, and march away unmolested under his very nose. Nor did Hannibal escape from Roman weapons, because he had defied Fabius in vain to fight; he escaped from a blockade in which he had to contend with a less manageable enemy, namely, starvation. Fabius had, we rather think, some other reason for not pressing upon the *pulsus* Carthaginian besides that of venerating his father's *gods*. It was a task much too dangerous for his father's *son*. A few lines lower down, his parting words to Minucius are, that though

> "Plena tibi castra, atque intactus vulnere miles
> Creditur;"

and though he talks of his own triumph in good set terms, there must be no fighting:—

> "Claude oro castra, et cunctus spes eripe pugnæ
> * * * * * *
> Dictator cupere arma veto."

But there is another point still to be settled. As before, we asked where did Hannibal get the vinegar, we now must ask,

Where did he get the oxen? In Livius, the number is set down at two thousand, and a smaller number could not have had any thing like the effects attributed to them. The principal reason for Hannibal's anxiety to get out of the defile was want of provisions. He had nothing to fear from Fabius in the way of fighting; he only dreaded being starved, of which he was in imminent and immediate danger. We may take Silius's account of his position:—

> "Hinc Læstrygoniæ saxoso monte premebant
> A tergo rupes, undosis squalida terris:
> Hinc Literna palus: nec ferri nec militis usum
> Poscebat regio. *Septos sed fraude locorum*
> *Arcta fames*, pœnas miseræ exactura Sagunti,
> Urgebat; finisque aderat Carthaginis armis."

> "—— Here him behind
> The lofty Læstrygonian rocks confined:
> There with its moorish guard, Lintenum was.
> No use of soldiers, or of swords the place
> Affords; but then severest famine all
> The plague that lost Saguntum did befall,
> Exacting, then oppressed, and Fate an end
> Seemed to the arms of Carthage to intend."

How does this starving state of the Carthaginian commissariat agree with the fact of Hannibal's being in possession of two thousand head of cattle, to say nothing of his readiness to sacrifice them upon an experiment? What number of men he had then with him we can not say, but it is not likely that all his army, was with him in the Apennines, and involved in the one disaster. If he had thirty thousand, the number was very large. Now, even if there were no other provision than the two thousand oxen, it would be at the rate of two oxen for every fifteen men; and we humbly submit that such can not be considered to be a starvation allowance. So far as meat is concerned, here is ample provision for a month; it is more than the poor-law commissioners allow their clients in four; and as we may suppose that Hannibal, who had so liberally supplied his army with beef would not have wholly neglected to look after provisions of other kinds, we really can not see that he had any reason to complain of *arcta fames*. The two stories are, in fact, incompatible. Hannibal could not

have been pressed by famine, if he had the oxen; and if he had not the oxen, he could not have executed the stratagem as described by the Roman historians. It is in the highest degree unlikely, that in his rapid marches he should have encumbered himself with so great a supply. He adopted the system of perquisitions, making the war feed itself as he went on. Three days' provision would be as much as he would take with him; and for this, among a soldiery, so moderate in the use of animal food as the natives of North Africa, Spain, or the South of France, one hundred oxen would much more than suffice. This supply he probably had consumed while in the mountains; and the part of the story which represents him as pressed by hunger is more credible than that which furnishes him with a stock of two thousand oxen remaining after the consumption of his march, and his forced halt in the Apennines, and of which he could venture to risk the loss in an experiment upon the nerves of the legionaries of Fabius.

In the book of Judges, the night attack of Gideon upon the Midianites (Judges, vii.) was rendered successful by his use of trumpets, lamps, and pitchers.

"16. And he (Gideon) divided the three hundred men into three companies, and he put a trumpet in every man's hand, with empty pitchers, and lamps within the pitchers.

"17. And he said unto them, Look on me, and do likewise, and, behold, when I come to the outside of the camp, it shall be, that as I do so shall ye do.

"18. When I blow with a trumpet, I and all that are with me, then blow ye the trumpets also on every side of all the camp, and say, The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon.

"19. So Gideon, and the hundred men that were with him, came unto the outside of the camp, in the beginning of the middle watch; and they had but newly set the watch: and they blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers that were in their hands.

"20. And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands, to blow withal: and they cried, The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

"21. And they stood every man in his place round about the camp: and all the host ran, and cried, and fled.

"22. And three hundred blew the trumpets, and the Lord set every man's sword against his fellow, even throughout all the host; and the host fled to Bethshittah," &c. &c.

Roger Bacon supposes this to be a covert description of gunpow-

der; that the crashing pitchers in the noise, and the flashing lamps the blaze, of some explosive mixture. Perhaps so; but in Gideon's case the attack is committed to the hands of men, and not to the heads or tails of oxen; and the army attacked is not the long-trained soldiery of Rome, but the usual rabble of an Oriental host.

"12. And the Midianites, and the Amalekites, and all the children of the East, lay along in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude; and their camels were without number, as the sand by the sea-side for multitude."

Such an army is always liable to panics, and even without the aid of gunpowder might be easily surprised at the sudden noises, and flames, trumpet-blowings, and shoutings. If, then, there be any one who agrees with Roger Bacon in his interpretation of the means by which Gideon scattered the Midianites, he must agree with our theory in the far stronger case of Hannibal's scaring the Roman soldiers; and, looking upon the story of the bulls with some incredulity, seek for another explanation of the origin of these *volitantes flammæ*, which made the Roman soldiers run in desperate panic, and to all appearances infused no small share of terror into the breast of a Roman general.

III. BATTLE OF LAKE THRASYMENE.

As there are no discrepancies among the historians respecting this battle, we shall take the account given in the notes on *Childe Harold*. After describing the appearance of the surrounding country, the annotator* proceeds to say:—

"There is a woody eminence branching down from the mountains into the upper end of the plain, nearer to the side of Passignano; and on this stands a white village called Torre. Polybius seems to allude to this eminence as the one on which Hannibal encamped, and drew out his heavy-armed Africans and Spaniards in a conspicuous position. From this spot he despatched his Balearic and light-armed troops round through the Gualandra heights to the right, so as to arrive unseen and from an ambush amongst the broken acclivites which the road now passes, and to be ready to act upon the left flank and above the enemy, whilst the horse shut up the pass behind. Flaminius came to the lake near Borghetto at sunset; and without sending any spies before him, marched through the pass the next morning before the day had

* The writer of the Historical Notes to Childe Harold, canto iv., was Byron's friend, John Cam Hobhouse, now Lord Broughton.—M.

quite broken, so that he perceived nothing of the horse and light troops above and about him, and saw only the heavy-armed Carthaginians in front on the hill of Torre. The consul began to draw out his army in the flat; and in the meantime the horse in ambush occupied the pass behind him at Borghetto. Thus the Romans were completely enclosed; having the lake on the right, the main army on the hill of Torre in front, the Gualandra hills filled with the light-armed on their left flank, and being prevented from receding by the cavalry, who, the farther they advanced, stopped up all the outlets in the rear. A fog rising from the lake now spread itself over the army of the consul; but the high lands were in the sunshine; and all the different corps in ambush looked toward the hill of Torre for the order of attack.

"Hannibal gave the signal, and moved down from his post on the height. At the same moment all his troops, on the eminences behind and in the flank of Flaminius, rushed forward as it were with one accord into the plain. The Romans, who were forming their array in the mist, suddenly heard the shouts of the enemy amongst them, on every side; and before they could fall into their ranks, or draw their swords, or see by whom they were attacked, felt at once that they were surrounded and lost.

"There are two little rivulets which run from the Gualandra into the lake. The traveller crosses the first of these at about a mile after he comes into the plain; and this divides the Tuscan from the Papal territories. The second, about a quarter of a mile farther on, is called 'the bloody rivulet;' and the peasants point out an open spot to the left, between the 'Sanguinetto' and the hills, which they say was the principal scene of slaughter. The other part of the plain is covered with thick-set olive-trees in corn grounds, and is nowhere quite level except near the edge of the lake. It is, indeed, most probable that the battle was fought near this end of the valley; for the six thousand Romans who, at the beginning of the action, broke through the enemy, escaped to the summit of an eminence, which must have been in this quarter otherwise they would have had to traverse the whole plain, and to pierce through the main army of Hannibal.

"The Romans fought desperately for three hours; but the death of Flaminius was the signal for a general dispersion. The Carthaginian horse then burst in upon the fugitives; and the lake, the marsh about Borghetto, but chiefly the plain of the Sanguinetto and the passes of the Gualandra, were strewed with dead. Near some old walls, on a bleak ridge to the left above the rivulet, many human bones have been repeatedly found; and this has confirmed the pretensions and the name of the 'stream of blood.'"

One remarkable incident is here omitted — the celebrated earthquake mentioned by Livius, by Plinius, by Cicero pro Cœlio, and several others, though not by Polybius. Lord Byron dedicates a verse to it in his *Childe Harold* (canto iv. st. 63), on which the above-quoted note is written:—

"I roam
By Thrasymene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swollen to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain with legions scattered o'er,

Like to a forest felled by mountain winds;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake reeled unheededly away!
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet:
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!"

It is somewhat odd that of this earthquake, which overthrew so many cities, turned the course of rivers (such is the account in the Latin authorities), &c. &c., we have no detail whatever, except that it occurred while the battle of the Lake Thrasymene was going on, and that such was the fury of the combatants that they knew nothing about it. If so, it could hardly have occurred on the site of the battle, or any where near it; for an earthquake that rocks down cities, and turns the course of rivers, would not allow itself to be passed unnoticed by such feeble bodies as those of men, no matter how undaunted might have been their spirit. Had the earthquake reached the battle, it would soon have put an end to it without human agency. Let us once more take the description of Silius Italicus, B. v. 611–'31:—

"Cum subitis per saxa fragor, motique repente
(Horrendum!) colles, et summa cacumina, totis
Intremuere jugis; instant in vertice silvæ
Pinifero, fractæque ruunt super agmina rupes.
Immugit fremitus convulsissima cavernis
Dissiliens tellus, nec parvos rumpit hiatus:
Atque umbras late Stygias immensa vorago
Faucibus ostendit patulis; Manesque profundi
Antiquum expavere diem, lacus ater, in altos
Sublatus montes, et sede excussus avita,

Lavit Tyrrhenas ignota adspergine silvas.
Jamque eadem populos magnorumque oppida regum
Tempestas et dira lues stravitque, tulitque;
Ac, super hæc, reflui pugnarunt montibus amnes,
Et retro fluctus torsit mare. Monte relicto
Apenninicolæ fugere ad litora Fauni
Pugnabat tamen (heu belli vecordia!) miles,
Jactatus totisbante solo; tremebundaque tela,
Subducta tellure ruens, torquebat in hostem;
Donec pulsa vagos cursus ad litora vertit,
Mentis inops, stagnisque illita est Daunis pubes."

This is Ross's translation :—

"Then straight through all the rocks a sudden crash
Doth run: the mountains all with horror shake,
Their tops do tremble, and the grove of pines
That crowned them, from its pleasant height declines,
And broken quarries on the armies fall,
Groaning, as pulled from her foundations, all
The Earth doth quake, and breaking strangely wide
Through the vast gulf, where Stygian shades descryed,
And feared the day again. The troubled lake
Raised to the highest hill, forced to forsake
Its ancient seat and channel, with a flood
Before unknown now laves the Tyrrhan wood;
This storm the people, and the towns of kings,
Like a dire plague, to sad destruction brings.
Besides all this, the rivers backward run
And fight with mountains, and the sea begun
To change its tydes, the Faunes now quit the hills
Of Apennine, and fly to floods; *yet still*
The soldier (Oh, the rage of war!) although
The reeling earth doth toss him to and fro,
Fights on; and as he falls, deceived by
Th' unconstant ground, throws at his enemy
His trembling darts; till wandering here and there,
The Daunian youth, distracted through their fear,
Fly to the shore and leap into the stream."

Is not this the description of the springing of a mine? adorned, no doubt, or at least furnished, with the grand circumstances attendant upon an earthquake, but still plainly a mine—the tearing up of the ground, the staggering of the soldiers, the precipitate flight even into the lake—the general consternation, and the route

immediately following, are all characteristics of an explosion. Is there not something suspicious in the sudden fog and darkness shrouding the Roman army immediately before the Carthaginian attack? If an earthquake happened at any time nearly contemporaneous with the battle, the terrified survivors would have confounded it with what they really experienced; and, in the process of a generation or two, the story which we now have would be sufficiently concocted, and those who in reality were the only persons who felt the motion of the earth, would have been described as the only men by whom some earthquake, confounded with the affair of Thrasymene, was not noticed. Hannibal had decoyed the rash Flaminius into the narrow pass, and having mined it, destroyed, by springing the mine, a part of the army, and threw the rest into such confusion as to render them an easy and sudden victory to his troops, rushing down from the hills into the valley. This at least explains the phenomenon of the earthquake, which, as it is told at present, is utterly incredible.

This paper has spun out longer than we intended, but we can not conclude without drawing the attention of our military readers to the battle of Cannæ, and ask of them to explain the manœuvre by which the legions were drawn into the wedge or crescent of Hannibal, and there totally destroyed; suffering such a *clades* as never has occurred before or since, almost without resistance, and in an incalculably short space of time. If they do so, they will have done what no commentator, scholar, or soldier, has yet accomplished. We refer them to Folard, who was both, and beg them to say how came it that the disposition of Terentius Varro (an ill-used man in history), which Folard admits to be admirable, was destroyed with so much ease and completeness. We can not here enter upon the subject, which has been the cause of endless controversies, but the slightest examination of the battle will be sufficient to convince an intelligent reader that there is something connected with it that has not yet been explained.

If Hannibal knew the use of gunpowder, it may fairly be asked, How was the knowledge lost? We may answer, that this question applies to many other things beside gunpowder. The knowledge of the Egyptians has vanished, and yet there is every reason to believe that it was equal to what has resulted from the most

celebrated of discoveries and speculations of the moderns in art and science. The Phœnicians, of whose blood was Hannibal, knew many a secret in chemistry, navigation, art, and manufactures, some of which were only recovered in later centuries; some, perhaps, are still unknown. If our hypothesis be correct, the secret was confided to none but the highest class of engineers, and with the fall of Carthage it perished. Hannibal might have been the only man who knew how to apply it successfully as an agent for the purposes of war, and the occasions on which he could have applied it were rare. It might also have been difficult in the manner of operation.

Again, it may be asked, Why did he not use fire-arms, as he knew the use of explosive powder? The answer is, that what appears to those who have been accustomed to the use of any physical agent, a matter that could not have been overlooked for a moment, is often the result of long-pondering or fortunate accident. All the world knew the nature of steam from the days that water was boiled. Centuries elapsed before it was applied to a steam-engine. In our own times, men, now alive, remember that the idea of a steamboat was looked upon as chimerical. If any one asserted, twenty years ago,* that a steamer would ever cross the Atlantic, he would have been voted mad. Less than a dozen years since, who would have thought that steam-carriages would be traversing England, sometimes at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour! In like manner Hannibal might have known, that a combination of charcoal with nitre and sulphur was explosive, and applied them to the purposes of blasting, mining, or rocket-making, without it ever having occurred to him that it might, by being confined in iron tubes, rammed down and let off, convey those messengers of death which have so completely changed the face of warfare, and produced such important effects upon the course of civilization.

* This was written in 1838.—M.

MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY AND HIS NOVEL.*

THERE is a set of persons in London, who most particularly pique themselves on being men of elegance, wit, and refinement, and who are continually declaiming against people who are not gentlemen.† Their set, and their manners, and their ideas, are to

* Berkeley Castle, a Historical Romance, by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, M. P. 3 vols. Bentley. London, 1836.

† It may be as well to state, at the commencement, that this article — extremely personal against the Hon. Grantley Berkeley — had several serious results. Mr. Berkeley, one of the *legitimate* brothers of the Earl of Berkeley (a clergyman, who has never claimed the title, nor ever taken his seat in the House of Lords) and of Earl Fitzhardinge — better known, first, as the notorious Colonel Berkeley, seducer of Maria Foote, the actress, now Dowager Countess of Harrington, and then as having been made Lord Segrave by the Grey Ministry — sat in the House of Commons for about twenty years, as Member for West Gloucestershire. He owed his seat to Lord Fitzhardinge, his brother, who possessed large estates in and was Lord Lieutenant of the county of Gloucester, and was accustomed to make his tenants vote, not as *they* wished, but as *he* desired. At the general election of 1852, Mr. Berkeley was defeated, after a severe contest. The first effect of this critique on the romance called "Berkeley Castle," was to make Mr. Berkeley, the author, greatly enraged. The second was to make him, a powerful and strong man, commit an assault on Mr. Fraser, the publisher, which caused his death, some time after. Thirdly, it led to a suit-at-law (Fraser *v.* Berkeley) for this assault, the verdict being £100 and costs against Berkeley. Fourthly, it led Dr. Maginn to avow the authorship of the article. Fifthly, it caused Berkeley to challenge Maginn, which, being accepted, the parties went out and exchanged three shots. Sixthly, it made Lord Euston (who succeeded to the Dukedom of Grafton, in 1842) demand "an explanation" from Mr. Maginn, in consequence of an allusion to Lady Euston. Lastly, the whole circumstances of the case, thus involved, were sufficiently important, on public grounds, to justify Maginn's writing that strong article, to which he subscribed his name, with which the present volume concludes. — M.

form all that is worthy of imitation in this world. They can talk —and some of them talk pretty well too—of horses, and carriages, and operas, and parks, and the last parties, and so forth; and their own sayings are recorded among themselves as miracles of talent and genius. Their boots and their hats, and all tailorly ingredients of appearance occurring in the intermediate space between these zeniths and nadirs of attire, are irreproachable, or at least they deem them so; and their conversation is lauded by themselves as the summit of perfection. We think that these persons should be contented with such trophies, without wandering out of the dignified and high-minded sphere in which they are won. If they consulted their own interest, they would certainly take our advice. But fate is imperious; and it often drives men to show the utter futility of their pretensions. We do not know one of these fellows who, when he comes forward from the circle in which he is a "gentlemanly man," does not prove himself to be a blockhead, and something worse. When he takes a pen in his hand, he not only displays a dire ignorance and stupidity, but, in nine cases out of ten, an utter meanness of thought and manners, and a crawling vulgarity of soul.

This may seem paradoxical. People may say, here is a man brilliant at a dinner-table—elegant at a *soirée*—dressed after by the men—run after by the women—and why should it be that he is a leper, wretched of heart and lowlied of thought. It is the fact, nevertheless; and the paradox, after all, exists only in appearance. These people know nothing beyond the conventional slang of society; but as the society in which they move is of that rank which will always command the attention, and ought always to command the respect, of other classes, what they say and do is matter of wonder to the tuft-hunter, and, we admit, fairly a matter of curiosity to those who, like the ladies in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, love to tell about dukes and lords, and knights of the garter. But slang is slang, no matter how disguised, or to what purposes used. The slang of the gilded cornices of St. James's is not in essence one whit more dignified than the slang spoken over the beer-washed tables of St. Giles's. He who is possessed of a perfect knowledge of the tone current in Buckeridge Street, would outshine the cleverest master of the art who had not dwelt amid the select circle

of that interesting locality. Ask this star of Hibernian emigration to write, or to dictate (if he has not acquired the art of writing), the results of his long experience in the style and manners of the region which he adorns, and you will find that he breaks down. The jest is lost unless he prints his face. Pierce Egan, or Jon Bee, or even Edward Bulwer*—but above all, Boz—Boz the magnificent (what a pity it is that he deludes himself into the absurd idea that he can be a Whig! Mr. Pickwick was a Whig, and that was only right; but Boz is just as much a Whig as he is a giraffe)—any of these authors—thou, too, among the rest, Vincent Dowling, whom we shall no longer call the venerable Vincent,† since it gave pain and sorrow to thy most pugilistic soul—would in half an hour extract all that the most celebrated hero of the Rookery had invented, thought, and devised, during the whole current of his life.

So in the case of the other saint, the patron of Spain, St. James. The chatterers and praters there have nothing in them. We forget what is the exact distich‡ of Pope, describing the conversation

* Pierce Egan, the historian of the Prize Ring, who—from 1815 to 1830—was considered the best authority in England on sporting matters. His "Boxiana" is a scarce and standard work. Jon Bee was a contemporary "seeing-the-elephant" writer, of less weight, whose chief work was a Slang Dictionary. Bulwer was pressed in, to complete the trio, by virtue of his exhibition of slang in "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," and "Eugene Aram."—M.

† Vincent Dowling, for over thirty years editor of "Bell's Life in London," the best sporting paper in London, died some three years ago, at an advanced age. He had previously been mentioned, in *Fraser*, as "The Venerable Vincent," and, seriously offended at the imputation, gravely remonstrated against the application of the adjective to his proper person.—M.

‡ *Distich.*] We greatly admire Mr. Grantley Berkeley's opinion of the meaning of this word. Of course, as he writes a historical romance in the manner of Sir Walter Scott, he must have legends, and prophesies, and mystic rhymes. How Sir Walter manages these matters it is now somewhat useless to say—for we rather apprehend that our readers know as much about it as ourselves. How Mr. G. B. makes use of them will be seen from the following charming effusion:

> "'Lord Lisle and his party came hither to dine,
> But Berkeley hath chased them from venison and wine,
> And lest a live witness a lie should record,
> Here hangeth a dead one to stick by his word.'

"After laughing heartily at the attempt, Sir Maurice added, 'By my faith

of the party at the *Rape of the Lock;* but it is something like this :—

> "In various talk the instructive hours they passed,
> Who gave the ball or had the party last."

But we shall not go on attempting to quote from memory one of the nicest pieces of ornamented verse ever written, for, undoubtedly, we shall spoil it if we make the attempt; but we remember that the poet sums up his opinion of the style of such conversation by describing it as "*all that*"—which is, indeed, sufficiently expressive of its merits. The men, or things, who shine in this sort of work, can do no more than the hodman jester of St. Giles's, to whom we have already alluded. If nature had ever bestowed upon them brains—a fact very much open to dispute—those brains are always wasted by the frivolities in which they constantly engage, and the silly talk which forms the staple of their existence. But we shall go further. There are gentlemen among them, no doubt; but the trading practitioners of the party are any thing but gentlemen. If we wished to speak harshly, we should say that they were in general the shabbiest of mankind, constantly occupied in mean arts of raising money, of defrauding creditors, of keeping up appearances by the most griping and pinching penury and wretchedness where no appearance is to be made—bragging and boasting of conquests never made—hectoring and bullying when they think it safe so to do—tame and quiet enough where they think that sixpence is to be had, or a kicking to be anticipated—swelling and turkey-cocklike as Pistol himself to inferiors—cool and impertinent to all who do not belong to their own coterie—and servile and booing to those from whom they may expect a place or a dinner—such are the characteristics of the club-haunting gang, and such do they display in full relief whenever they are so far left to themselves as to write a book.

Here is *Berkeley Castle* lying on the table before us. In the first place, what awfully bad taste it is in Mr. Grantley Berkeley

I doubt much whether the party we have so lately discomfited will return to profit by thy *distich.*'"

Mr. Grantley Berkeley is under what Peter Robinson would call a considerable offuscation of ideas as to the precise meaning of διστιχος; and for "distich" we recommend him henceforward to read "fiddlestick."

to write a book with such a title. What would be thought of Lord Prudhoe,* if he were to sit down and give us a book upon Alnwick? We should say it was very absurd indeed. And yet there is no blot on the scutcheon of the Percys, and their family played a most distinguished part in all the transactions of war and peace throughout England, "since Norman William came." We should think, nevertheless, that Lord Prudhoe might have left the narrative to somebody else. But, in the present case, how absolutely disgusting is the conduct of Mr. Grantley Berkeley. He should have been among the last people in the world to call public attention to the history of his house.† Why, may we ask him, is his eldest brother pitchforked into the House of Lords by the title of Lord Segrave? Why does not he sit there as Earl of Berkeley? We are far from being desirous to insult, as the paltry author of this book does, the character of woman; but when matters are recorded in solemn judgments, there can be no indelicacy in stating that Mr. Grantley Berkeley's mother lived with Mr. Grantley Berkeley's father as his mistress, and that she had at least one child before she could induce the old and very stupid lord to marry her. All this is set down in the journals of the House of Lords.‡ Why, then, under such circumstances, bore us with long panegyrics upon the purity, antiquity, and nobility of the Berkeley blood? Why torment us with a book vilely written, without any other end, object, or aim, but to prove that the Lord of Berkeley was a great man once upon a time; and that if there was a Lord of Berkeley now who could prove that he was legitimate, he would be a great man again. If the author were a man of the slightest spirit, of the smallest approach to the character of a *true* — mind, not of a *club* — gentleman, he would have absolutely shuddered at writing the

* Lord Prudhoe was cousin to the late Duke of Northumberland (whose Alnwick Castle has been immortalized by Halleck), and succeeded to the dukedom and estates in 1847. Under the Derby-Disraeli Ministry, in 1852, he was First Lord of the Admiralty. — M.

† What Maginn calls "a history of his house," as far as the present members of the Berkeley family are concerned, will be found, in a note, at the close of this article. — M.

‡ The whole case was developed, in evidence before the House of Lords, in 1811, and ended in the decision that the six eldest sons of the late Earl of Berkeley, were *not* born "in lawful wedlock." — M.

following sentence: "It was believed, (though he never avowed it) that he had held a command in the regiment raised *by my grandfather* in forty-five"!

By my grandfather! Every body, we suppose, has *two* grandfathers; and we take for granted that this great lover, admirer, and adorer of women, would prefer his *maternal* to his *paternal* grandfather. *By my grandfather!* Truly, his maternal grandfather was a man of blood, who wielded steel and axe.* He was, in short, a butcher in the market of Gloucester, or some adjoining town, who sold mutton-chops, and other such commodities, to all that would buy, and had the honor of being parent in the second degree of the illustrious author of *Berkeley Castle*. *By my grandfather!* What impudence!

Of the Berkeley family in general it may be said, that not one of them was in the slightest degree distinguished. They cannot, indeed, date from the flood, and their most antique title is somewhat blemished by the addition of "Fitz;"† but their blood has crept through the channels mentioned by Pope as long as they are known. We shall not go farther than this very stupid book before us. We shall not unravel the documents which its learned author says are preserved "*apud* Ca*stro* de Berkeley." [The *Latin* schoolmaster, at least, is not abroad.] We take the goods the donkey provides us. He fixes his tale in the days of the wars of the Roses; and in that war, when all the honorable or the hot blood of England was up — when the flowers in the Temple gardens set every bosom that had courage or noble bearing within its keeping in a flame — in those days the Berkeleys were distinguished only for carrying on a lawsuit among themselves; and skulking, like cowards, from the field, to appear as beggars before whatever faction ruled the Court. They were "beating smooth the pavements between Temple Bar and Westminster Hall" while York and Lancaster fought for the throne of England; and

* Grantley Berkeley was not one of the six sons, pronounced illegitimate by the House of Lords. He was born *after* his mother's marriage, and therefore was entitled to the prefix of "The Honorable." His maternal grandfather was a butcher. — M.

† The prefix of the Norman "Fitz" to any surname (such as Fitz-Roy or Fitz-Clarence) indicates illegitimate birth, either remote or near. When it is placed before a Christian name, it hints at *personal* illegitimacy. — M.

here we have a descendant of theirs writing a book about the days of those spirit-stirring and gallant wars, in which he describes the great men of his lineage lying quiet in their halls, locked up for fear of bailiffs — a dread which, we rather imagine, has extended to some of their posterity — and actually has the impudence to put into the mouth of such a skulking laggard as the last Lord Berkeley of his line, some impertinent observations upon the king-maker, which "renowned Warwick" would have most liberally recompensed by a kick. In fact, we do not recollect any thing in our history about the Berkeleys, except that one of them was considered the proper jailor for Edward II.; and that another, if Horace Walpole is to be credited, proposed to George I. to kidnap his son, when Prince of Wales. Of honorable actions, we do not at the present writing remember any thing.

As for the book, it is trash. There is not the shadow of a story in it. We defy Grantley Berkeley himself to make out the skeleton of the tale so as to occupy twenty of our lines. He has no knowledge, either literary or antiquarian. For example, he calls Dray*t*on, twice, Michael Dray*d*on (vol. i. pp. 30, 31); he makes a groom read our authorized translation of the Bible in 1468 (vol. ii. p. 172), before printing had reached England,* and when not one man in a hundred, out of the learned professions, could read at all, and when any Bible but the Vulgate (and that hard to be pronounced) was a sealed book; he gives us a transcript of a servant maid's letter, *temp. Hen. VI.*, as thus:—

"Other folks does not know it, but there is one there as knows the length of his foot, which he may be proud on, as good right he has to do. I wish to give him notice that the watches is to be doubled and set every night, as from marks about the wall they knows as some one must have gotten over. Should her as you knows on need assistance, there shall be a white flag show himself up at top of Nibley K*n*owl, when them as loves her may make in. So now no more from one —

"As is not so bad as they supposes."

* The first printed book in the English language was Caxton's translation of a French work, which he entitled the "Recuyell of the History of Troye, by Raoul le Feure," printed by him, at Cologne, in 1471. Not until 1474, did he produce, from his press at Westminster Abbey, the "Game and Play of the Chesse," which was the first typographical work printed in England. — M.

He imagines that the Highlanders came to the southwest of England, as friendly guests, in the fifteenth century. He makes one of them talk in such language as this, long before even Gawain Douglas's time :—

"Some days after this, Lord Berkeley, who set his face against all jokes, whether practical or not, desiring to make Sir Andrew acquainted with the fertility of his estates in comparison with those of the Highlands, took him to Slimbridge, and showed him also the rich meadows lying along the banks of the Severn; concluding his illustration of their capability with the remark, that were he, a month later in the year, and over-night, to stick his riding-wand in the grass where he then stood, the growth of the herbage and luxuriant vegetation was so great, that he would not be able to find it on the following morning.

"'Conscience, my lord,' said Sir Andrew, as usual, who made it a rule never absolutely to contradict any thing, 'but there my puir Hieland estate wad match ye in ferteelity. By my saul, were ye to tether your beast' (pointing to the great white war-horse which Lord Berkeley had been riding) 'on the hillside just afore sunset, and be ever sae preceese as to the exact spot, 't wad be a muckle chance if ever ye set ees on him again.'"

Now, this *patois* is lowland Scotch, and very indifferently executed lowland Scotch, of the present century. To those who know any thing about it, the Highlander of the days of Henry the Sixth spoke Gaelic, and in the present day speaks nothing like the dialect here crammed into his mouth. He (Mr. G. B., we mean) takes it for granted that the kilt was the ordinary dress for Highlanders in those days, and actually sends a man so arrayed to fight against a man at arms! He is so careful of the color of his conversation, as to make his characters at one time speak in this style :—

"'Dress!' quoth Watts with emphasis, setting down the iron bit about which he had been engaged, and looking full into Will's face—'What has the like of she to do with flams and finery—she never looked so well as she used to do in her plain stuff gown and a cowslip in her bosom. Now, forsooth, naught but silk and satin please her; instead of, 'Ingram, help me to this,' it's, 'Mr. Watts, be good enough to wash your hands, and step this way.' You admire her dress, do you! umph, 'the crow thinks his own bird the fairest.'"

"And again he set to work rubbing the rusty bit as if he had not an hour to live.

"'But,' rejoined Will, 'why, my friend, should she not set off her person to the best advantage? I have heard that some one's groom, not far hence,

used to admire her, and that she received from Wotton fair, the gayest gown the place could boast.'

"'Thou hast heard — and what signifies it what such a hair-brained gowk as a forest-archer either hears or sees. I tell thee when folks — when girls — dress above their station in life, it is an outward mark of contempt for the males that should match them, and but as a sign held out over the door of an inn, or hostlery, that there is good entertainment for their betters. Why thou, in thy generation of wisdom, thinkest that thou art down upon me; but, to speak in thine own terms of woodcraft, there 's a better buck than thou art at the head of the herd; and the white doe minds thee no more than the flies that tease her ears.'"

And again to introduce the same speakers, favoring us with such bits as this:—

"'Bless ye, zir,' was his reply, 'I could not plat like that. 'T was my young lady as did do 't, the evening afore her did go; all the time speaking to, kissing, and patting the poor dumb animal — my heart — as if he had been a Christian soul.'

"I left the stall for a seat on the corn-bin, or I could not have gone on with my examination.

"'And tell me, Watts, did Miss Isabel take her dog with her?'

"'I suppose, so, zir, as a an't left behind.'

"'Did Annette go with her?'

"'It 's likely, zir, as she an't in the house.'

"'How did they go — what was their conveyance, and when did they leave the place?'

"'They had horses, zir, and they left last night.'

"'How many were there of the party?'

"'It were dark, zir, and I did not just zee.'"

Language, similarly refined, is put into the mouth of the person to whom he applies, while he, in a dozen places, calls the soubriquet (and we suppose the man pretends he can talk French, or knows something about it) of Blackhill —. But it is idle to break such a cockroach as this upon the wheel. In every thing the novel is stupid, ignorant, vulgar, and contemptible; and will be forgotten, before our pages appear, by that fragment of the reading public by which it was ever known.

One thing, however, we must make a few remarks upon. The pseudo-aristocratical impertinence which makes the author take it for granted that his hero should resign the pledged mistress of his soul, because his superior fell in love with her, we may pass by with nothing more than the contemptuous remark, that it must

lead to the conclusion, that the man who formed such a conception would be ready to do so himself, and to fetch and carry letters, frame associations, lie and pimp, under any circumstances, with as much alacrity as the cherished model of his brain — if one by whom he could make any thing — commanded it. What Herbert Reardon, described as being deeply in love with Isabel Mead, did in furthering, in the manner of Sir Pandarus of Troy, the passion of Sir Maurice for the aforesaid Isabel, we have no doubt that Mr. Grantley Berkeley knows, or supposes that he knows, a person who would do. All the women in this dull book are more or less tainted. It looks to be the production of a man who has never kept company, at least habitually, with ladies of soul. Take the following passage :—

"Though by disposition easily accessible to the charms of beauty, and to a great degree imbued with a romantic nature, still I never sought her confidence purposely for a mere personal gratification, or to gain an ascendency over the mind, in order that I might then control and direct her actions. No, it was not this desire that instigated me; but there was a something so refined in the female idea; so vividly brilliant in the situations in which man may be placed in the society of woman; and so much delightful danger, if it may be thus called, in the mutual confidence of the young and ardent of opposite sexes, whose undisguised friendship ever trembles on the verge of love, which, after all, is but another name; that, time after time, I have found myself, and often almost involuntarily, attracted to explore the mind, and elicit the jewel from each fair casket which chance has thrown in my way. That I have been deceived in many instances, and that some few of my experiments have brought me into situations the taking advantage of which it was not in human nature to forego, matters not now."

There are some dozen passages of the same kind, and all evidently pointing to Mr. Grantley Berkeley's personal experiences. Now, that he has the mind or the talent to "elicit the jewel," as he most stupidly phrases it, from the mind of any woman worth the affection of a man of taste, honor, or intellect, this novel of *Berkeley Castle* is quite enough to prove. But that he may have sometimes ventured to ascend from the servant-maids, by whose conduct and feelings he estimates those of all the female race, and to offer his foul-smelling incense to women above that condition, is possible enough. We shall, however, venture to lay any odds, that when the lady, for whatever reason, wished to make no noise upon the

subject, he was rung out, and when a gentleman was appealed to, he, the author of *Berkeley Castle*, was kicked out. It is quite time that these bestialities toward the ladies of England should be flung forth from our literature.

What, after such a declaration, are we to think of the dedication. Here it is in all its length, breadth, and thickness:—

"DEDICATION

TO THE

COUNTESS OF EUSTON.

"In the dedication of these volumes, the Author has the deepest gratification, not from any idea of their value, for of that he is diffident, but merely in the opportunity of proving his feelings for one whom he hath ever regarded with affection.

"As they are the first from his hand of this particular description which have sought the public praise, so has he naturally the greater anxiety for their success; and though, at some future time, he may produce a book more worthy of acceptance, still, he never can one in the fate of which he will be so thoroughly interested."

The horridly vulgar and ungrammatical writing of this dedication is of no consequence — it is just as good as the rest of the book. But does the man, in writing to the Countess of Euston, that she is one "whom he hath (*hath!*) ever regarded with affection," mean to insinuate that *he* was ever placed in a position to be able to use, without the most absurd impertinence, the following *quotations* from his work: that his "undisguised friendship trembled on the verge of love," and that "taking advantage of certain situations is not in human nature to forego?" It is a downright affront! They call Lord Euston the thin piece of parliament — could he not borrow a horsewhip? We assure him he might exercise it with perfect security.

In the midst of all this looseness and dirt, we have great outbursts of piety in a style of the most impassioned cast. Coupling this with the general tendency of the book, we are irresistibly reminded of Foote's Mother Cole. Perhaps Mr. Grantley Berkeley derives his representation, as well as his birth, from another Mrs. Cole.* At all events, this book puts an end to his puppy ap-

* Mary Cole was the maiden name of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's mother.—M.

pearance any longer in literature, as the next dissolution will put an end to his nonsensical appearance in Parliament. *Berkeley Castle* in conception is the most impertinent, as in execution it is about the stupidest it has ever been our misfortune to read. It is also quite decisive of the character of the author as a "gentleman."

As the Berkeley family-affairs are matter of notoriety — not less from the exposure before the House of Lords, than from the above article, and the events which it produced—it is fitting that some inkling of them be given here.

When the late Earl of Berkeley died in 1810, his eldest son, then sitting in the House of Commons, by the courtesy title of Viscount Dursley, sent in the usual petition to the Crown, to issue a writ of summons to him as Earl of Berkeley. Doubts arose as to whether this petitioner (the present Earl Fitzhardinge) had been born in wedlock, and his claim to a seat among the Peers was referred to the House of Lords, who investigated the matter, and decided that he had not made good his claim. On this, "Viscount Dursley" sank down into plain Colonel Berkeley, and was known as such until the Whig Ministry ennobled him — calling him to the Upper House in September, 1831, as Baron Segrave, and making him Earl Fitzhardinge in August, 1841. The "Berkeley Peerage" case, heard in 1811, excited great interest in the public mind, and here are its leading points :—

One Mary Cole, the daughter of a butcher near Gloucester, came to London, in 1783, on her father's death, to live with her sister Susan, who soon obtained the "protection" of several gentlemen of fortune. Soon after, Mary Cole went into service, at the yearly wages of £6, but speedily returned to her sister. After a year or two she returned to Gloucester, and there attracted attention by her dress, her good looks, and her manner of exhibiting them. She gained the admiration of several gallants, and, among others, of Lord Berkeley, with whom she went to live, and by whom, in December, 1786, she had her first child, the present Earl Fitzhardinge. She had five other children by Lord Berkeley, and the six were baptized and registered as "the illegitimate children of Augustus Frederick Berkeley, by Mary Cole." All this time, this fair frailty lived with him, bearing the name of Miss Tudor. She constantly solicited him to marry her, and in 1796, when her eldest son was in his tenth year, Mary Cole and the Earl of Berkeley were married at St. Mary's, Lambeth. But this did not satisfy her. There sprung up the desire to have her eldest illegitimate son an Earl, and to obtain the rank of Earl's sons and daughters for the rest of her pre-wedlock children. Her way to do this, was by legitimatizing these children, and the only way in which this could be effected was by getting up pretended and forged proofs of her having been married to Lord Berkeley in 1785, eleven years before the *real* marriage at Lambeth, and previous also, to the birth of her first child. She obtained possession of the registers of Berkeley Church, and introduced an entry of her marriage with Lord Berkeley, purporting to be dated in March, 1785, to have

been made by a deceased clergyman, and to be signed by her own brother (one Bill Cole, who signed "William Tudor," and was aged only 15), and signed also by a man "who really never had existed." The brother swore that he had heard the banns published in the church (being the only one of a large congregation who did so hear!), and that he had seen the marriage ceremony performed. Some others swore that they had even heard Lord Berkeley mention the marriage in 1785, as a thing which there was no necessity for concealing, though the defence of its concealment was, that Lord Berkeley, because of the bad character of Mary Cole's sister, would not avow it.

Against all this, was proof that, until after the marriage at Lambeth, he and Mary Cole lived together avowedly as "protector" and "mistress"—that she was never spoken of, but as Miss Tudor—that once, when a servant spoke of her as the "Countess" he was reproved by the Earl—and that, during the first eleven years of their connexion (in which time their six children were baptized and registered as "illegitimate") she was excluded from all respectable female society.

From his birth, in December, 1786, until the marriage, in May, 1796, Earl Fitzhardinge was invariably treated as an illegitimate child. His mother, when married, insisted on his assuming the courtesy-title of Viscount Dursley, which alone could be legally borne by Thomas Morton Fitzhardinge Berkeley, born in October, 1796, *after* the marriage, and therefore the legal heir to his father's rank. *This* son, who survives, declines assuming the title of Earl of Berkeley, as that would irretrievably fix the character of his mother, who died in 1844. Besides, as the principal estates were bequeathed to Lord Fitzhardinge by his father, there would be an Earldom with little to support it. The evidence adduced in the Berkeley Peerage case, to make Lord Fitzhardinge an Earl, was described by a great law-officer of the Crown, as "a dreadful measure of perjury and guilt." It would not be difficult, were there any desire, to blacken the character of Lord Fitzhardinge, by referring to his conduct as regards the fair sex; but the names of Mrs. Bunn, Miss Foote, and Mrs. Barker, will be sufficiently suggestive. At his present advanced age (he was seventy in 1856) the "noble Earl" has not relinquished the "gallantry" which once made him so notorious.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley himself, despite his brutal treatment of Mr. Fraser, comes under the designation of "not a bad sort of fellow, after all." His public course has been consistent—fidelity to the liberal party being its characteristic. In private life, he has respectably performed the duties of husband and father. At one time he afforded cause for some pleasant satire in *Punch*, having propounded—as the best mode of putting down poaching—the propriety of summarily settling with the offender, when caught in the act, "by giving him a punch on the head." He is next in succession, I believe, to the Earl of Berkeley (he who has not claimed the title) but is not likely to abstain from assuming it, as he is not on good terms with his imperious brother, Earl Fitzhardinge.—M.]

THE BERKELEY AND FRASER AFFAIR.

The preceding article (a review of "Berkeley Castle, a Historical Novel, by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley") appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, for August, 1836. On the 3d of December, in the same year, in the Exchequer Court at Westminster, before Chief Baron Lord Abinger, and a special jury, came off a trial at common law, Fraser *v.* Berkeley and another. The declaration stated that "the defendants [Grantley Berkeley and his brother Craven Berkeley] assaulted the plaintiff, and bruised and wounded him with their fists, and afterwards with a whip." The defendants pleaded not guilty. The case excited considerable interest from the rank of the defendants, and also from the high literary character and political influence of the periodical of which the plaintiff was publisher and proprietor.

Both parties had engaged some of the ablest lawyers at the bar. Messrs. Erle, Kelly, and Talbot appeared for the plaintiff; Messrs. Thesiger and Crowder for the defendants. The facts of the case, as stated by Mr. Erle, and fully proved in evidence, were as follow :—

Grantley and Craven Berkeley, both born after the marriage of the late Earl of Berkeley to Mary Cole, his mistress, were members of Parliament for West Gloucester and Cheltenham, respectively; were officers in the army; were county magistrates, and were brothers of the Earl of Berkeley and of the notorious Earl Fitzhardinge.

On the 3d of August, 1836, the two Berkeleys sallied forth, on a hostile expedition against Mr. James Fraser, whose publishing office was at 215 Regent street, one of the most public, crowded, and fashionable thoroughfares of London. Grantley Berkeley was armed with a heavy horsewhip, the butt or handle of which was loaded with lead. Fully to understand the manliness of the following proceeding, it should be borne in mind (for it was repeatedly given in evidence on the trial) that Berkeley was a tall, powerful, active, heavily-built man, over six feet high, and a practised pugilistic amateur, while Fraser, below the middle stature, was slight in figure, greatly inferior in strength, and, in fact, in such delicate health, (as his appearance showed,) that the constant care of a medical man had long been indispensable.

The Berkeleys entered Fraser's shop, at midday, the precise period when all his assistants and other persons he employed in his business, had gone to dinner. Fraser was alone, therefore. Craven Berkeley stationed himself at

the door, within the shop, so as to prevent their intended victim from escaping, or any assistance or protection being supplied from the street. A third party, not identified, but of inferior rank to the Berkeleys, and generally believed to have been a pugilist hired to assist them and watch until Fraser's people had gone out, stationed himself outside the shop, standing between the door-posts, with his face towards the street. Up to this time, Mr. Fraser was wholly unacquainted, even by sight, with either of the Berkeleys.

Having thus placed an inner and outer guard upon and within the shop, so as to prevent interference from other parties, Grantley Berkeley advanced to Fraser, spoke to him, (to ascertain his identity,) and then, without notice, struck him a blow on the right temple, with his clinched fist — a blow so violent that it felled him prostrate on the floor. When Fraser, nearly stunned by this fierce and unexpected attack, endeavored to rise, his assailant struck him down again, and then, when prostrate, laid hold of his collar with the left hand, while with the clinched fist of his right hand he continued to strike him about the head, face, and every part of his body which came within reach. Then, changing his weapon of torment, he seized the whip with which he had come armed* — it was not an ordinary hunting-whip, but one of weight and substance, such as rough riders in the army use for the purpose of taming unruly horses — and taking the small end of this whip in his hand, repeatedly struck Fraser (who was still on the ground, senseless and stupified) with the butt end of it about the head, back, and shoulders. It was stated in evidence that this butt end was loaded with lead and bound round, on the outside, with iron wire. He continued to strike until Fraser's head was laid open in several places. Then while the victim — bleeding, unresisting, senseless — was still lying at his feet, Berkeley took the whip by the handle and commenced striking him with the lash, the first blow fetching blood from the temple down to the chin. The marks of this particular cut, it was deposed, continued visible for more than a month. The blow caused such keen pain as to restore Fraser to some degree of consciousness, and his first natural impulse was to raise his hands to cover his eyes. It was fortunate that he had done so, for the next blow cut his right hand across the back, through to the bone.

While this savage scene was being performed — and it was nigh to as a tragical a conclusion as ever was simulated on the boards of a theatre — persons passing by Fraser's shop, recognising the hired bully and ruffian at the door, became aware that something unusual was proceeding within. Fraser's shrieks, on being restored to consciousness by the agony of keen pain, caught the attention of passers-by. A crowd collected in front of the shop, and a person named Samuel Braine, impelled by the impulse of humanity — having seen, through the window, that a man was lying on the ground, while another man was standing over him, violently striking him with a whip about the head and shoulders — rushed to the rescue. But a powerful ruffian stood outside the door, with his arms across to prevent any one from going in. The moment that Braine, calling out, "Gracious God! he 'll kill the man; let me go in, or the man will be killed," attempted to enter, the street-ruffian

struck him on the collar-bone and knocked him down. Picking himself up, Braine rushed on, struck up the bully's extended arms, and got inside the shop. Immediately within it, close to the door, stood Craven Berkeley, who called out, "Give it him, Grantley! Damn him, give it him well!" At this moment, Fraser had staggered up upon his legs, and Grantley Berkeley, who was behind him, had a hold of him by the hair of his head, lashing him all the time with the whip on the face. Fraser was so placed, that even if his strength were not thoroughly exhausted, he could offer no effectual resistance. He was bleeding from the temple to the chin. Braine indignantly accosted Berkeley with these words, "How dare you use the man in that brutal, savage manner?" But the remonstrance was useless. Whereupon Braine seized Berkeley by the arm and around the neck, to draw him off, and a struggle ensued, in which both fell to the ground. Fraser, thus liberated for the moment, flew to the door, to get into the street, but was struck back into the shop by Craven Berkeley. On this, Grantley Berkeley laid hold of him again, by the back of the neck, dragged him into the middle of the shop, there entwined his hand in his hair, and struck him again over the head and face with the horsewhip. Finally, Fraser succeeded in getting into the street, and as he was turning to enter the side door which led to his private residence, Grantley Berkeley again fell violently upon him with the butt-end of the whip, saying, "Damn you, I'll cut your blasted head off!" One of the crowd then laid hold of the whip, and, for the first time, the *cause* of this series of savage assaults was stated — Grantley Berkeley declaring to the crowd that "Mr. Fraser had offended a lady, and that he was serving him out for it." What manner of "lady" she was, has already been related.

The two Berkeleys were then walked off to the nearest police-office, about a hundred yards distant, the accompanying police not venturing to lay hands on two such exalted gentlemen — "Honorable" by birth, as sons and brothers of Earls; officers in the army; magistrates, and law-makers, as members of Parliament. There the charge was heard against them, and they were held to bail.

The hired bully whom they had planted in the street, as outer guard — who knocked down Braine, because he attempted to gain admission — who endeavored to quiet the spectators by coolly telling them that Mr. Berkeley was only seeking redress for a "lady" who had been abused — who walked by Craven Berkeley's side, in close and confidential conversation with him, *en route* to the police-office — who remained in the office while the charge was being heard — wholly escaped. Braine, whom he had knocked down without the shadow of provocation or justification, vainly endeavored to have him taken into custody for this assault. The police, seeing him the ally of the Berkeleys — magistrates, members of Parliament, peers' sons and brothers — declined doing so!

Poor Fraser, the victim of this conspiracy and assault, found his way into his private residence — wounded, bleeding, prostrated in mind and body. He was immediately seized with convulsion fits, which were thenceforward of frequent occurrence. It was a month before he was able to leave the house,

in order to go to France for the benefit of his shattered health, and even then (it was deposed) the marks on his face were all to be seen. The attack was fatal to him. The few remaining years of his life were years of pain, suffering, and prostration. He was compelled to retire wholly from business, and especially from the conduct of the *Magazine* which still bears his name. He died, in October, 1841, and even *The Times*, careful as it is in speaking except on sure grounds, announced that his protracted illness was believed to have been brought on by the attack of Mr. Grantley Berkeley.

What occurred between the author of the critique on Mr. G. Berkeley's novel and Mr. Berkeley himself will be found (the proper place for such a record) in the Memoir of Dr. Maginn, which I have prefixed to this volume.

Mr. Fraser's only resource against the Berkeleys, his brutal and cowardly assailants, was by bringing them before a court of law:—it is probable that "Honorable" as they were, they would have refused him "the satisfaction of a gentleman," had he demanded it, on the plea that he was "only a tradesman." There were two causes, however—and very strong ones—why he did not seek such a remedy as this. Mr. Fraser, a conscientious Christian, had religious objections to such a step, and, even were he free to adopt it, his assailants had half-murdered him, so as to render it physically impossible for him to meet them in the field, as Dr. Maginn did.

At law, two courses were open to Fraser:—either to indict Grantley Berkeley and his ruffian-brother in a criminal court—and it was regretted, when too late, that he had not done so, as conviction was inevitable and the punishment must have been severe—or to bring a civil action, in *nisi prius*, for damages, the amount of which should be determined by a jury. As already mentioned, the latter course was adopted. At the same time, to save appearances, Grantley Berkeley brought an action for libel against Fraser—having already nearly murdered him on account of such personal libel!

No denial of the facts of this case could be made or was attempted by the counsel for the Berkeleys. The cross-examination of the plaintiff's witnesses was very slight—because nothing could weaken the plain and decisive evidence which they gave. Mr. Thesiger, who replied for the defendants, very ingeniously admitted that the assault had been committed—"but that they did it under a strong and over-ruling provocation, which in a considerable degree justified their conduct." In plainer words, that Fraser, as publisher of a magazine, in which had appeared an article very satirical upon, and very displeasing to, Mr. Grantley Berkeley, might have prevented the appearance of that article, and was answerable for all the consequences of not having done so. It was contended that *Fraser's Magazine* had exceeded fair criticism on the book called "Berkeley Castle," by following him into domestic life, and there reviling and calumniating him—that it was unfair to allude to the fact of the bad character of "the mother of the Gracchi" [the Berkeley brothers]—that such allusion was probably intended to lead to an assault—and that a further justification was the critic's doubt whether, in and out of

his book, Grantley Berkeley was a pure-minded gentleman.—That a critic had a full right, when noticing a novel of much pretence (in which the author proudly refers to his honorable and noble descent) to allude to notorious facts of the said author's own mother having notoriously violated feminine propriety, was contended, *per contra*, by Mr. Erle, for the plaintiff; also, that a novel, once published, is public property, and liable to public comment; that "Berkeley Castle" deserved the sharp sentence critically passed upon it, particularly for the indelicacy of some of its opinions, expressions, and incidents; that (as indeed happened) Grantley Berkeley could readily have obtained any required "satisfaction" from the author of the critique; that the publisher of a work, which he most probably had not read in manuscript, was not to be held answerable for it in his body, almost in his life; and that the assault was unjustifiable, cowardly, brutal, and nearly murderous.

After being charged by Lord Abinger (the judge) to the effect that if death had followed from this assault, the Berkeleys would undoubtedly have been held guilty of Murder, and that they had not the slightest justification for their brutality; and that, having brought an action against Fraser for libel, Grantley Berkeley ought not also have taken the law into his own hands, ("taking his revenge both in person and purse")—the Jury returned a verdict for the Plaintiff—damages, One Hundred Pounds. This amount was very much beneath what was expected. The cross-action for libel (Berkeley *v.* Fraser) eventually ended, without trial, in a verdict for plaintiff (with nominal damages), each party paying his own costs.

On this trial, which was given at full length in the Number for January, 1837, Dr. Maginn wrote the following "Defence of Fraser's Magazine in the Berkeley Affair," with which I conclude this volume.—M.]

DEFENCE OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE IN THE BERKELEY AFFAIR.

I AM told by those whose opinions I have every reason to respect, that it is incumbent upon me to offer some observations on the case of Messrs. Fraser and Berkeley, so far as I am therein concerned. I intrude myself with reluctance on the attention of my readers. For many years, in constant communication with the public, I have, to the utmost of my power, courted privacy, because I have ever felt that the less periodical writers are urged personally into notice, it is the better for their readers and themselves. But I am now, as it were, forced to come forward, especially as I have been stigmatized as an anonymous slanderer.

First, as to being anonymous: The custom of the country, and

a justly defensible custom, is, that writers in newspapers, magazines, reviews, &c., do not put their names to their articles. A custom justly defensible, because there is always an appearance, and often a reality, of presumption or impertinence in one man setting himself up in critical judgment on labors which have cost certain thought and time to another, or in offering an opinion upon matters of public importance, occupying the serious attention of persons holding high station, and possessed of knowledge derived from sources inaccessible to any ordinary author. The "we" of the political or literary writer is no more than the index of what he wishes to be considered as his view of the opinions of the party which he sometimes follows, but as often ultimately leads. Speaking practically, except in some personal trifles, exclusively of a jocular character, there is really no such thing as an anonymous writer on any part of the press. Who cannot, at a moment's notice, find out the author of an article in the *Edinburgh*, or the *Quarterly*, or *Blackwood*, or *Fraser*, or the *Times*, or the *Standard*, or the *John Bull*, or the *Examiner?* In truth, the prominent writers for newspapers or magazines, are exceedingly few in number. I have been almost twenty years more or less connected with some of the most eminent, and in the course of my experience do not think that I could enumerate fifty names. I am sure that at present it would be a matter of difficulty to me to mention twenty persons to whom I should willingly commit the management of any periodical work, daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, for which any one cared a thousand pounds. I speak merely as a matter of trade, and a matter of trade on which I feel myself, from practice and knowledge, qualified to speak. It is perfectly idle, therefore, to say that the couple of dozen among us who mainly interest ourselves in periodical literature are anonymous. It, however, suits some, at the bottom of whose impertinence is cowardice or envy, or the more intelligible feeling of hunger, to pretend to consider us so.

Having disposed of the charge of being an *anonymous* slanderer, I may now come to that of our being slanderers at all. Publicly known as we are, I deny the charge as being utterly absurd. I am about to speak of the case in which I am interested, declaring, beforehand, that in what I say I have not the slightest notion of

offering any offence to Mr. Grantley Berkely, beyond what it may be impossible to avoid. I shall presently allude to the peculiar position in which we have lately stood toward each other; but I may unblamed be allowed to remark, that Mr. Grantley Berkeley's novel was not a good one — that the spirit which dictated the writing of a work about one's own ancestors, particularly ancestors so long known, but so slightly distinguished, was not high-minded — that the conception of the hero of the novel was paltry — that the tendency, at least, of the scenes was licentious — that the dedication of a book of intrigues to a lady of unblemished reputation was a thing not to be commended — and that the image of the author was, as usual, to be suspected in the cherished creation of his mind. The article which I wrote might have been compressed into the few lines above printed. If it be any satisfaction to Mr. Berkeley, I shall say, with perfect truth, that I wrote the article in a great hurry, and that business having next day taken me out of town, it was not in my power to revise or correct it after it was in type. If it had been otherwise, I admit that I should have altered some of the expressions most exposed to cavil. For example, I think, on a more serious perusal than under other circumstances I should have deigned to bestow upon *Berkeley Castle*, that though I should have designated its hero, Herbert Reardon, as what he is exhibited in the novel, a liar and a pimp, I should not have laid myself open to the charge of Mr. Thesiger, that I thereby intended to have so designated Mr. Grantley Berkeley. Yet Lord Byron is in general supposed to shadow himself forth in *Childe Harold*, and *Don Juan;* and it would naturally occur that the author put forth Herbert Reardon as his own prototype. I repeat it, however, that if it had been in my power to have looked over the proofs, I should have changed some of the expressions which most called forth the anger of the member for West Gloucestershire.

I do not wish to press unfairly the charge of licentiousness on *Berkeley Castle;* and I add, that there are some parts of it pretty fairly written, particularly the commencement of the first volume. With deference to Mr. Fraser's truly able and eloquent advocate, Mr. Erle, the production is scarce worthy of the dissection which he gave it. But I adhere to my original proposition, that there

was something so peculiarly provoking in the mere fact of any of the Berkeleys calling public attention to the history of their family, that no critic pretending to common spirit could pass it by; especially after the conduct of Col. Berkeley, now crammed into the Peers as Lord Segrave, toward a man of the name of Judge;* and the declared determination of the family — Liberals as they are — to vindicate themselves from the printed expression of any thing displeasing to them by the infliction of the bludgeon. Sprung of a country where bullying is not looked upon as a thing of much moment, and of a caste which never hung back from the free utterance of free opinion, such threats could have no other effect upon me than to urge me to give my sentiments of disapprobation, if I felt any, with the less reluctance.

But I was sincerely and deeply sorry that an act of personal violence fell upon a man who must permit me to call him my friend — on Mr. James Fraser, a gentleman to whom I am under the ties of many obligations, and of the most sincere friendship. It would be absurd if, in the pages of his own Magazine, I further expatiated upon the feelings which actuated my heart and my mind when I saw him suffering from the effects of having been struck down by ruffian violence. I heard and I believe — nay, I know, for why am I here to resort to the professional technicalities of the law? — that foul advantage had been taken of his defenceless situation — that if he had been equal in strength to any of the professed pugilists whom the Berkeleys once were fond of patronizing (and one of whom, in the present instance it appears was present for the purpose of backing the assailant), he had, in consequence of the surprise and the brutality, small chance of success — and that against a person of power and agility so much superior, and so much more cultivated, chance there was none — when I saw this, if I afterward did what I own is not on the strict principles of Christian rule to be defended, I hope that there will be found some palliation for my conduct.

The question of duelling must, however, be postponed for a

* Mr. Judge, as editor of a newspaper in Cheltenham, had offended Colonel Berkeley, who assaulted him, in return, in a brutal manner, and was cast in heavy damages for the brutal and cowardly deed, at Gloucester Assizes. — M.

period, until I go into the main ground of quarrel with the article. As for the criticism, I have no notion of apologizing. I hold firmly to the right which I or any other person, Whig, Tory, or Radical, possessed of the power of writing, may claim of expressing their opinion on matters literary or political. What I said might be harsh; but if a gentleman knows his business as a gentleman, he should know that words are to be settled by those who speak them, and by nobody else.

Mr. Berkeley was not so ignorant as to believe that the article which offended him was written by Mr. Fraser. If he had any matter of complaint against the review of his book, he might have answered it in literature or in law; or, if he preferred a course neither literary nor legal, he ought to have taken care that he made no mistake as to the person on whom his retaliation was to fall. A literary answer was, I suppose, not to be thought upon without dismay; and as he personally attacked another for what he could not have had the slightest difficulty in finding out was done by me, I must now confine myself to the legal complaints which he made of the injury he had suffered. They are the following:

1. That an attack was made upon his family in many ways, but in a manner most peculiarly insulting and injurious upon his mother.

2. That he was held up, by implication, as being as mean in conduct and character as the reviewer maintained the hero of *Berkeley Castle* to be.

3. That it was insinuated, in a commentary on a passage of the book, that he was capable of such ungentlemanlike conduct to women, as to expose him to the most unpleasant consequences.

4. That an uncalled-for allusion had been made to the Countess of Euston, who had therefore every right to be offended.

5. That Lord Euston had been advised to use a horsewhip over Mr. Berkeley's shoulders.

6. That Mr. Berkeley's character as a gentleman had been conclusively jeopardized by his work.

I cannot find any other matter of much importance in the declaration, and the above were the points on which Mr. Thesiger dwelt. As the first requires an answer at some length, I shall take the others before I proceed to discuss it.

The second and third points, after all, are but one in essence. Of Mr. Grantley Berkeley I scarcely knew any thing; at this moment I do not know him by sight, and should not be able to recognise him if accident were to throw us together. I had heard something of his appearance in Parliament; but his efforts at legislation are never alluded to but as matters of jest. Those who take the trouble of reading the review of his novel will see that I, on general grounds, entertain an unfavorable opinion of the class of men to which he belongs. Some affairs, in which members of his house — I repeat it, that of himself I knew nothing — figured before the public, did not tend to impress me with the opinion that works emanating from Berkeley Castle would be remarkable for rigidity of morals. With these feelings I read the work; and finding its hero, not only abandoning, at the bidding of his superior, the lady on whom he had fixed his affections, but actually making himself the go-between of their secret loves, the bearer of notes, the framer of assignations, and the ready messenger to procure stolen interviews — finding him professing the tenderest love for his wife (professing it not merely to herself, whom he wished to deceive, but to his readers, to whom, of course, he was pouring forth his secrets), while he was carrying on a heartless intrigue with a married woman, whose remorse drives her to death, her *lover* rejoicing in getting rid of the inconvenience of her devoted affection — finding that the novel was filled with low intrigues, and its tone throughout indicative of a degrading appreciation of the female character — it was not much to be wondered at if I conceived a disgust for such a personage, and a contempt for the writer who made him his hero. I have already said, that if I had written less hastily, or had the opportunity of revising what I wrote, I should have used terms less liable to the angry comments of Mr. Berkeley's counsel. Their purport would, however, have been essentially the same. As for the comment upon the assertion that the writer had, through his devotion to female charms, been occasionally so led away by his feelings as to place himself in situations of an unpleasant kind, I do not retract a word of it. His meaning is plain; and I hope I shall have the men and women of England in this case with me, that if any man attempts, as the passage clearly intimates, to take advantage of the unprotected

condition of a lady, to offer her insult, he deserves to be rung out, or kicked out, according as to what she thinks the more judicious course for her to adopt. Mr. Thesiger most justly described such a man as the meanest of all cowards. I never charged, nor do I now charge, Mr. Grantley Berkeley with having done any thing of the kind; but, speaking hypothetically, I maintained that if he ever acted according to the practice described in his novel as being familiar to his hero, he amply deserved to be treated in the manner I suggested.

As for offering insult to the Countess of Euston, I do not think that any one who reads the passage without prejudice, or a predetermined desire to find fault, could discover any thing of the kind. I most solemnly declare the thought never crossed my mind. Every thing I have heard of Lady Euston—and since this affair I have heard much—is of the most pure and honorable character. I meant no more than what I said. I thought, after the very intelligible declaration that the writer was of so warm a disposition that he could not resist the influence of female charms when placed within their sphere, it was impertinent to allude to the happy hours he had passed in the company of the Countess—and I think so still. I am misinformed if her ladyship did not feel the dedication as an intrusive affront. Whether she did or not, I assert that I had no notion of speaking of her in any other terms than those of respect. That I am not now saying this for the first time will be proved by the following correspondence. I should premise, that the assault was committed on Mr. Fraser, on Wednesday, August 3d, and that I met Mr. Grantley Berkeley on Friday, the 5th.

LORD EUSTON AND MR. GRANVILLE BERKELEY TO DR. MAGINN.

"*Travellers' Club, Pall Mall, August* 7, 1836

"Lord Euston and Mr. Granville Berkeley would be glad to know whether Dr. Maginn has any objection to state, in the most explicit manner possible, that it was not his intention to throw out the smallest insinuation against Lady Euston, when he coupled her name with the two quotations from Mr. Grantley Berkeley's novel of *Berkeley Castle*."

When this letter was delivered to me, I immediately wrote this reply:—

DR. MAGINN TO THE EARL OF EUSTON.

"52 *Beaumont Street, Marylebone, Monday, August* 8.

"Dr. Maginn presents his compliments to Lord Euston. He has learned that his lordship has thought he has reason to complain, on behalf of the Countess of Euston, with respect to some observations in a review of a novel called *Berkeley Castle,* which review was published in *Fraser's Magazine.* It is now a matter of some notoriety that Dr. Maginn is the author of the article complained of; and he hastens to assure Lord Euston, that he never for a moment intended to offer the slightest affront to the Countess of Euston; and that if it is conceived he has done so, he begs to state, in any language that may be desired, his deep regret that he should be suspected of such a piece of uncalled-for and unjust impertinence.

"Dr. Maginn would have addressed this note to Lady Euston, and in terms of stronger apology, but that he feared that her Ladyship might have looked upon it as an intrusion not warrantable; he therefore takes the course of sending his letter to Lord Euston.

"*Lord Euston, &c., &c., &c.*"

This note was delivered to Mr. Granville Berkeley, on the condition that it was to be considered as an apology to the Countess of Euston for an imaginary offence, and that no public use was to be made of it. Mr. Granville Berkeley promised, on his own part and that of Lord Euston, that it should not go beyond the private circle of the family; and these gentlemen have, as I knew they would, honorably kept their word. I hope there is no breach of etiquette in publishing their brief and *business-like* note. I have done so to introduce mine, which will I trust show that an impertinent feeling toward the Countess of Euston never entered my imagination. With respect to the recommendation of the use of a horsewhip, on which so much stress was laid, it is scarcely worthy of a serious thought. If Lord Euston had felt the affront, as I imagine he might have felt it, he would have acted with great propriety in following my recommendation. I am quite sure, however, that he would not have been such a ruffian as to strike a man when he was down. His lordship must forgive me for the silly joke applied to his personal appearance. It is no harm, after all, to be called a thin piece of Parliament. I should be extremely sorry if the heir of the house of Grafton were to emulate the accomplishments cultivated by persons of brawnier frame.

With respect to the sixth charge against me, that I had represented Mr. Grantley Berkeley as undeserving of the character of

a gentleman, I leave it to those who have examined his conduct in this and other transactions, to say if I were right or wrong in my inference. It is a matter which much more nearly concerns the gentlemen of West Gloucestershire, if there happen to be any there, than it concerns me.

The first charge against my article is the most material. It is set down as a great crime, that I dared to say that the decision of the House of Lords was that Lord Segrave is illegitimate. Let the quarrel, then, be with the House of Lords. I am amused by some dunderheaded scribblers, who find no fault with my having alluded to the illegitimacy of Lord Segrave, but complain that any notice should be taken of the peculiar *liaison* between his lordship's father and mother. The House of Lords has voted him to be a natural son—so be it; but if you say that his mother was unmarried when he was born, you are a slanderer!

To rubbish such as this I disdain to reply. I repeat what is said in the review—What brings the man so long known to us as Colonel Berkeley into the House of Lords as Lord Segrave? He once passed by the title of Lord Dursley, and for a while assumed that of Earl of Berkeley. Where are these titles now? With infinite scorn I look upon the pretext, that respect for the fame of the Countess of Berkeley prevents the assumption of the peerage undoubtedly possessed by the family. Of the gentleman who is by law Earl of Berkeley I have not the honor of knowing any thing, and his motives may be respectable; but the fact that Lord Segrave sits in the Peers by any other title than that which would have of right belonged to him if he had been born in wedlock, is of itself a waiving of the claim. Nay, more—if Mr. Grantley Berkeley were to survive his immediately preceding brother, Mr. Moreton Berkeley, can he say that he himself would not assume the present *quasi*-dormant honor; or, if he declined doing so, can he promise the same forbearance from his heir? Indeed, his prefixing, by permission, the addition of *Hon.* to his name, while his eldest brother remained without a title, is conclusive, so far as the delicacy of the case is concerned.

I confess, no matter to what degree of being unknown it may consign me, that I thought the Countess of Berkeley was dead.*

* She died in 1844.—M.

Many years had elapsed since I had heard any thing about her: the events which brought the lady's fame into question occurred more than half a century ago; the investigation into the Berkeley peerage occurred in 1811, which is now distant from us by a quarter of a century. Is it not absurd to think that a reference, in half a dozen lines, to a matter judicially recorded, and annually noticed in every *Peerage*, could excite personal wrath in the bosom of a man who could not have been more than a dozen years old when the Lords were deciding that his mother was not married at the time indicated by what they voted to be a forged entry in a church book. I should as soon have thought of being called to account by the Duke of St. Albans for referring to the case of Nell Gwynn. If the members of the Berkeley family are desirous of finding a mark for their animosity, let me recommend them the Duke of Buckingham, who (he was then marquess) swore that their father committed forgery. They may believe me when I tell them that what is contained in public documents cannot be suppressed; and that their endeavor to put down allusion to it, by resenting its publication on men of humble degree, while they cautiously abstain from taking notice of its solemn assertion by personages of the highest rank, will be worse than useless.

I had not for a long time looked over the Berkeley case; and now that I have in some degree made myself master of its leading features, I say, unreservedly, that I think the Countess of Berkeley to have been an ill-used and a betrayed woman. I think it impossible to have come to any other decision than that at which the Lords arrived; but that she acted upon motives which, if they cannot be defended, may be excused, is plain from all parts of the evidence. The testimony of Mr. Chapeau is much more affecting than a wagon-load of such romances as *Berkeley Castle*. Lest it should be again imagined that I am writing with an intent to hurt the feelings of the Countess of Berkeley, I pass by all recapitulation of this unhappy case. But I pass them not until I say, that, though stern morality cannot defend lapses from virtue, yet hard must be the heart which cannot find in the story deep and tender palliatives; and immaculate, indeed, should be the hand that would stoop for the casting of the stone. The Countess of Berkeley will not care a farthing for my sentiments on such a subject; but for

my own sake, I say, that if I had known the evidence in the Berkeley case six months ago as well as I know it now, no trace of reference to her history should have fallen from my pen. But her own son is in fault. Why drag before us the history of the Berkeleys, with a story so unfortunately prominent before our eyes? Why put people in mind of "my grandfather," when, in reality, of his paternal grandfather nothing whatever is known, while the history of his maternal grandfather is detailed with a searching minuteness in a goodly folio?

It would, perhaps, be only fair to say that Mr. Grantley Berkeley is not the first of his family who has appeared in print. My readers may be amused by a specimen of the correspondence of his aunt, which appears in the abovementioned folio, p. 168. She was a convenient lady, who lived in Charles Street, Berkeley Square; and the letter is addressed to a Mrs. Foote, with whom the present Countess of Berkeley was at that time living as lady's-maid.

"Madam,—Actuated by the generosity of your caractor I take the Liberty of Scribeling to you Begging if it will not be Too great a favour that my sister may come to Town the week after Christmas as I am obliged to go in the Country the week following and shod be happy to see her before I go I Beg Madam I may not make it Hill convenant to you or give you the smallest Truble would reather suffer any disopintment my selfe than be thought impirtinant or regardless of your favour to my sister. She poor thing has long been in want of a friend and She tells me but for you Kindness to her she would have been more unfortunate exkuse me Madam for saying Heaven will reward your generous condecention to My sister and Beleave me I am with real humility your humble Sirvt "S. TURNOUR."

Such literature is worthy of the authorship of *Berkeley Castle*. Mr. Grantley Berkeley's uncle, Mr. William Tudor (which was his name by perjury), is worthy of being the hero of that romance. In some ridiculous articles which I have seen, it has been objected to me that I called Mr. Grantley Berkeley's father an old dotard. I did no such thing; but Mr. Grantley Berkeley's uncle (see p. 444 of the Evidence before the Lords) called him "a Rogue of Quality." I leave it to the fools of quality to disentangle the difference.

I have now, I think, answered all the objections to the review of *Berkeley Castle*. For that review Mr. Berkeley took what I

shall ever consider to be a savage and cowardly revenge on Mr. Fraser; and for half killing his victim, a jury awarded a fine of £100! I have never heard but one opinion of that verdict. It appears to me to decide that a rich man may wreak his vengeance in any dastardly way he thinks fit, on any person who has offended him, at the expense of a mere trifle. Of the jury who gave the verdict I wish to be silent; except to say, that it has afforded me a justification, to some extent, for having done what I cannot conscientiously approve. The duel is a relic of barbarous ages, when it was deemed necessary, in consequence of the weakness of peaceful law, to guard the feeble against the strong by provisions subjecting personal collisions of moment to certain rules. The unprotected were excused, and the strong were matched against the strong. Law at last obtained the mastery, and the duel was banished to the fantastic court of honor; but there it lost not its original feature. No personal advantage ought to be allowed: the touch of a horsewhip, the flap of a glove, is a sufficient demonstration of hostile intentions. In England, or rather in London, it is supposed that persons occupied in shopkeeping avocations are not expected to give or to receive challenges. It is, therefore, an act of cowardice for a man calling himself a gentleman to assault a tradesman. A countryman of mine was in the habit of saying, that, for duelling purposes, he considered every man a gentleman who wore a clean shirt once a week. Without going to that extreme, we may fairly say, that when we offer insult or violence to any man, we place that man on our level. Mr. Grantley Berkeley, not differing, I admit, from the members of the society in which he moves, does not admit this proposition. It appears to him, and, I am sorry to say, to the jury, that he may exercise his personal strength in taking any truculent vengeance he chooses for a hundred pounds. Here, then, I think I was called for. I have admitted, repeatedly, that I do not defend the duel; but if it is to be palliated at all, it must be in such cases as that in which I have been engaged. Dr. Johnson has said, that private war is to be defended on the same principle as public war. Some exception may be taken to the analogy of our great moralist; but in this case of mine, I came forward to protect from brute outrage a class of persons whom it pleases a puppy code to insult. I do not

pretend to the family honors of the house of Berkeley; but I am a man whom no one can insult without exposing himself to those consequences which are the last alternative of a gentleman, if I wish to insist upon it. I have no lady nearly connected to me for whom I have either to blush or to bully: and no class of persons with whom I am connected shall, I hope, feel their interests compromised in my hands. Of the details of the duel between Mr. Grantley Berkeley and myself I shall say nothing, further than that I believe both seconds acted in such a manner as they thought most serviceable to their principals; and of my second (Mr. Hugh Fraser), I cannot speak in any other terms than those of the highest approbation. I have heard it said that allowing three shots to be exchanged was ill-judged; but he permitted it in order that the quarrel might be brought to an end at once. He felt, and after circumstances justified him in the feeling, that it was to be made a family affair upon the part of the Berkeleys; and he decided that no room should be left for cavil upon their parts.

I have now done with this dispute, I suppose, for ever; but I must call attention to a part of the speech of Mr. Thesiger. He appealed, in mitigation of damages, to the fact that the gentleman insulted in the article was a justice of peace, an officer in the army, and a Member of Parliament. Tory as I am, and habitually respecting rank and station, I do not imagine that birth, dignity, or office, command of themselves respect. The holder of these advantages should not abuse them to their dishonor. If ruffian and cowardly violence is a qualification for a magistrate, I recommend Lord John Russell by all means to retain Mr. Grantley Berkeley in the commission of the peace. If striking an unarmed man, with all advantage of strength and numbers, be fitting for an officer under his majesty's colors, Lord Fitzroy Somerset* ought to deem Mr. Grantley Berkeley an ornament to any mess-table to which he is attached; and if exhibitions of stupidity and violence are qualifications for the reformed Parliament, I wish the intelligent and independent electors of West Gloucestershire joy of their representative.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

* The late Lord Raglan. — M.

THE END.

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